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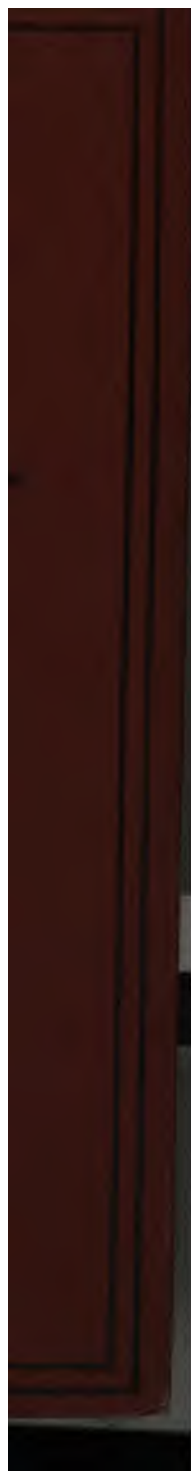
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Heroes of North African Discovery





HEROES
OF
NORTH AFRICAN DISCOVERY

BY
N. D'ANVERS


AUTHOR OF THE "ELEMENTARY HISTORY OF ART," "DOBBIE AND DOBBIE'S
MASTER, &C.



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TO MY SAILOR NEPHEW,
ERNEST ;
AND TO MY FRIENDS,
ELSEY, JELLINGS, JOHN, AND THEODORE,
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.

A. d'Anvers.

THORNTON HEATH,
January, 1877.





AUTHOR'S NOTE.

IN the present volume the term "North Africa" is applied to all districts north of the Equator, and every "hero" who traversed a greater number of miles above than below that boundary line is noticed in it.

A companion volume, *Heroes of South African Discovery*, relates the work of all great explorers who started from the South.





BOOKS CONSULTED
IN THE PREPARATION OF
"HEROES OF NORTH AFRICAN DISCOVERY."

Herodotus.
Chambers's Encyclopædia.
The Encyclopædia Britannica.
Brockhau's Conversations Lexicon.
Petermann's "Mittheilungen."
Conder's "Modern Traveller."
Murray's "Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa."
Pinkerton's "Voyages."
Dr. Murray's "Life of James Bruce."
Bruce's "Travels in Abyssinia."
Browne's (W. G.) "Travels in Africa, Egypt, etc."
"Proceedings of the African Association."
Mungo Park's "Travels in Africa."
Burckhardt's "Travels in Nubia."
J. G. Jackson's "Account of the Empire of Morocco."
Denham, Clapperton, and Oudney's "Travels and Discoveries in Central Africa."
Clapperton's "Last Journey in Africa."
Lander's "Journals of a Voyage down the Niger."
Laing's "Travels to Timbuktú."
Mollien's "Travels in Africa to the Sources of the Senegal and Gambia."
Caillié's "Travels to Timbuktú."
Allen and Thompson's "Narrative of the Expedition to the Niger."
Laird and Oldfield's "African Expedition."
Richardson's "Travels in the Great Desert."

Barth's "Travels in Central Africa."

Speke's "What Led to the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile."

Lyon's "Travels in North Africa."

Beke's "British Captives in Abyssinia."

Rassam's "British Mission to Abyssinia."

Lejean's "Theodore II."

Stanley's "Coomassie and Magdala," with Sir Garnet Wolseley's and Lord Napier's "Despatches."

Burton's "First Footsteps in North-East Africa."

Schweinfurth's "Heart of Africa."

Baker's (Sir S. W.) "Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia."

" " "Albert N'yanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Exploration of the Nile Sources."

" " "Ismailia."

Long's (Col. Chaillié) "Naked Truths of Naked People."

Winwood Reade's "Savage Africa."

Burton's "Abeokkuta."

" "Mission to the King of Dahomey."

Heuty's "March to Coomassie."





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HEROES OF NORTH AFRICAN DISCOVERY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

Our Plan of Action—Ancient Voyages along the Coast, and Journeys into the Interior of North Africa.



IMPELLED by a wish to give the young people of England—or, I might rather say, of all English-speaking races—some idea of North Africa as it was and as it is, I invite them all to follow with me, alike through its barren wastes and thickly-peopled districts, the footsteps of the heroes who sacrificed health, strength, and sometimes even life itself in the great cause of geographical exploration; examining for ourselves, though with their aid, all that is most interesting in each district traversed.

The men to whom we owe our knowledge of the life of the hill and desert tribes of North Africa, the course of its rivers, its natural productions, and the structure of its soil, made their painful way in spite of obstacles of every conceivable variety. They pressed on across burning sands

or rushing mountain torrents; climbed rugged rocks or waded through loathsome swamps; turning back again and again, with bleeding feet and throbbing brows, to retrace their steps and make another and yet another effort to win from the jealously closed treasure-house of Nature some simple piece of knowledge, already, perhaps, familiar to the meanest bird speeding on its way to the south, or to the most savage brute crouching in its lair.

We have no such difficulties to contend with; we have but to follow on the wings of our imaginations the broad, blood-stained tracks marked out for us by our noble pioneers, and, untrammelled by the limitations of ordinary mortals, we may soar above the densest jungle, scale the loftiest mountain, and float over the broadest river.

We will not spoil the freshness of our participation in the discoveries of modern travellers by high-sounding quotations from ancient authors, or by a long account of the Mauri, Numidian, and Phœnician colonies on the coast of Barbary, as the districts between the north-west of Egypt and the Atlantic were called. Every schoolboy is, or ought to be, familiar with the details of the rise and fall of the great cities of Cyrene, Carthage, etc., and has read the descriptions of Egypt and its antiquities in Herodotus, Strabo, and others. It will be enough for us briefly to notice the best authenticated ancient voyages along the coast and explorations in the interior of North Africa, merely adding that the people of the very earliest colonies in Africa seem to have known that it was surrounded by the sea except at the Isthmus of Suez, although they were not aware that the continent

stretched for a considerable distance in a southern direction.

The earliest attempt to sail round Africa is supposed to have been made under Pharaoh-Necho (B.C. 616-594), who, disappointed in his long-cherished design of cutting a canal across the Isthmus of Suez, sent out an expedition of Phœnicians, with orders to sail down the eastern coast of Africa and return by way of the Straits of Gibraltar. The explorers made their way accordingly from the Red Sea into the Southern Ocean, and after cruising about for some time they landed in Libya, as unexplored Africa was then called, to renew their stock of provisions by planting corn. With a disregard of the lapse of time scarcely conceivable in these days of eager, unresting haste, they waited patiently till their grain was ripe, when they cut it down and started again, this time rounding the promontory now known as the Cape of Good Hope; and having done so, they found, to their surprise, as Herodotus naïvely tells us, that the "sun was on their right hand," a proof of course that they really *did* gain the western side of the Cape, though the description of so extraordinary a phenomenon made their contemporaries doubt their veracity. After an absence of three years, the Phœnicians finally returned to Egypt by way of the "Pillars of Hercules," the two well-known rocks dominating the Gibraltar entrance to the Mediterranean.

The next attempt to circumnavigate Africa is full of tragic interest. It was made under Xerxes, the hasty Oriental despot, who, amongst other arbitrary acts, had his engineers' heads cut off, and three hundred lashes inflicted on the sea, because his bridge of boats across the Hellespont had been destroyed in a storm. About

470 B.C., Sataspes, a Persian nobleman of royal blood, had the misfortune to come under the displeasure of Xerxes, who first condemned him to be crucified, and then in a fit of cruel mercy promised him a full pardon if he could sail round Africa and prove that he had done so. We can imagine the doomed man's eager hopes, his feverish, vigorous efforts to fulfil the cruel conditions, and his passionate desire to imbue those on whom success depended with his own enthusiasm. Starting from the mouths of the Nile he reached the Pillars of Hercules in safety, and turning southwards battled for several months with the restless winds and currents, then so little understood, of the wild Atlantic Ocean, only to fail at last and go back by the way he had come, bearing his death-warrant with him. Here the story virtually ends, for historians are not agreed as to whether the original sentence of crucifixion was or was not carried out.

The third and last of recorded ancient voyages round Africa was undertaken, about 130 B.C., by a certain Eudoxus, a Greek of Asia Minor, sent out by Ptolemy Euergetes, king of Egypt. Starting from Alexandria, Eudoxus picked up recruits—including sailors, artisans, doctors, and musicians—at the different ports of the Mediterranean, and obtained funds enough to equip three vessels. But alas, as in so many later voyages, the minor sharers in the enterprise mutinied against their leader when out at sea, and insisted on a premature landing. The whole party was wrecked on a sandbank. We are not told whether any or all of the rebels were drowned, as they deserved to be, only that Eudoxus himself was saved, that the cargo and timber of one vessel at least floated ashore, and that, having made a new ship out of

the fragments of the old, the leader set off again, with no better results than before. Cast down, but not in despair, Eudoxus made his way back to the north of Africa, and from thence to Spain, where he so eloquently pleaded his cause as to obtain means to equip two vessels—a large one for sailing in the open ocean, and a small one for examining the coast. Of the final issue of this voyage also we are, however, left in doubt, for Strabo, to whom we owe the story, tells us no more.

Besides these intended voyages round Africa, several expeditions were made with a view to exploring different parts of the coast and of the interior. Of the former, the most important was that sent out by the Carthaginians under Hanno (about 570 or 480 B.C.), with orders to examine the western coast, and, if possible, plant colonies inland. According to tradition, Hanno took with him a fleet of sixty vessels, with no less than thirty thousand persons on board. Starting from the Pillars of Hercules, the explorers sailed down the coast; and many were the marvellous sights and sounds seen and heard, whenever they neared the land, by the eager watchers on the decks of the various vessels: rivers of fire, wild creatures resembling human beings, discordant nocturnal music, weird unearthly vegetable growths. Such were some of the reported, and, as we now know, true characteristics of the terrible unknown regions to which the moderns have given the names of the Sahara and Senegambia. The "rivers of fire" were produced by long stretches of burning jungle; the wild caricatures of human beings were probably gorillas; the discordant nocturnal music was but one of many incidents of native worship or merrymaking; and the weird vegetation nothing more than the quaint baobab,

euphorbia, and other strange growths of the tropic region extending from the northern boundary of the Sahara to the great table-lands of Central Africa. No very definite results were obtained by the thirty thousand pilgrims, who ran short of provisions, and rather ignominiously returned to Carthage, bringing with them as trophies the skins of three female gorillas.

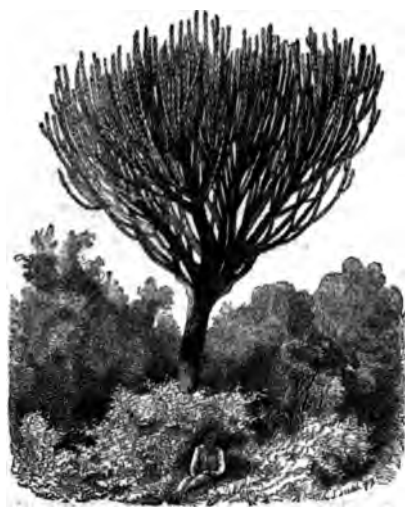
Between 264 and 122 B.C., Polybius, the historian, was sent by Scipio to explore the west coast of Africa; but though he chronicled the deeds of others, he left no record of his own, and nothing is known of the course or results of his expedition.

Of ancient journeys into the interior of Africa, the most noteworthy was that made, at an unknown date, by some young Nusamonians, natives of the modern Tripoli, who, according to Herodotus, penetrated beyond the great desert, and were taken prisoners, when gathering fruit from trees in a plain, by "some diminutive men, less than men of middle stature," and "black in colour," who carried them away to a city "by which flowed a great river," supposed to have been the Niger. Between 529 and 521 B.C., Cambyzes, second king of the Medes and Persians, made two equally unsuccessful expeditions to the south and west of Egypt; and, according to Pliny, a certain Suetonius Paullinus (A.D. 41) crossed the Atlas mountains and travelled some distance south of them. In Ptolemæus, there is a reference to a Roman officer named Maturnus, who set out from Tripoli, and went four months' journey south, to N. lat. 17°, near Lake Tchad, or Chad; so that there can be little doubt that the Niger or Joliba river was known to the Romans. The Fortunate Islands, the modern Canaries, are also referred to by Ptolemæus; and

Carthaginian Caravans.

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Carthaginian caravans are known to have made their way through the Great Sahara, and across that part of the desert still known as Libya, to the Nile. In spite of all this, however, no really trustworthy or scientific knowledge was acquired of the interior of North Africa until the Christian era was considerably advanced.



TREE EUPHORBIA.



CHAPTER II.

EARLY TRAVELS OF THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

Expeditions to the Western Coast and Great Sahara—To Morocco and the Northern Coast—To Abyssinia, Nubia, and Egypt.

AS early as the eighth and twelfth centuries A.D., Arab caravans had penetrated to the very heart of the continent of North Africa, and down the western coast as far as the Senegal and Gambia rivers; and from the account given of their discoveries in the works of Leo Africanus, a great writer of the sixteenth century, we gather that many important kingdoms existed in the districts watered by the Niger, then called the "Nile of the negroes," and that an extensive trade in gold and ivory was carried on between the Mahommedan settlers and the natives. Towards the beginning of the thirteenth century the various sovereignties of North Africa seem to have become absorbed into the important kingdom of Tombuctoo, which gave its name to the modern city of Timbuktu, so long the El Dorado of adventurers.

It was reserved to the Portuguese to open the interior of the north of Africa to modern European commerce. Having driven the Moors from their strongholds along the Mediterranean coast, they made them the starting-point for expeditions into the interior, partly with a view to

obtaining gold, partly with a desire to discover the abode of "Priest John," or "Prester John," that mysterious and mythical Christian monarch whose home was sometimes supposed to be in Asia and sometimes in Africa. The search for Prester John was not rewarded with the success deserved by the eagerness with which it was carried on. But vessels sent out by John I. of Portugal, to explore the western coast, rounded Cape Nun (N. lat. $26^{\circ} 48'$, W. long. $11^{\circ} 10'$), and made their way as far north as Cape Bojador (N. lat. $26^{\circ} 7'$, W. long. $14^{\circ} 29'$). This success was a great encouragement; and immediately afterwards Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator, took up the cause of nautical discovery, going to live at Sagres, near Cape St. Vincent, from whence he sent out, in the first place, a single boat under two officers of his household, who, making the fatal mistake of hugging the shore, tried in vain to round Cape Bojador. Fortunately for them, however, a sudden squall drove them out to sea, and they discovered and landed on a little island now known as Porto Santo (N. lat. $33^{\circ} 50'$, W. long. $16^{\circ} 28'$). They then returned to Portugal; and the next year, Prince Henry sent out a more important expedition in three vessels. This time a large, well-wooded island was discovered, which the prince had planted with vines and sugar-cane, and called Madeira, or Madera, the latter being the Portuguese name for wood. In 1433, a captain in Prince Henry's service doubled Cape Bojador, and discovered the great continent of South Africa stretching away to an apparently illimitable extent.

One trip now succeeded another in rapid succession, until at last Cape Verd (N. lat. $14^{\circ} 57'$, W. long. $17^{\circ} 28'$) was reached. Everybody was now eager to travel and explore;

but for the most part none but old ground was gone over, the only new discovery made before the middle of the fifteenth century having been that of the Cape de Verd Islands and the Azores. Prince Henry died in 1463, but the work he had set on foot was eagerly carried on by others. No longer content with scouring the coast, the Portuguese were seized with a desire to explore the interior, and to obtain some of the gold and ivory evidently so plentiful in the districts on the Senegal and Gambia rivers. Nunez Tristao made the first attempt, but in ascending a small river near the Rio Grande (N. lat. $11^{\circ} 40'$, W. long. 15°) he was surprised by a party of natives and killed with all his men. A settlement was then effected on the island of Aranin (N. lat. $20^{\circ} 32'$, W. long. $16^{\circ} 32'$); and soon afterwards, attracted by rumours of the marvellous power of the white settlers, Bemoy, a prince of the Jaloofs or Jalofs, a tribe of West Africa, came to beg their aid against a native enemy. Here was an opportunity not to be neglected for obtaining an entrance into the land of gold and ivory! Bemoy was enthusiastically welcomed, and on some excuse sent with his dusky attendants to Lisbon, where his own astonishment and that of his Portuguese hosts were equally great. He had first a public and then a private interview with King John II., and from what he said to the latter it was taken for granted that he had the great Prester John for a near neighbour at home, and that his own land contained unbounded wealth. Aid on a large and imposing scale was promised him against his enemy on condition that he would become a Christian and receive baptism. Nothing loath, his sable majesty listened with due decorum to the learned disquisitions of the greatest doctors of divinity

in Portugal; and being thoroughly convinced, if not of the truths of Christianity, at least of the power of the Christians, he joined their ranks on November 3rd, 1489. His reward was not long in coming. The same year a fleet was equipped and placed under the command of Pero Vaz d'Acunha, who took with him Alvaro, a Dominican friar, and a body of monks for the conversion of the natives. The fleet arrived safely at the mouth of the Senegal river, and doubtless Bemoy's hopes rose high as he thought of the overthrow of his enemy and the future extension of his own dominions. Some of the party landed on the banks of the river and commenced building a fort. Whether this proceeding opened Bemoy's eyes to the true character of his supposed allies, or whether, as has been alleged, he himself from the first meditated treachery against them, will probably never be known. Whatever the cause, he quarrelled with the Portuguese admiral. Harsh words were followed by blows, and the unfortunate native prince soon lay weltering in his own blood within sight of his native land, stabbed to the heart by the hand of the "friend" who was to do such great things for him. After this tragic event the Portuguese armament remained in the river and made friends with many of the neighbouring chiefs. About the same time a fort was established at Mina on the Gold Coast, from which John II., in virtue of a Papal grant made to Prince Henry, sent out exploring parties, one of which, under Fernando del Po, discovered the island bearing his name at the mouth of the Rio Formosa, and planted a factory and Christian church on the coast of Benin.

Between 1551 and 1566, several voyages were undertaken from England to Barbary and Guinea; and towards

the end of the century, when the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope was attracting adventurers southwards, and Portuguese colonies were flourishing in Congo, the English began to make good their footing in Guinea. In the same period (sixteenth century), Leo Africanus, the celebrated geographer to whom we owe our knowledge of early Arab travels, made his way through Barbary and the Sahara to Abyssinia; and the German Ramoulf conducted some important explorations in North Africa.

Early in the seventeenth century (1618), the "Royal African Company" was founded in London for getting gold from Timbuktu, which, as we have seen, had long been the focus of the power and wealth of North Africa. The first person sent out by this company was George Thompson, a merchant from Barbary, who ascended the Gambia in his large vessel as far as Kassan, when, finding the river too shallow to allow of further progress by that means, he left his ship in charge of the crew, and, taking with him only eight men, pursued his way in boats. As soon as he was out of sight and hearing, the natives and Portuguese settlers boarded the vessel and massacred every soul on board. On hearing the terrible news, which, as usual in such cases, travelled quickly, Thompson merely sent a message to his employers asking for reinforcements, and promising to do his best with the eight men left him. The company immediately fitted out a new vessel, but all the sailors died from the unhealthiness of the climate as soon as they reached the land. Still undismayed, and strange to say, in spite of the weakness of his position, unattacked, Thompson sent home yet another demand for succour, and this time two vessels were despatched to his aid, under the command of Captain

Richard Jobson, a man of resolution equal to that of Thompson himself. The new reinforcement arrived at the mouth of the Gambia in February, 1621, too late, alas! to rescue the intrepid pioneer of discovery, who, after pressing on as far as Tenda, much higher up the river than any European had before penetrated, was killed either by the natives or his own followers. The exact manner of his death is unknown, but he is supposed to have gone to Tenda to have an interview with a great merchant of the Gambia known as Buckar Sano, and, shortly after his arrival there, to have fallen in a quarrel provoked by his own imprudence.

Jobson seems to have heard of the fate of his predecessor without any special manifestation of indignation; he merely confiscated a boat belonging to a certain Nunez, said to have been the leader in the attack on Thompson's vessel, and then set off on an exploring and trading expedition on his own account. He got no further than Thompson had done, but he made acquaintance with Buckar Sano, by whom he was very courteously received and hospitably entertained. The news of the arrival of the white men spread through the country, and crowds of natives, wearing wild beasts' skins, assembled on the banks of the Gambia, all eager to barter their gold and ivory for salt. Of this latter article Jobson had only a small supply, which he was obliged to supplement by parting with brandy and other stores. Buckar presented his guest with the city of Tenda and the surrounding districts; but, for some unknown reason, Jobson was not willing to take possession of his new dominions, or to extend his explorations further up the river. He soon returned to Europe, having added nothing to geographical

discovery, though he obtained some interesting information about the natives of the places visited by him, who consisted chiefly of Mandingoes, Portuguese, Mulattoes, and Foulahs.

The next well-authenticated expedition to the interior of North Africa was sent out under Captain Bartholomew Stibbs, in 1723, by the Duke of Chandos, then director of the Royal African Company. Stibbs arrived at Fort James, at the mouth of the Gambia, on the 7th October, but it was not until the 11th December that he succeeded in obtaining canoes for navigating the river. On the 25th of the same month he started with fifteen Europeans and thirty Africans, who accompanied him as far as the ruins of Barraconda, once a flourishing town some little distance up the river, beyond which they at first refused to go, declaring that no one had ever yet passed it. The offer of a bottle of brandy, however, overcame their reluctance, and Stibbs was able to reach the so-called "Falls of Barraconda," consisting of two huge rocks jutting out from either side of the banks of the Gambia, and almost meeting in the centre. With great difficulty the travellers managed to squeeze their canoe through a narrow passage, beyond which they found themselves in a country peopled by a quiet, peaceful race, and abounding in crocodiles, rhinoceroses, and baboons. The river now became so shallow that it was difficult to float the boats, and after some days of fatiguing efforts Stibbs reached Tenda, only to turn back, as Thompson and Jobson had done before him, convinced of the impossibility of overcoming the obstacles in his path.

We must here mention a person who, though not, strictly speaking, a hero of North African travel, yet contributed

considerably to our knowledge of the regions of the Senegal and Gambia rivers. We allude to the young African prince, Job Ben Solomon, son of the king of Bunda, or Bondou, on the Upper Senegal, who, having crossed the Gambia and entered the territory of the Mandingoes, who were enemies to his tribe, was taken prisoner and sold as a slave to an American captain, Pyke by name, who took him to Maryland, allowing him, however, first to send a message to his father. On his arrival in America, poor Job had to tend flocks and cultivate tobacco like a common labourer; and, unable to bear what seemed to him the ignominy of his situation, he tried to effect his escape. He made his way to the Bay of Delaware, but was there arrested and thrown into prison. Fortunately for him, his case created considerable interest, and he was finally ransomed by Mr. Oglethorpe, of the Royal African Company, who invited him to come to England, where he met with much attention, and excited universal admiration on account of his readiness in acquiring and wonderful memory in retaining knowledge. From what he said, it appeared that the people of Bondou were, like himself, Mahomedans—that their principal occupation was agriculture, and their chief commerce ivory. He also asserted, as is now known to be true, that the courses of the Senegal and Gambia rivers were throughout parallel with each other. In the summer of 1734, Job Ben Solomon returned to his native land to find his father dying and his country in a distracted state; but of his own subsequent history no record has come down to us.

From the traveller Moore, who, at the close of the eighteenth century, resided for some length of time in

24 *His Royal Highness of Barsally.*

different towns on the Gambia as factor or superintendent to the African Company, some further interesting and important information was obtained, both with regard to the customs of the natives and the nature of their country. Moore lived for some time at St. James' Fort, the settlement so often referred to at the mouth of the Gambia, and from thence made trips to different towns in the interior, of which that known as Tancrowall was the most important. Whilst at the factory of Joar, some little distance up the river, Moore was honoured by a visit from the most powerful chieftain of West Africa, known as the king of Barsally, or Bur Salum. This monarch was so delighted with all he saw at the factory that he and his followers took up their abode there for nine days, making themselves thoroughly at home, using the beds and drinking the brandy belonging to Moore's employers, but occasionally, with truly regal courtesy, inviting their host to share in their revels. When all the spirits, etc., were consumed, His Royal Highness of Barsally graciously took his leave, first filling his own and his servants' pockets with everything which pleased his fancy. During Moore's residence on the Gambia, the slave trade began to acquire important proportions, as the king of Barsally bartered his subjects for brandy with the utmost recklessness; and to the shame of England, be it owned, the Royal African Company was nothing loath to profit by his majesty's lax notions of morality. In Moore's later journeys up the Gambia, which he ascended as far as the Falls of Barraconda, he seems to have carried on a brisk trade in gold, ivory, and, above all, in slaves. From him we learn that the earliest victims of this last named and infamous traffic in human flesh and blood were natives

of the interior, and were brought down to the coast by Mandingo merchants in gangs of thirty or forty at a time, bound together with cords. The ranks of these unfortunate creatures were principally recruited from prisoners taken in war, or criminals condemned to death; but too frequently innocent persons were stolen from their homes, or found guilty of misdemeanours they never committed, for the sake of swelling the profits of the slave merchants.

In Moore's account of his adventures, we meet with one of the first mentions of the Mumbo Jumbo—that quaint embodiment of the feeling that “might makes right” innate in fallen human nature whether savage or civilised. The Mumbo Jumbo was nothing more than a long pole on which hung a coat with a “tuft of fine straw on the top of it,” the coat being so arranged as to admit of the complete concealment of a man within its folds. In cases of conjugal difference the Mumbo Jumbo was always referred to, and from its mysterious recesses would proceed a terrible voice, declaring the weaker party to be in the wrong, and deserving of punishment. It is said that a king once broke the oath of concealment exacted from every boy of sixteen, and told his wife what the Mumbo Jumbo really was. Swift and terrible was the punishment, for the royal pair were slain by their exasperated subjects.

Simultaneously with the English, the French did much to explore the west of Africa, directing their attention chiefly to the Senegal, at the mouth of which they established the Port of St. Louis, still the capital of the French settlements in Africa.

The first Frenchman to make a journey into the interior was Claude Jannequin, who, though occupying a position of some importance in France, engaged himself as a com-

mon soldier on board a vessel bound for Africa, for the mere love of travel and adventure. He landed first a little above Cape Blanco, on the shores of the Great Sahara desert, where some boats were built by the crew of his ship. Nothing, Jannequin tells us, could exceed the dreary desolation of the districts stretching inland from the beach; the few natives seen were miserable-looking wretches, and no efforts on the part of the French could induce them to do more than exchange a few goods for fish. Great was Jannequin's joy when the boats needed for navigating the river were finished, and the party set sail for the mouth of the Senegal. Their first care on arriving there was to build some huts as a slight protection from the heat and unhealthy climate. Presents were then exchanged with Daniel, king of the Jaloofs, and Brak, king of the Foulahs, the greatest chieftains of the neighbourhood, and the ascent of the Senegal was commenced. The French seem to have been much impressed alike with the beauty of the vegetation on either side of the river and with the physical development of the native tribes, especially of the Moors from the Sahara, whose chief, Samba Samma, vanquished a lion in single combat before the eyes of his European guests. The Mandingoes and Jaloofs, as well as the Moorish settlers on the Senegal in the time of Jannequin, were already converted to Mahommedanism, but they retained many of their own old superstitions; the use of the heathen coral, gold, or glass ornaments worn in the hair of both sexes, for instance, being combined with that of Arabic charms, manufactured by the Marabouts or priests, and suspended in front of the body in such numbers as to form a kind of fantastic armour. Jannequin ascended the Senegal for

seventy leagues, but he obtained little or no trustworthy information regarding the geography of the interior.

Some little time elapsed, after Jannequin's return to France, before any adventurer from that country visited Africa. In 1697, however, a certain Sieur Brue was sent out by a French African company to look after its business on the Senegal. His first care was to settle the disputes in which his fellow-countrymen had become involved with Siratik, king of the Foulahs; and with this end in view he made his way up the Senegal with three large and several small vessels, one of the latter, with two canoes, being sent on a little in advance to advertise his approach. After passing several small islands the party came to one called Morfil, or the Isle of Ivory, so named on account of its immense herds of elephants, which are caught by the natives in pits, and killed with arrows for the sake of their tusks. A little beyond this island, Brue came to a region known as the Terrier rouge, in which a brisk trade in gum was carried on between the Moors and natives. Pressing on yet further, the travellers reached a large village called Hovalada, where they exchanged brandy for cattle, and were informed that the Siratik, or chief, was eager to see their leader. The first meeting took place at Kahaydé, a large trading town on the Senegal, where nothing very definite was arranged; but it was succeeded by another at the chief's own residence, a palace near the village of Gumal, some little distance further up the river, which was fruitful of the very best results to the French. A very amusing account of this second interview is given by Brue. After the usual interchange of presents, the Siratik gave the French liberty to build factories and forts wherever they liked in his dominions; and the

latter unusual and unexpected concession so delighted the French agent that he added a second gift of silver-mounted swords, pistols, etc. This liberality was hailed with acclamation, and, amongst other tokens of gratitude, the Siratik offered Brue one of his young daughters in marriage. The Frenchman pleaded that he had already a wife in Europe; and as that was considered no reason why he should not have another in Africa, he was obliged to explain at some length the manners and customs of his native land. The African ladies were all much surprised at what he told them, and seemed disposed to envy the lot of the one wife, who could have everything her own way. In the course of the next two days, Brue had an opportunity of making himself further acquainted with the ways of the Siratik and his court. He was present at a cavalry review and at a trial. The latter was carried on without any lawyers, each party pleading his own cause, after previous examination by ten old men, who summed up the cases in turn for the Siratik's consideration. The penalty most frequently inflicted was banishment, which meant slavery, the culprit being sold to the French company.

On this occasion Brue proceeded no further than the village of Gumal already mentioned; but the next year (1698) he made a successful attempt to reach the province of Gallam, ascending the Senegal in a light skiff, escorted by several canoes filled with merchandise. On this trip the French adventurer travelled some distance on foot by the river banks, and tells us that the neighbouring districts were mountainous, and full of deep, ravine-like valleys, clothed with thorny jungle, and rich in elephants, lions, and monkeys. On his arrival at Ghiorel, near the

Siratik's palace, where he had founded a factory on his last journey, Brue paid another visit to the friendly chief, whom he found in a state of chronic terror, a huge lion having carried off many of his subjects, and eluded all attempts to capture or slay him. The Frenchman at once ordered four of his negroes to find and despatch the ferocious brute. To our regret, however, we are unable to say that he himself headed the attack. The lion was found, and two of the blacks were killed, but just as a third was in the last extremity, the fourth rescued him from death by plunging his weapon into the enemy's heart. A little beyond Ghiorel, at a place called Embakané, Brue witnessed a phenomenon of frequent occurrence both in North and South Africa—a flight of locusts of such vast extent as to darken the surrounding country for miles, and make the sun appear of the blood-red colour usually peculiar to foggy weather or the hour of sunset. After touching at a village called Bitel, where first-rate poultry was obtained in exchange for the merest trifles, our party arrived at Tuabo, a frontier town of Gallam. Here crowds of red monkeys appeared on the banks of the stream, which threw branches of trees into the invaders' boats, and evidently greatly resented the volleys of musketry discharged at them by the French. The monkeys dispersed; a yet more singular phenomenon presented itself in the person of a man calling himself "King of the Bees," who made his way on board Brue's skiff completely covered with these insects, and followed by thousands of others, which seemed quite harmless and entirely under their sovereign's control. The French director found the province of Gallam in a distracted state between rival claimants to the throne; but by judiciously

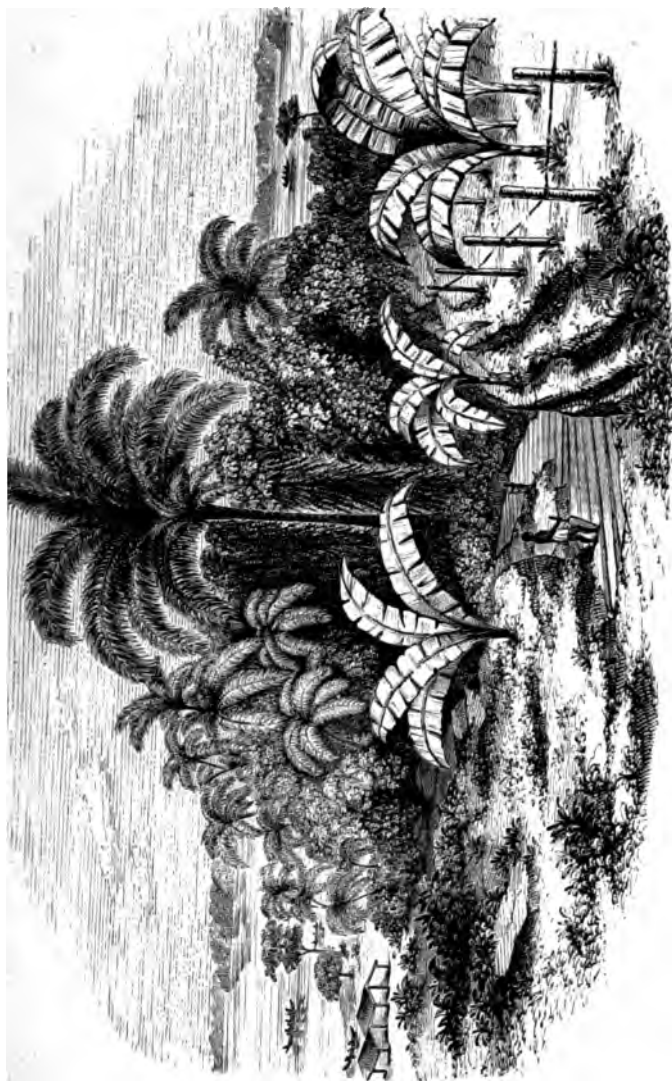
administering threats and promises to both parties, he managed so to make good his own footing as to trade profitably with the natives, and push his way on to the cataracts of Felu, formed by a rock running across the river in such a manner as to impede navigation. Leaving his boats below it, Brue went to the cataracts by land, and having decided on a place called Dramanet as the best site on which to erect a factory, he returned to Fort St. Louis, from whence he made several voyages along the coast and yet another up the Senegal, making friends with the so-called "Great Brak," or King of Kings, the most powerful chief of the neighbourhood, receiving visits from the ladies of the royal family on board his vessel, and setting on foot an important trade with the natives.

About a year after this last trip, Brue persuaded a fellow-countryman of the name of Compagnon to attempt to make an entrance into the kingdom of Bambouk, which was supposed to contain more gold than any other district on the Senegal, and was on that account kept jealously closed to Europeans. All efforts to obtain a footing in the coveted territory made by Brue himself and others had been unavailing; but Compagnon used such consummate tact in his dealings with the natives as to disarm their prejudices, and so ingratiated himself with a chief of a town on the frontiers of Bambouk as to obtain the escort of his son, who again and again saved the intrepid traveller from a violent death. Compagnon ascertained the kingdom of Bambouk to consist chiefly of barren and lofty mountains, rich in gold, silver, and iron, and peopled by a race of professing Mahommedans, chiefly of Mandingo origin. He was convinced that a large revenue would be yielded to any enterprising company who should annex

the district or work the mines under native control, but all his and Brue's representations to that effect were unregarded, and little more was learned of Bambouk until the close of the century, when the African Association was founded in London.

In 1749-50, whilst Brue was still director-general of the French settlements in Senegambia, that country was visited by the celebrated naturalist Adanson, who, though he explored no new territory, noticed everything he saw with senses so quickened by his scientific knowledge that his account of his travels is one of the most valuable which have been preserved. Having been safely piloted by negro guides over the dangerous ridge of sand forming a bar to the entrance to the Senegal river, which he erroneously calls the Niger, he landed on the island of Senegal, where he was most kindly received by Brue, who gave him every facility in his power for studying the natural history of the interior. After spending some months on the island of Senegal to acquire the Jaloof language, necessary for intelligent communication with the natives, Adanson crossed over to the island of Sor, on the eastern bank of the river, and patiently worked his way to the principal village through the thorny jungle, now sinking to the knees in burning sand, now halting for a moment, spent and weary, beside some apparently impassable creek, running down to the main stream of the Senegal, across which he would be carried by his faithful native attendants. Arrived at the village, Adanson was very hospitably and respectfully received by the chief, Baba-Sec, who at once regaled him with bowls of milk, eggs, and fowls, and later invited him to dinner, making him sit beside him and help himself with

his fingers from a bowl of cooked millet, the only dish provided for quite a large party. After this simple repast a native girl handed round a bowl of water, from which all the visitors drank in turn. The chief trees noticed by Adanson on this island were white and red Egyptian thorns, a kind of acacia, yielding the gum known as Arabic; and the most numerous animals were hares and rabbits. He tells us that but few of the natives wore more than a short petticoat, and that many children of six months old could walk alone! From Sor, Adanson made an excursion up the river in company with an agent of the French company, and speaks in enthusiastic terms of the mangrove trees lining the banks, which formed close and almost impenetrable thickets, the lower branches sending down long roots which penetrate into the earth. Arrived at a place called Mosquetoe (mosquito), from the number of insects of that name infesting the low grounds by the river, our traveller landed, and whilst his escort was bartering for oxen, kids, camels, etc., with the Moorish and negro traders of the place, he wandered about examining the flora and fauna of the neighbourhood, and making acquaintance with the ways of the people. He passed extensive plantations of millet and tobacco, and noticed numerous tamarisks and sensitive plants, also a kind of mushroom called giromon, with a flavour far superior in delicacy to that of any similar European growth. In one village, on this excursion, a white man had never before been seen, and Adanson gives a very quaint account of the sensation his appearance created. "Some" (of the negroes), he says, "touched my clothes and my linen, others took hold of my hat and of my hair, which I wore in a bag, thinking it impossible that it



AFRICAN VEGETATION.

NORTH AFRICA, p. 32.



should grow to such a length as they saw it about my ears; others felt the bag itself and asked me for tobacco, with which they thought it to be filled, because of its being so very like a little square leather bag wherein they are accustomed to carry tobacco upon their breasts; but how great was their surprise, upon seeing me take off my bag, when my hair fell down to my waist." In the fields round this village Adanson made acquaintance with a bird called a uett-uett by the natives, and a squaller or bawler by the French, because "directly it sees a man it sets up a loud screaming and keeps flying round him as if to warn other birds away."

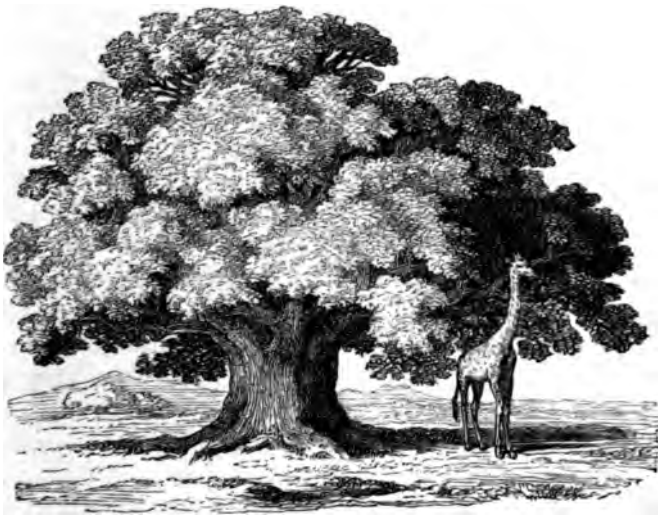
Returning after this trip to the island of Senegal, the untiring naturalist started again on a voyage to Podor, a factory about sixty leagues up the river, reaching it in three days. The chief phenomenon noticed on this trip was the fact that, although the water of the Senegal ceased to be salt thirty leagues from its mouth, the influence of the ocean tides was felt as far as Podor, thirty leagues further up. At and near Podor the most important plants noticed were tamarisks, red gum trees, plane or button-wood trees, mangroves, and baobabs, or monkey-bread trees, the largest growth of the tropics, for although they never attain any great height, their trunks are often from sixty to seventy feet in circumference, whilst their branches are sometimes as thick as the stems of large trees. At Podor, Adanson also made his first acquaintance with ostriches in their native land, and was much delighted at seeing full-grown negroes, as well as small boys, ride on their backs at a pace exceeding that of the swiftest riding horse. Driven from the banks of the Senegal by the setting in of the rainy season, which put

a stop to all botanical excursions, our traveller made voyages to the island of Goree and to the French factory of Portudal, a little to the north of the island. At the latter place he noticed many trees unknown to Europe,



as well as cotton trees, hog-plum trees, etc.; numerous birds of brilliant plumage, including jays, with azure and cardinal sparrows with yellow feathers, and the only snail he had met with in all his wanderings in Africa. At

Portudal, Adanson witnessed and, to his cost, as he himself tells us, *heard* a native funeral. Awakened by a "horrid shrieking" in the dead of night, he started up to ask what was the matter, and was told that a young woman had died from the bite of a serpent. By way of proving their grief at this sad accident, all the women flocked together and shrieked in concert, the first howl being given by the



BAOBAB TREE (*Adansonia digitata*).

deceased's nearest relative. At daybreak the mourners went to the poor creature's bedside, took her hand, asked her questions, offered to do anything she wished, etc.; and when no reply was given, they cried as if they had only just found it out, "Ah, she is dead!" The body was then buried, with a pot of water on one side and of cous-cous (stewed millet) on the other, in case life should after

all not be extinct. To wind up the funeral ceremony, dances were held round a large fire for three successive nights.

After various excursions to places of interest near Goree, including the island of Magdalen, on which some baobab trees were noticed with names of Europeans cut in the bark, Adanson returned to the Senegal and made fresh excursions on its banks, going over old ground for the most part, but, wherever he went, gleaned fresh facts of scientific interest, of which the existence of gigantic and enormous serpents, some twenty-two feet long, was perhaps the most important. Before he finally left the country in 1753, he was present at a crocodile hunt, in which a luckless animal, whilst taking a nap under a tree, was surprised by a negro, who plunged his knife into the soft part of its neck, nearly severing the head from the body. For all that, however, the crocodile raised itself and gave its enemy a blow with its tail which felled him to the ground. Two other natives then rushed to the rescue, and whilst the first aggressor, staggering to his feet, flung a cloth over the animal's mouth, a second seized its tail, and a third sprang on its back. Thus outnumbered, the crocodile ceased its struggles, and another blow from the knife soon put it out of its misery.

Whilst something like a thorough general knowledge was thus being acquired of the whole of Senegambia, the accidental shipwreck of M. Saugnier in 1784, and M. de Brisson in 1785, on the coasts of the Sahara, led to the publication of a good deal of interesting information respecting the great desert and its inhabitants.

Saugnier left France in 1783, with the intention of making his way to Fort St. Louis, and enriching himself

with some of the produce of Senegambia; but he and his companions were wrecked off the mountains of Wel de Non, and at once taken captive and carried into slavery by the Arabs of the desert. The men into whose hands Saugnier himself fell appear to have treated him with considerable humanity, although he complains of having been half starved in a compulsory journey with them occupying thirty days, during which he traversed the desert partly in a southerly and partly in a northerly direction. He tells us that his masters themselves extracted thorns from his bleeding feet, and smeared them with a mixture of tar and sand which rendered them invulnerable; also that the Moors collected all the edible fungi within reach for his special benefit. Arrived at his captor's "horde," Saugnier had to make butter "by shaking the milk in a goat's skin," and to collect dry wood. He was soon, however, sold for a "barrel of meal and an iron bar" to a Moor, with whom he took a journey of nine days, getting nothing to eat but such wild fruit as he could find for himself. After changing hands again and again, the unwilling wanderer was at last fortunate enough to save his master's life, when he was rewarded by being made a member of the tribe, and might have obtained his freedom had he been willing to give up all idea of returning to his native land. Refusing in any way to bind himself, he was again sold, this time to a Moorish chief at the head of a formidable rebellion against the Emperor of Morocco. Meanwhile, efforts were being made by the French merchants of Mogador to obtain the freedom of their fellow-countrymen, and a little later Saugnier was one of six redeemed by them. Now it so happened that the mighty Emperor of Morocco had set

his own heart on achieving the ransom of the captives, and his *amour propre* was wounded by the success of the foreign residents in his kingdom. He therefore peremptorily ordered Saugnier and his companions to be sent to Morocco; but instead of treating them with the harshness they expected, he gave them their freedom immediately on their arrival, and sent them back to France from the port of Tangiers. Later, Saugnier made another voyage to the Senegal, and in a journey to Gallam narrowly escaped falling a second time into the hands of the Arabs, who, not knowing that he understood their language, spoke in it of a plan for seizing his vessel. Saugnier anticipated the scheme by putting all the natives on board into irons, and compelled their prince to pay a handsome indemnity before he set them at liberty. He seems throughout this trip to have carried matters with a very high hand, and complains that though he once had eight native princes in chains at one time, his own Government forbade him to exact a ransom for them. He contributed little to our knowledge of the country or natives of Senegambia, and in his narrative seems to have made a point of contradicting all that his predecessors had said.

M. de Brisson's narrative of his sufferings in the desert is full of the most thrilling interest. Wrecked a little to the north of Cape Blanco, he and his comrades scrambled up the steep rocks jutting out into the ocean, from the summits of which they looked down upon a far-stretching sandy plain, with no vegetation but a few stunted, creeping plants to break its white monotony. In the distance rose hills overgrown with wild ferns, contrasting strongly in their green freshness with the rigid sterility of the

desert itself. A few camels attracting their attention, the shipwrecked mariners incautiously approached them, coming in sight, when too late to escape, of an encampment of Labdessaba Arabs, amongst whom the greatest commotion was excited by their appearance. They were quickly surrounded by armed men, thrown to the ground, and plundered of all they possessed. They only saved their lives by surrendering themselves to the priest or talbe of the tribe, who took them under his protection, and had them conveyed to a miserable hut some little distance from the beach. Here, however, in the absence of their guardian, they were found by a party of Ouadehin Arabs, who severely ill-treated them and nearly killed Brisson, his original captors making no attempt at interference. Before they had any chance of recovering from their wounds and bruises, the prisoners were compelled to accompany the Arab horde to their tents, some twenty days' journey off. After climbing some very high mountains covered with sharp stones, they went down into a plain overgrown with thorns and thistles. Poor Brisson was soon quite unable to walk, and he was then allowed to mount a camel, but as he had no saddle, the sharp hair of his steed tore his flesh "so that his blood ran copiously down." The thorny plain was succeeded by one covered with small pebbles without a sign of vegetation; the pitiless rays of the sun beat down upon the unprotected heads of the travellers; the air was scorching and arid; no sound but the tramp of the camels or the cry of their drivers broke the awful silence of the dismal wastes; not a bird, not an insect was to be seen. At last, having come across but one encampment, the Labdessaba Arabs arrived at their tents, pitched at the base of a range of

hills amongst thorn bushes and stunted trees. The Moors themselves were greeted with joyous shouts of welcome by the women and children; the Christians by showers of stones and other insults. The priest, Sidi Mahomet, did not interfere for his prisoners' protection, and in a famine by which the tribe was overtaken somewhat later, many of the Christians perished, and Brisson endured the most awful privations. When half-dead from starvation and ill-usage, however, he was bought by a certain Sidi Sellem, who took him with him to Morocco, the journey leading them through plain after plain overlooked by rugged mountains, with sides torn and riven as if by some awful convulsion of nature. But as they approached the borders of Morocco, they came to a fertile valley overgrown with a plant something like the laurel, and dotted with pyramids of white stones. A little further on, lofty date and palm trees appeared, succeeded by rocky mountains bright with the foliage of trees clustering in their clefts, and animated by the bounding forms of roebucks and other game. From Morocco, Brisson and his master went through the territory of a tribe who "lived among mountains of sand as if to hide themselves from the light of the sun," and after spending some little time at Guadmun—then a kind of city of refuge to all the Arab tribes, who came there to barter their spoils for provisions, etc., with Jewish traders—they reached Mogador, where Brisson was given up to the governor, and sent by him to the Emperor of Morocco, who, as in Saugnier's case, soon set him at liberty.

Whilst some early accurate information respecting Senegambia and the Sahara was being thus acquired, Dutch, French, and English settlements were formed, and rapidly

increasing in importance in the different portions of Upper Guinea, now known as the Grain Coast, Ivory Coast, Gold Coast, and Slave Coast. Until quite recently, slaves were the principal commodity traded in in these colonies; and their acquisition formed the principal motives for excursions into the interior. It will readily be understood, therefore, that no dangers encountered, or privations endured, could elevate their captors into heroes, and we pass over their exploits in silence, only mentioning as honourable exceptions the naturalist Afzelius, and the mineralogist Nordenskiöld, who were in the service of the Sierra Leone Company, founded in 1791 for the redress of the grievances of the blacks; Wadstrom, Sparrmann, and Arrhenius, who joined a Swedish company with similar ends in view; Dr. Isert, who founded a Danish colony in the mountains of Aquapim, and his successor, Mr. Flint, both of whom did much to humanise the natives and ameliorate their condition, accumulating at the same time a vast amount of information respecting the surrounding districts—information which has, however, been supplemented or superseded by that of later travellers, whose exploits will be related in detail in our succeeding chapters.

Leaving the north-west districts of North Africa, we make our way to the shores washed by the Mediterranean, and find them throughout their length and breadth under the stern and rigorous government of the all-powerful Saracens, who subdued them in the first century of their power, forcibly establishing Mohammedanism, and making themselves dreaded if not respected by Europeans and natives alike. It is from the narratives of men enslaved by the Moors that we get most of our early information

about Barbary, and in considering these narratives we must make some allowance for the jaundiced light in which their authors saw everything in the land of their captivity.

In 1583, the English ship "Jesus," Hellier, master, cast anchor in the port of Tripoli, with a view to exchanging its cargo for oil. A dispute about the custom demanded for the oil arose between the king and his visitors, succeeded by a quarrel about a certain Italian named Padrone Norado, whom Sonnings, a French trader on board the "Jesus," had rescued from slavery. Sonnings was peremptorily ordered to land, and on his refusing his vessel was disabled by shots fired from the slave prison by a Spaniard, whose liberty was promised him in reward for the good service he had done, but, alas! never really granted. Unable to remain on board, the English were compelled to land, and their master, after abjuring Christianity and embracing Mahommedanism in the hope of saving his life, was hung from the eastern bulwark of his ship, the original offender, Sonnings, suffering a similar fate from the western. The rest of the English party were made slaves, and sent to attack a Greek vessel in a Moorish boat chained three and three to an oar, with no clothing above the waist, and a master at each end armed with a whip, with which the captives were constantly and mercilessly lashed. The work at sea done, they were taken on shore and made to break and carry stones and to gather firewood, often marching some thirty miles for that purpose; but after nearly a year of abject servitude, their case somehow reached the ears of Queen Elizabeth, who immediately obtained their release.

The next European of whose sufferings in Moorish hands

any record has been preserved was a Frenchman named Mouette, who was taken prisoner at sea, and carried by his captor, whom he calls a "devil of a black," to Salee, where he was exposed in the slave market with several of his fellow-passengers and bought for about three hundred and sixty crowns by four persons, who looked upon him as a kind of joint speculation. He was at first under the care of a kind master, who made him do nothing harder than grind corn in a hand-mill and look after a small child. A second owner, however, seeing that no ransom was offered from France for Mouette, and disbelieving his assurance that his relations were too poor to purchase his freedom, took him into his own care and made him work hard all day and sleep at night in a small underground dungeon with other slaves as unfortunate as himself. This, however, was not the worst; his new master presently became involved in political troubles, and by way of venting his anxiety about his own fate, he killed some of his slaves and terribly belaboured the others. Mouette was among the latter, and shortly afterwards was forfeited with the rest of his master's property to the Emperor, who sent him to Mequinez, where he had to work without ceasing at pulling down walls under an untiring shower of blows from the overseers. One day when their real owner, the Emperor, passed, a gang of slaves, including Mouette, fell on their knees before him and entreated his compassion. He spoke kindly to them, but made no real effort in their behalf; and the chief overseer was so enraged at their conduct that their lot became worse than ever. At last, however, a friend, though one in awful and gloomy guise, rose up for them—the plague broke out amongst the Moors, levelling all distinctions, and laying low

masters and slaves alike. Those of the latter who survived were less rigorously treated and less closely watched, so that some made their escape; and those who did not were finally ransomed in 1681 by some French religious Fathers. During his compulsory residence in Barbary, Mouette heard much of the trade carried on with the people of the Soudan and Timbuktu by the Moors, and relates that salt and gold were exchanged in large quantities, each trader laying down his own commodity and leaving it without seeing the person or persons with whom he was dealing, one Arab only remaining on the spot to give any necessary information.

In 1721, Commodore Stewart received orders from his Government to land on the coast of Morocco and redeem any English captives in that country. He entered the Emperor's territories at Tetuan, a seaport nearly opposite Gibraltar, and was accompanied by a Mr. Windhus, to whom we owe our knowledge of the adventures of the expedition. After a short time spent at Tetuan, where the Basha or Governor managed to pick several quarrels with them, they steered south for Mequinez, then the residence of the Emperor; passing on their way several of the curious movable Arab villages, "built in the form of a ring, leaving a large vacant space in the inside, the sheik's house standing in the centre." The residences forming these villages are taken to pieces and packed on the backs of oxen or camels whenever a change of situation is considered desirable. Arrived at Mequinez, the ambassadors had to wait three days before an audience was granted by Muley Ismael, the emperor, and even then were not allowed to enter the palace itself, but waited in an outer court, where they were presently joined by

his Majesty, who made his appearance on horseback holding up an umbrella. When he was some little distance from his visitors he dismounted, and, falling on his face, remained some moments in prayer. He then took the British monarch's letter from Stewart, and, after a good deal of palaver, agreed unconditionally to all its demands, including the release of his English captives, amounting to some three hundred—a concession the more astonishing when we remember the despotic tyranny of this terrible monarch, of whom it is related that he kept a body of eight hundred negro guards whose office it was to torture and finally kill all who gave offence to the Emperor, except some few who were reserved to suffer death from his Majesty's own hand. In a fit of mad fury, Muley Ismael so severely beat a young boy, the only person he ever seemed to love, that the poor child died from exhaustion. Windhus tells us that in his time the houses of Morocco were good, though the streets of the towns were narrow; that Mahommedanism in its strictest form was the religion of the country, involving the usual detestation of Christians and bigoted reverence for saints, some of whom had no other claim to sanctity than supremacy in crime or singularity.

From Dr. Shaw, chaplain about 1720 in a factory at Algiers, we gain some information respecting the natural history of the provinces of Algiers and Tunis, as well as of the ruins of ancient cities contained in them. This traveller wandered about the so-called Tell, the fertile and cultivated district extending about one hundred miles inland from the sea, noting that the soil was everywhere more or less impregnated with coarse salt of a reddish colour, and that the Arab cultivators were an independent

race, not much more than nominally subject to the rulers of Algiers and Tunis; he scoured the remarkable "dry country" sloping down from the south-eastern side of the Atlas Mountains, where, in spite of the arid, sterile nature of the upper soil, a kind of subterranean lake exists at a certain depth beneath, and may at any time be reached by digging; he made acquaintance with the lion, the panther, the boar, the hyæna, the antelope, the boa constrictor, the scorpion, the locust, and other creatures native to Barbary and the Sahara; and last, not least, he visited the subterranean ruins of Carthage, with their long ranges of arches, once part of the great reservoir for supplying the city with water; the site of the ancient Cirta on the east of Algiers, strewn with beautiful ruins, including a white marble altar, a sculptured bridge, cisterns, aqueducts, the once stately amphitheatre at El Gemme, etc.

Reluctantly leaving Shaw, we join a traveller of a very different character, a medical man named Lemprière, who went to Morocco, in 1789, at the urgent request of the Emperor's son, then in a delicate state of health. Arrived at the prince's residence at Taradunt, some twenty miles south of the Atlas Mountains, the physician was hospitably received, and found his patient suffering from a disease in the eyes. A good deal of difficulty was found in persuading him to take the prescribed medicines; but when he did, he became so much better that all his wives wanted to be doctored too. At first, however, they would not let Lemprière see them at all, thinking it quite enough to stick one hand out from beneath a curtain for him to feel the pulse. Having persuaded first one and then another lady to let him see her face, the doctor was admitted to something like familiar intercourse with the prince's

household, and was astonished at the ignorance displayed by all the women. Presently he received a peremptory summons from the Emperor to go to Morocco, and travelled thither by way of the lofty, rugged Atlas Mountains, dotted at that time with the mud huts of the Berber or Breber Arabs. It was some time after his arrival in Morocco before Lemprière had an audience with the Emperor, and when he did he was very rudely taken to task for his treatment of Prince Muley Absulem. His replies were, fortunately, given with so much tact as to mollify the indignant father; and some time afterwards he was ordered to go to the harem and prescribe for a favourite wife. Great was the sensation created by the entrance of a white man into that hitherto inviolable sanctum, and it was only with difficulty that Lemprière made his way into the apartment of his new patient, Lalla Zara by name, whom he found suffering terribly from the effects of poison administered to her by some of her jealous rivals in the Emperor's favour. With great humanity, Lemprière determined to remain a fortnight longer in Morocco in the hope of effecting her cure, and was leaving the harem when he was summoned to prescribe first for one and then for another lady. He became so popular that he seemed likely to be detained in Morocco for the rest of his life, but, by telling one of his lady patients that he must go to Gibraltar to get some medicines for her, he obtained leave from the Emperor to depart. It is needless to add that he never returned.

The desire to find the great Prester John was the chief motive for early Christian expeditions to the north-east as well as to the north-west of Africa, and Abyssinia was the first province visited by Europeans with that end in view.

48 *Prester John and the Prison Mountain.*

Early in the sixteenth century, a Portuguese named Covilham penetrated as far as Shoa, and was there detained by the Emperor of Abyssinia in accordance with a law of the land forbidding strangers to leave it. The visitor was, however, so loaded with honours that he was quite content with his banishment; and from all he saw and heard became convinced that he was the guest of the great Prester John himself. His accounts of the wonders of his own land induced an Armenian merchant and a young Abyssinian nobleman to go to Portugal, where they received a most hearty welcome, and confirmed the notion that their sovereign, whom they called Prete Janin, was indeed the long-sought hero. A Portuguese embassy was soon afterwards accredited to him, and from Alvarez, the secretary accompanying it, an account has come down to us of the adventures of himself and his comrades. Landing at Mas-sowah, the entrance-port of Abyssinia, the ambassadors were heartily received by the friars of a neighbouring monastery, and, after a formal interview with the prince or governor of the district, they made their way over the lofty range of mountains more particularly described in our account of the travels of Bruce, passing the ruins of Axum and the Prison Mountain, in which, as in the Happy Valley of Rasselas, the younger members of the royal family were compelled to pass their lives cut off from all intercourse with the outer world. Arrived at the Emperor's encampment in Shoa, the heads of the embassy were allowed several interviews with the supposed "Prester John," who rather disappointed their expectations by his own exactions and his readiness to condone the thefts committed on his guests by his loyal subjects. He graciously permitted his visitors to join him in a royal progress

through part of his dominions, in which, however, they learned more of the special tenets and practices of the Abyssinian Christians than of the geography of the country. They remained several years as guests of the monarch, returning to Portugal in 1526.

The next European visitors to Abyssinia were Romish missionaries, one of whom, Pero Payz, who arrived in the country about 1599, is thought to have visited the fountains of the Blue Nile more than a century before their discovery by Bruce; whilst another, Jerome Lobo (about 1625), made his way from the equator through the interior by a route we have been unable to verify, to the south-east of Abyssinia, subsequently crossing the Blue Nile, and in his journal so minutely describing the source as to lead us to believe he had himself visited it. Bruce, however, remains the true discoverer, as he was the first to determine its geographical position.

In 1698, a physician of Cairo named Poncet received an urgent message from the Emperor of Abyssinia, begging him to come and prescribe for him, and making most liberal promises of reward. Glad to avail himself of such a chance of seeing the country, the man of drugs joined a caravan bound for Sennaar, and started from Siout, two hundred miles south of Cairo, and on the western bank of the Nile, on the 2nd October, making his way through the terrible moving sands first of one and then of another awful desert, strewn with the dead bodies or skeletons of camels, till he came to Moscho on the eastern side of the Nile, arriving at Dongola, the capital of Nubia, on the 13th November, and leaving it again on the 6th January, 1699, after which the journey led across the desert of Bayndah, back again to the Nile, and through some fine

forests of acacias to the city of Sennaar, then containing some 100,000 inhabitants. After three months spent in that town, during which he was well treated by both king and people, Poncet started again, and, after a pleasant journey over well-wooded mountains, arrived at Gondar, receiving a private visit from his royal patient the next day, but no public audience until the 10th of August. The medicines he prescribed were entirely successful, and his royal host celebrated his recovery by taking the sacrament with full pomp and ceremony in the principal church of the town and in the presence of his army. Poncet left Abyssinia without making any explorations of importance, and embarked at Massowah for his return home on the 28th of October, 1699. The exploits of his successor, Bruce, deserve more detailed notice, and will be treated in another chapter.

The early travellers of the Christian era, who made Egypt the chief field of their exertions, studied the relics of ancient art rather than the configuration of the country, and contributed more to our knowledge of history than of geography. Denon (1798–1801), who followed the course of the French army under Bonaparte, and Hamilton (1801), examined the pyramids, the temple at Dendera, the tombs and remains of large buildings at Thebes, Luxor, Karnac, and on the island of Philæ; and Legh, following their footsteps as far as the Cataract of Assouan or Syene—formed by the river rushing through a narrow channel between rocks of granite or syenite—penetrated into Upper Egypt, making acquaintance with its inhabitants, the Berbers, and, pushing past the great temples at Guerfeh, Hassan, and Dakki, reached Dehr, the residence of the chief of the district, by whom he was anything but

courteously received, so ungraciously, in fact, that after another half-day's journey he lost heart, and made his way back down the Nile as rapidly as he could.

The close of the eighteenth century witnessed the foundation of the Royal African Association for the promotion of the discovery of the interior of Africa ; but, before we give an account of the travellers sent out at its expense, we must notice the work accomplished by two private gentlemen, James Bruce (1730-1794), who travelled in Abyssinia, discovered the sources of the Blue Nile, and crossed the Nubian Desert ; and William George Browne (1768-1813), who travelled in Egypt, visited the Temple of Ammon in the Libyan Desert, and explored Darfur.



PRINCE HENRY, THE NAVIGATOR.—P. 17.



CHAPTER III.

JAMES BRUCE AND THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCES OF THE BLUE NILE.

Journey across the Highlands of Abyssinia—Ras Michael and the Rebel Chief Fasil—The Ruins of Axum—Arrival at Gondar—Queen Ozoro Esther—Interview with Fasil—Arrival at Geesh—Discovery of the Fountains of the Blue Nile—Return to the North by way of the Desert of Nubia—Awful sufferings on the road and Arrival at Cairo.

JAMES BRUCE made his first appearance in Africa as English Consul at Algiers, having been sent out at the request of Ali Pasha, the Dey of that town, to replace a certain Mr. Ford, characterised by the Government to which he was accredited as "an obstinate person, and like an animal." As may be guessed from this quotation, the position of foreign envoy in Africa was at that time rather honourable than pleasant, and nothing but Bruce's own tact saved him from sharing the insults offered to his colleague the French consul, who was loaded with chains for hesitating to obey some arbitrary order from the Dey, and narrowly escaped being harnessed to the stone carts. For more than two years did Bruce endure all the miseries of the climate of Algiers before any of the modern appliances for lessening its rigours had been introduced, interfering, though unfortunately not always with success, to check the lawless cruelty of the Dey, and devoting

every spare moment to the study of Arabic, and of all that was known of the geography of Egypt and Abyssinia, with a view to making explorations in those countries so soon as he should be released from his arduous post.

The freedom longed for came at last in the form of a somewhat peremptory dismissal; but, nothing daunted, Bruce immediately availed himself of it to set sail from Algiers (August 25, 1765), and after wandering about for some time along the coast and in the interior of North Africa, enduring all manner of hardships, including a shipwreck off Bengazi, and ill-treatment at the hands of the Arabs from which he never fully recovered, he visited Greece, not arriving at Cairo, the starting-point for his great journey into Abyssinia, until July, 1768.

During his residence in Cairo, Bruce was obliged to be very reticent on the subject of his intended explorations, as the travels of foreigners in the interior of the country were most jealously regarded by the authorities. Fortunately, however, our hero, with his usual tact, made friends with everybody with whom he was brought in contact; first winning over the Greek patriarch Father Christopher, who sent letters of recommendation on in advance to his brethren in the faith in Abyssinia; then curing the leading Bey of some internal complaint by a dose of green tea, and, finally, so softening the heart of Risk, the Secretary of State, and the most powerful man in the country, that when he was at last ready to start, on the 12th December, 1768, he found himself armed with all-powerful documents to Sheikh Haman, the Governor of Syene and Upper Egypt, the Bey of Suez, the Sheriff of Mecca, the Governor of Massowah, and the King of Sennaar.

Having, on the advice of Risk, made the captain of his

long two-masted canja or boat deliver up his son as a hostage for his passenger's safety, Bruce, and an Italian



artist named Balugani, with their little party, set sail on their first journey up the Nile, getting a fine view of the pyramids of Djizeh or Gizeh and Sakkara

the same day, and halting the next to make a fruitless search for the site of the ancient city of Memphis. On his return late in the afternoon from his wanderings, Bruce continued his voyage up the Nile, passing village after village with their groups of palm trees and backgrounds of desolate sands stretching away to the foot of the distant hills, until at last a town of considerable size, called Rhoda, was reached, where a skirmish took place between the crew of the boat and the inhabitants. Unwilling to waste time in quarrelling, our traveller pressed on till he came to the first bend in the river at Girgeh, and, accompanied by Balugani, he landed a little beyond that town, pitched his tent by the river, and forwarded his letters of recommendation to the chief authorities in Dendera, who at once sent him a horse and three asses to take him to the world-famous ruins, including one of the most beautiful and best-preserved of early Roman temples in Egypt, described by Bruce in the most glowing terms. Dendera thoroughly examined, our hero bribed his captain to take him on to Assouan or Syene, and on the 7th January, 1769, he came within sight of the "magnificent, stupendous sepulchres of Thebes," which have since his time been again and again visited and described. His awe-struck admiration on a nearer approach was not shared by his escort, and he and Balugani were suddenly and unceremoniously left in the dark in the midst of their interesting examination of one of the tombs. They made their way out as best they could, rode back to the boat, and soon reached Luxor, succeeded by Karnac, the ruins of which Bruce characterises as "more extensive and stupendous" than those he had already seen. Two days later the

vessel came in sight of the village of Sheikh Amner, the head-quarters of the tribe of the Ababdé Arabs, then owning the desert from Cosseir to the Red Sea, and the residence of their chief, Nimmer, or the Tiger, whose son Bruce had met a little further down the river, and conciliated by giving him medicines for his father. The result of this prudent kindness was that our travellers were eagerly welcomed by the young Prince Ibrahim, who, with a dozen naked attendants, at once escorted them to his father's tent, and had a good dinner served up for them. After a hearty meal, Bruce had an interview with the "Royal Tiger," who had long been suffering from a painful internal disorder, which had been greatly relieved by the medicines already referred to. On asking his host whether, in future meetings in the desert, his tribe would forget their chieftain's friendship for him, our traveller received the following solemn and pathetic reply—"No, Sheikh; cursed be those men of my people, or others, that shall ever lift up their hand against you either in the desert or in the Fell. As long as you are in this country, or between this and Cosseir, my son shall serve you with heart and hand. . . . One night of pain that your medicines freed me from would not be repaid if I were to follow you on foot to Messir (Cairo)." Not content with this solemn promise, the "Tiger" sent his sons to summon the priests, monks, and heads of families of his tribe, who crowded into the tent, joined hands, and mumbled a series of curses against themselves or any one who should lift a hand against the "Yagoube" (seeker after good), as Bruce had characterised himself in conversation with Nimmer.

Before leaving the hospitable settlement of Sheikh

Ammer, Bruce consulted the chieftain on the best way to get into Abyssinia, and to his great disappointment was advised to go back to Kenneh on the Nile, cross the desert to Cosseir, embark there for Yidda on the Arabian side of the Red Sea, and take ship from thence for Massowah, the chief entrance-port of Abyssinia. With the patience of a true explorer, Bruce decided to do as suggested; and after a hurried visit to the Cataracts of Assouan, and many a longing look up the broad river winding its way to the unknown districts he was so eager to traverse, he turned back, sailed to Kenneh, and on the 16th February, 1769, joined a large caravan starting for Cosseir, arriving there about the 21st of the same month, after a tedious journey "over open plains bounded by hillocks of sand and fine gravel," and, as the Red Sea was approached, through quarries of granite, porphyry, marble, and jasper. At Cosseir, a wretched mud village, Bruce was involved in what threatened to be a serious dispute with some members of the Ababdé tribe, who were about to put his servant to death on some slight pretext. Anxious to save the poor fellow's life, our traveller dashed in amongst his would-be murderers, and, claiming the promise of protection given to him and his by their chief the "Tiger," he soon compelled them to forego their crime, though at first he seemed likely to fall a victim himself to their disappointed rage.

After a few excursions along the shores of the Red Sea, Bruce crossed over to Yidda, and embarked there for Massowah, landing on the 21st September at that port, built on a small island opposite to the town of Arkiko. Rumours of his approach had already been circulated in the country; and when his vessel cast anchor, it was

seriously debated by the authorities whether he should be hospitably received or put to death. Thanks to the forethought of one of Bruce's servants, who gave out that his master was a great prince, a near relation of the King of England, and to the fact that the Governor or Naybe of Arkiko's nephew, Achmet, was ill, and looked for help from the stranger, and also to the dread of the vengeance his great friends might take for his death, our traveller was permitted to live. Not, however, until after many a delay and many a narrow escape from the treachery of the Naybe, who all along thirsted for his blood, did he leave Arkiko and start on his arduous and perilous journey over the vast chain of mountains leading into the interior of Abyssinia.

In accordance with the advice of Achmet, whom he had successfully doctored, Bruce chose to make his way across Mount Tarenta, the most difficult pass in the country, rather than go through the districts belonging to his enemy the Naybe of Arkiko. The difficulties encountered in ascending Mount Tarenta were indeed formidable. The path from the first was exceedingly steep, and "full of holes and gullies made by the torrents." Aided by a faithful Moor named Yasmine, who had been with him in his excursions along the Red Sea, Bruce himself carried his quadrant and its iron foot up the mountain, "his hands and feet cut and mangled with sliding down and clambering over the sharp points of the rocks." Scarcely less difficult was it to get the asses up the ascent, for the obstinate animals first steadily refused to move, and when their loads were taken off to lessen the difficulty of climbing, quietly turned tail and set off *down* the hill. But unexpected succour arrived in the shape of a number of hyenas, who "assembled in a body" to attack

the fugitives, and so terrified them that they returned to their masters in double quick time, followed by the beasts of prey, who became so bold as to "seize one donkey and pull him down." The firing of a gun, however, dispersed these wild camp-followers; and, after many a fall and many a warm struggle, the adventurers reached the top of the mountain, on which was a small village inhabited by poor shepherds, described by Bruce as people of a dark sallow complexion, with short artificially curled hair, and wearing a goat's skin on their shoulders, a cotton cloth about their waists, and sandals on their feet. The summit of Tarenta was sown with wheat, and on its sides grazed "all sorts of cattle in great plenty." The cold during the night on the exposed mountain plateau was so intense that the travellers were glad to commence the descent early the next morning, and soon reached Dixon, the frontier town between the Naybe's territory and Abyssinia itself. Here Bruce heard much of the horrors of the slave trade, the chief industry of the neighbourhood, which was carried on with the open connivance of the Naybe of Massowah, and the secret knowledge of Ras Michael, then the true ruler of Abyssinia, who had killed the late king and set up instead a young prince entirely under his own control. A little beyond Dixon, several Moors joined the party, and Bruce bought a black horse, which proved a true friend and companion to him on the rest of his journey. He named it "Mirza," and mounted on it, with his "Arab stirrups, saddle, and bridle," he felt every inch a leader, and ready to meet, on equal terms, the greatest chieftains of the land. Struggling over a "rocky, uneven country," and here and there crossing a stream known as a Ber or pass, where tribute was always

demanding but only sometimes paid, the cavalcade arrived at the town of Adowa, the pass through which every one must go in travelling from Gondar to the Red Sea, "beyond which rose the high mountains of Adowa, nothing resembling in shape those of Europe, nor, indeed, any other country. Their sides were all perpendicular rocks, high like steeples or obelisks, and broken into a thousand different forms." Arrived at Adowa, Bruce was horrified to find it inhabited almost entirely by persons detained by Ras Michael with a view to extorting money from them, and confined in cages like wild beasts. Ras Michael himself was absent, but an able deputy dwelt in his house on a hill commanding a view of the three hundred houses forming the town, and containing an amount of human misery better imagined than described. Powerless to help his suffering fellow-creatures, and eager to take advantage of a lull which had opportunely occurred in the hostilities between Ras Michael, the usurper, and Fasil, chief of the Galla, who had vowed to avenge the murder of the late king, Bruce made but a short stay in Adowa, during which he was most courteously entertained by a certain Janni, a Greek officer of customs, who had already done him good service by peremptory orders in his favour issued to the keepers of the different Bers or passes in his district. Horrified at the sight of Bruce's bleeding feet, and surprised at his having made the ascent of the Taranta on foot, Janni insisted on himself bathing and binding up his wounds. At dinner, too, nothing would induce him to sit down with his guest, behind whose chair he stood "towel in hand," presenting, as Bruce tells us, a most dignified appearance, with his tall commanding figure, wearing "his own short hair, covered with a thin muslin

turban, and a thick well-shaped beard, as white as snow, down to his waist," which harmonised well with the white cotton Abyssinian dress girt about with a "red silk sash embroidered with gold."

On the 17th December, 1770, Bruce started for Gondar, armed with a letter of recommendation from Janni to the mother-in-law of Ras Michael, and happy in the knowledge that his late entertainer had written privately in his favour to the redoubtable chief himself. Soon after leaving Adowa, the travellers came to the ruins of Axum, supposed to have been the ancient capital of Abyssinia, and described by Bruce as "very extensive, and consisting altogether of public buildings." In one square, which he took to have been the centre of the town, he counted forty monolithic (of one stone) granite obelisks. The church of Axum, a "mean, small building," contained, amongst other curious relics, "a picture of Christ's head crowned with thorns, said to be painted by St. Luke," which was brought out and carried with the army in war time. A little beyond Axum, Bruce saw steaks cut from a living cow, and learned to his horror that this expeditious mode of obtaining provisions was a common custom of the country. On the 21st, the party reached a plain called Lelechlecha, overgrown with fine trees of a great variety of species. Tempted to rest beneath their inviting shade, the weary travellers were attacked by natives; but after receiving a blow from a well-aimed pumpkin, Bruce shouted out who he was, and peace was at once proclaimed. The next few days' route led through the disturbed and fever-haunted province of Sirè, and across the Tacazze river, in the centre of which a deserter from Ras Michael's army was met driving two poor slave girls before him. The banks of the

Tacazze were clothed with tamarisks and tenanted by hippopotami, lions, and hyenas, whose snorting, roaring, and snarling made night hideous. After making an example of a brutish hyena who had shared in a feast on "one of the best of our mules," and passing many villages reduced to ruins by Ras Michael, a halt was made at a wretched place called Addergey, where an altercation took place between Bruce and the Shum or chief authority, leading to some little detention and a narrow escape from starvation, as his Highness the Shum refused either to let his guests depart or give them food. Bruce cut the knot by leaving without permission, and was followed by the "Shum, nine horsemen, and fourteen or fifteen beggarly footmen," who made a great show of fighting, but finally accepted a piece of red cloth as a ransom, turned round, and went quietly home. A few days' journey over the sultry mountains of Waldubba, inhabited entirely by monks, and across a plain "filled with flowering shrubs, roses, jessamines," etc., brought our hero to the celebrated Pass of Lamalmon, where he made great friends with the son of the toll-taker, obtaining a free pass and a promise of a favourable report of his party to Ras Michael. The summit of Mount Lamalmon once reached, the descent was easy; and, ninety-five days after leaving Arkiko, Bruce entered Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia, just after Ras Michael had beaten his enemy Fasil, and driven him to the other side of the Nile, leaving the coast clear, as our explorer exultingly exclaims, for him to get to the sources of the Nile.

At the time of which we are writing, Gondar, situated on a mountain plateau of considerable height, was a town of some ten thousand families, living in fairly comfortable

clay houses, with conical roofs to break the force of the tropical rains. Ras Michael and all the great people of the place to whom Bruce had letters of recommendation were absent on his arrival ; but, fortunately for him, some of the royal children were ill of smallpox, and on hearing of the cures already effected by the "Yagoube," their mother, a beautiful woman called Ozoro Esther, sent for him to the palace. Before commencing his treatment, Bruce exacted a promise that he should not be interfered with, and his enlightened remedies were quickly effective. The patients were all convalescent when the approach was announced of Ras Michael and his tool the young king. Bruce joined the crowds who hurried out to meet them, and was received with respect by the Ras, who, however, took but little notice of him either then or until some days after he had taken up his abode in the palace. At last, on the 14th March, came a summons to the great man's presence, whom Bruce found "sitting on a sofa, his white hair hanging loose in many short curls." The native ceremony of kissing the ground and the English one of shaking hands having been both duly observed, the Ras made a speech, which gives so characteristic a picture of the state of the country and the dangers to be encountered in it by travellers, that we quote it entire from Bruce's own narrative :—

"Yagoube, I think that is your name, hear what I have to say to you, and mark what I recommend to you. You are a man, I am told, who make it your business to wander in the fields in search after trees and grass in solitary places, and to sit up all night alone looking at the stars of the heavens. Other countries are not like this, though this was never so bad as it is now. These

wretches here are enemies to strangers; if they saw you alone in your own parlour, their first thought would be how to murder you, though they knew they were to get nothing by it; they would murder you for mere mischief. Therefore, after a long conversation with your friend Aylo [the Queen's chamberlain, with whom Bruce had become intimate when in attendance on the young princes], I have thought that situation best which leaves you at liberty to follow your own designs, at the same time that it puts your person in safety; that you will not be troubled with monks about their religious matters, or in danger from these rascals that may seek to murder you. Therefore the king has appointed you Baalomal, and to command the Koccob horse."

Bruce thus found himself an officer of the royal household, and, as such, safe from immediate danger of sudden death; but the very first evening after his appointment he became involved in a serious broil with a nephew of the Ras, to whom he boasted that his own gun would do more execution with the end of a tallow candle than the other's with an iron bullet. A scuffle ensued in which both were wounded; and as fighting in the royal household was a mortal offence, it was only with great difficulty that Bruce saved his own life and that of the sharer in his crime. A few days later the young king challenged "Yagoube" to make good his boast, which he did by shooting a candle end through three shields, much to the admiration and astonishment of all beholders.

About this time Balugani, the Italian artist several times referred to, died; and the loss of his friend, with his own continual detention in Gondar on one pretext or another, seem for a time to have daunted even Bruce's

spirit, and made him almost despair of ever reaching the sources of the Nile. Hostilities, however, presently broke out between Ras Michael and Fasil, which were this time hailed with delight by Bruce, who hoped by joining the army on its march to the south to be able to effect his own purpose. Allowing the king to start a little before himself, he managed to pay a flying visit to the great Cataract of Alata, down which the Nile dashes after flowing through Lake Dembea, and of which he speaks in the most glowing terms. "The river," he says, "had been considerably increased by rains, and fell in one sheet of water, without any interval, above half an English mile in width, with a force and noise that was truly terrible, and which stunned and made me for a time perfectly dizzy. A thick fume or haze covered the fall all round, and hung over the course of the stream, both above and below, marking its track, though the water was not seen."

As far as explorations were concerned, the journey with the army was a failure; but Bruce, with his usual tact, managed to make it indirectly promote his wishes. After a good deal of fighting, a truce was concluded between Fasil and the young king—the latter returning to Gondar, accompanied by Bruce, and preceded by Ras Michael, and the former retiring to the south. Having already paved the way by prescribing for a favourite general of Fasil's, Bruce begged the king to persuade the Galla chief to give him the village of Geesh near the sources of the Nile—timing his request when both parties were in good humour with each other, and gaining it at once without any difficulty. It was less easy to obtain permission to go and take possession of his new dominion. Fresh hostilities broke out, Ras Michael and the young

king quarrelled, the latter found Bruce indispensable, and it was not until more than six months after his return to Gondar that the long-suffering explorer, worn out in body, but with a spirit still undaunted, managed to win a reluctant consent to his departure.

In this important journey, Bruce's two principal attendants were Woldo, a native chief who acted as guide, and Strates, a Greek. Four men carried his quadrant, and two his timekeeper and telescopes. His first object was to have an interview with the rebel chief Fasil, and with this end in view he made for the village of Bamba, obtaining on his way a glimpse of the fertile plains of Dembea, Gojam, and Maitsha, shut in by the lofty hills of Begember and Woggora, and passing the church and monastery founded by his predecessor, Pero Payz. Skirting along the important lake of Tzana, the party met many peasants flying from Fasil's soldiers, and on the 30th entered Bamba, the head-quarters of his army. The next day Bruce obtained an interview with the chief of the Galla, who treated him with such haughty disrespect, and scoffed so insolently at his scheme of discovering the sources of the Nile, that our hero, thinking the cup was after all to be dashed from his lips at the last moment, burst into a furious passion, roundly abused chief, people, and everything else in Abyssinia, and rushed out of the "august presence," the blood streaming from his nose. This unexpected outward token of the violent pain and indignation caused to his guest seems to have slightly mollified Fasil, but Bruce was too angry to turn his change of mood to account, and retired to his own tent in high dudgeon. Soon, however, came a present of two scraggy sheep and a guard of men to protect him during

the night; and the next morning the chief's servants brought twelve saddled horses, asking Bruce which he would like to ride. The traveller rather foolishly left the choice to the messenger, who selected the most vicious brute in the whole dozen; and Bruce, immediately mounting it, might have paid for his carelessness with his life had he not been a first-rate horseman. He was run away with several times, nearly thrown, and after a furious gallop up and down hill of some hours' duration, rode quietly up to his tent, his clothes covered with his own blood and that of his steed. Dismounting, he observed to the "rascal that put him upon him," "Carry that horse to your master; he may venture to ride him now, which is more than either he or you dared to have done in the morning." Then, mounting his own horse, he dashed through the tents of the Galla warriors, making his animal perform all manner of feats, and bringing down two kites with his double-barrelled gun without drawing rein. These showy manœuvres had the best effect; Bruce was again invited into Fasil's tent, this time receiving a more friendly and respectful welcome, and gaining all that he asked, with the strange additions of a present of a horse belonging to Fasil himself, to be driven before him as a symbol that he was under the protection of the chief, and a suit of his host's own clothes to replace the blood-stained garments, and, as it were, to invest him with the chieftainship of the village of Geesh, already granted to him by the king of Abyssinia.

On the 31st October, all difficulties surmounted, the party again started, Fasil's horse leading the way; and after passing through the provinces of Maitsha and Goutto, and visiting the "Cataract or Cascade of the

Assar, which runs into the Nile," they came in sight (November 2nd, 1770) of the mountain of Geesh, and had the Nile itself before them. Joyfully did Bruce ride down to its banks, eager to make his way across the ford and pursue his journey to the fountains, to be, as he supposed, more readily reached from the other side; but at his approach, down rushed the oldest inhabitants of the valley eager to save their river—their sacred river—from the sacrilegious intrusion of a stranger. Yielding to a superstition for which he seems to have had an almost sympathetic respect, Bruce refrained from crossing at this point, and pressed on over the plain of Goutto towards the triple range of mountains in which Geesh was situated, meeting with no opposition from the natives, but finding it almost impossible to get food, so great was the terror created by the appearance of Fasil's horse. At last he determined to ride this rather embarrassing protector, and transferring his own saddle to its back he mounted it himself. The effect was all that could be desired, and, rejoicing in the near realisation of his dream, our hero climbed the steep side of the last mountain pass between him and the fountains, scarcely noticing the wounds inflicted on himself or his horse by the thorns and brambles through which he had to work his way. The top of the pass was gained, and "immediately below us," exclaims Bruce, "appeared the Nile itself, strangely diminished in size, and now only a brook that had scarcely water to turn a mill." Now occurred a most tantalising delay. Almost within sight, though he knew it not, of the very hillock containing the long-sought fountains, Bruce was told that Woldo, the guide on whom he relied for success, was missing, torn to pieces perhaps by baboons,

or returned home in disgust. The hero's heart sank ; but he quietly proceeded to make his observations on the surrounding country, and was sketching a yellow rose-tree overhanging the river, when Woldo appeared before him, and, feigning illness, declared he could go no further, his life would not be safe in Geesh, he had quarrelled with its people, and so forth. Bruce listened patiently, and then, taking off his own handsome sash, the gift of Fasil, he presented it to Woldo with the words : " Come, come, we understand each other ; no more words ; it is now late ; lose no more time, but carry me to Geesh and the head of the Nile directly, without preamble, and show me the hill that separates me from it." The sash worked wonders. Woldo at once led Bruce to the church of St. Michael Geesh, and, as they stood amongst the grove of trees surrounding it, he pointed before him, saying with a smile, " This is the hill that, when you were on the other side of it, was between you and the fountains of the Nile ; there is no other. Look at that hillock of green sod in the middle of that watery spot ; IT IS IN THAT THE TWO FOUNTAINS OF THE NILE ARE TO BE FOUND. Geesh is on the face of the rock where yon green trees are. If you go the length of the fountains, pull off your shoes, for these people are all Pagans, worse than those who were at the ford ; and they believe in nothing that you believe, but only in this river, to which they pray every day as if it were God ; but this, perhaps, you may do likewise."

Scarcely waiting for the conclusion of this speech, Bruce tore off his shoes and his loose Abyssinian robes ; no longer confined by his sash flowing behind him, he scrambled down the hill to the " little island of green sods, which was about two hundred yards distant," and falling twice

as he hurried over the slippery bulbous roots which appeared above the surface of the ground, he reached the "brink of the marsh" and came "to the altar of green turf, which was in form of an altar, apparently the work of art, and stood in rapture over the principal fountain which rises in the middle of it."

"It is easier," continues Bruce, "to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment—standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and enquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years." But soon despondency, the natural reaction from all the excitement he had gone through, succeeded the great explorer's exultation, and he remembered that his journey was but half performed, that he had to retrace his steps and pass through many a danger before he could return to his native land and see his name enrolled amongst the heroes of African travel. He turned away from the altar, and was about to climb the hill again when he was joined by Strates. This was a fortunate distraction from his sad thoughts, and, accompanied by the Greek, he returned to the Nile and drank the health of his Majesty, King George III., in a cocoa-nut shell brimful of its waters, making his companion do the same. Meanwhile, the strange proceedings of the foreigners attracted the attention of the natives, who assembled on the hill and looked down in silent astonishment at the desecration of their god, their father, their life-giving stream; an astonishment which would probably have been succeeded by active interference had not Woldo, with a ready wit we could scarcely have expected from him, assured them that the "Yagoube" was mad—perfectly mad.

Bruce stayed at Geesh four days, making great friends with the old Shum or Priest of the River, whose portrait we engrave; so winning the heart of his eldest daughter, Irepone, a beautiful girl of sixteen, that she was heart-broken when he left; and, which is perhaps of more importance to our narrative, taking no less than forty observations on the latitude and longitude of the fountains, obtaining, as an average result, N. lat. $10^{\circ} 59' 25''$, and E. long. $36^{\circ} 55' 30''$.

And now our hero's work was done. He had found and determined the position, not, as was then thought, of the fountains of the main stream of the Nile, but of the Bahr-el-Azrek or Blue Nile, the chief feeder of the Bahr-el-

Abiad (White or True Nile), the source of which was only quite recently discovered by Speke and Grant. There was nothing left to do but to return home as speedily as possible, a matter, as it turned out, of no easy accomplishment; for, on his arrival at Gondar, Bruce found civil war raging in all its horrors, and not until



after a whole year's delay, during which the power of Ras Michael was broken and that of the young king established, was he able to get away and start for Cairo by way of Sennaar and the Desert of Nubia.

Little did he know what he was undertaking in deciding on going by this new route. He had not long left Gondar, with no escort but three Greek servants, an old Turk, and a few muleteers, before he was attacked by Arabs; and, after driving them off, a more insidious danger awaited him, for on his arrival at Tcherkin, still in the Abyssinian territory, he received a message summoning him to the house of a resident in the town, and in that house he found, to his intense astonishment, his old friend Queen Ozoro Esther, who persuaded him to remain with her until her return to Gondar, on the 15th January, when Bruce resumed his journey with "a heavy heart," for he knew the parting was for ever. Again and again the travellers were stopped and detained by Arab chiefs, or compelled to halt by illness and fatigue, before they at last gained the banks of the Nile at Basboch in Nubia, and crossing it made their way to Sennaar, the capital of Nubia, a town of considerable size consisting of well-built clay houses. Here Bruce was again detained for some time, the king insisting on his doctoring his wives, and endeavouring, on one pretext or another, though fortunately without success, to pick a quarrel with him.

The 8th September saw the little caravan started on its awful journey across the Desert of Nubia. The first part of their course led them along the banks of the Nile, which they crossed on the 21st, and, making for Halfaia, they reached "the limits of the tropical rains," and entered the confines of the true desert, where the





palm trees, hitherto so familiar, were replaced by date trees, and cats, hippopotami, and crocodiles were the chief inhabitants. On the 29th, the village on or close to the site of the present Khartoum (N. lat. $15^{\circ} 34'$, E. long. $32^{\circ} 31'$) was reached, where the waters of the Bahr-el-Azrek, or Blue Nile, and those of the Bahr-el-Abiad, or True Nile, meet, and form the great life-giving river of Egypt. It was with the greatest reluctance that our party turned their backs on the rolling stream which they had long since learned to look upon as a friend and companion, and, setting their faces westward, made their first acquaintance with the terrible and unfamiliar phenomena of the wastes of Nubia. First prodigious moving pillars of sand advanced upon them, threatening to bury them alive; then herbage for the animals failed, and they halted on a small rock called El Mout or Death; then, when starting the next morning, hungry and thirsty, and with fainting souls, the guide Idris cried out in a loud voice, "Fall upon your faces, for here is the simoom." Truly, as the hot poisonous breath of this dread messenger of evil swept for the first time over their prostrate figures, the unhappy travellers thought their last hour was come; but when the danger had passed, and they found themselves still alive, they took heart again, and next time Bruce had the courage to look it in the face as it approached, and saw "a coloured haze with a shade of blue, the edges like a very thin smoke, with about a yard in the middle tinged with these colours." Perhaps the worst of all the troubles of the wanderers in their desert journey of five hundred miles, however, was the frequent failure of water; again and again they arrived at wells only to find them dried up, and when the camels could no longer move, "one servant had lost an eye and

could hardly see out of the other ; another could scarcely put his feet to the ground," and Bruce himself seemed unable to walk without assistance ; the valuable drawings, quadrant, telescopes, and time-keeper were abandoned, and a last effort made to stagger on in the direction of Assouan. "Death," says Bruce, "stared us in the face," when, sitting to rest on a hill with his head drooping in his hands, he heard the sound of rushing waters, but whether it was but a cheat of his own imagination, or proceeded from the cataract of the Nile, he could not tell. Two days later, water-birds were seen, and he knew there was yet hope. Turning to point out to his companions the significance of this simple fact, he tells us that "Christians, Moors, and Turks all burst into floods of tears, kissing and embracing one another, and thanking one God for His infinite mercy in this deliverance." On the 29th November, more than two months after leaving Sennaar, the palm trees of Assouan were seen ; and the same day the exhausted travellers were the honoured guests of the Aga, who, even when they were rested, would scarcely hear of their returning to fetch the valuable property they had left in the desert, and which was found uninjured.

The 11th December saw Bruce embarked on a "canja" bound for Cairo, where he arrived on the 17th, proceeding, after another two months' delay, to Alexandria, where he took ship for Marseilles, "sufficiently cured," as he himself tells us, "of any more Quixotic undertakings."



CHAPTER IV.

GEORGE WILLIAM BROWNE AND HIS DREAM OF TRAVERSING AFRICA FROM EAST TO WEST.

Visit to the Ruins of the Temple of Jupiter Ammon—Voyage down the Nile to Kenneh—Journey across the Desert to Darfur—Detention there and Final Escape.

GEORGE WILLIAM BROWNE arrived at Alexandria on the 10th January, 1792, whence, having duly examined the red granite column called "Pompey's Pillar," the obelisks known as "Cleopatra's Needles," the dreary Catacombs, and the half-filled-up cisterns belonging to the ancient city, he made excursions in the neighbourhood, the first and most important being that to the Libyan Desert with a view to "exploring the vestiges of the Temple of Jupiter Ammon."

Accompanied by nine Arab guides, who prevailed on him to wear a Mameluke costume as a disguise, Browne, mounted on a camel, made his way, partly along the coast and partly across the desert, to the Oasis* of Siwah, reaching the town of the same name after a journey of about a fortnight. Here he was at first courteously received, but his ignorance of Arabic led to his disguise being discovered, and the common people, incited by one

* An oasis is a small fertile spot surrounded on all sides by the desert.

of their sheiks, rose against him, nearly compelling him to leave their town and desist from his undertaking. Fortunately, however, moderate counsels finally prevailed, and the "heretic" was permitted to rest in Siwah for two or three days. Affecting perfect contentment with this concession, our traveller kept himself to himself, and on the fourth day after his arrival was allowed to go and look about him. His first excursions were to the ruins, called Birbè by the natives, in the immediate neighbourhood; and at a short distance from Siwah he is supposed to have discovered some remains of the Temple of Jupiter Ammon. Not feeling certain of their identity, however, and hearing rumours of the existence of important ruins at a place called Araschié, some miles to the westward of Siwah, he made an excursion on horseback in that direction, accompanied by an interpreter and three servants; but after wandering about for nine days in the desert, and suffering greatly from want of water, he was obliged to return to Alexandria without accomplishing anything definite. From Alexandria he made excursions to Aboukir, the scene of Nelson's celebrated victory, and to the Natron Lakes, so called from the large quantities of natron or trona, a carbonate of soda, and an important article of commerce, found on their banks. Then, shifting his headquarters from Alexandria to Cairo, he made up his mind to penetrate into Abyssinia; and having provided himself with a Greek as interpreter, and a Mahomedan servant, he started on September 10, 1792, made his way down the Nile by boat, and, after many delays and hindrances, reached Kenneh on the 7th November. Here he heard so much of the curious marbles discovered between it and Cosseir that he determined to get a sight of them, although

he was told that the natives of that part of the coast of the Red Sea had sworn to kill the first Englishman who should fall into their hands in revenge for the shelling of the town of Cosseir by an English captain some years before. The trip this time was made on a dromedary, and was as successful as could be desired. The road to and from Cosseir led through huge rocks of granite and red and green porphyry, the latter veined with alabaster and verde antique. Arrived at Cosseir, Browne's nationality was nearly discovered, but, by telling what we can only characterise as a lie when questioned as to whence he came, he escaped detection.

On his return to Kenneh, Browne was obliged to give up all idea of penetrating into Abyssinia, on account of a war which had broken out between the Mamelukes of Upper Egypt and their southern neighbours; he therefore went back to Cairo, and, after some consideration, made up his mind to try and cross the African Continent from east to west, and gain some knowledge of the hitherto unexplored region of Darfur and its neighbouring provinces. With this end in view he started from Cairo on the 21st April, 1793, and, arriving at Siout on the 8th of the following month, joined a homeward-bound Soudan caravan, consisting of some ten or twelve companies of slave dealers, ivory merchants, slaves, etc. Turning their backs on the river, the mixed company of free men and bond men, mounted on camels and dromedaries, set their faces westward and began their toilsome march, at first following the route already traversed by Poncet, but soon turning southwards and entering a region never to our knowledge before visited by a European. Journeying over a barren mountainous track, and meeting here and

there a solitary group of Arabs on their way to the East with the spoils of the desert, they came, on the 31st May, to the Gebel Ramlie, "a high rocky mountain, forming the western side of the ridge which constitutes, as it were, the wall of Egypt, and the eastern boundary of the low desert in which lie the Oases." From the top of this hill a view was obtained of an "extensive valley, consisting chiefly of rocks and sand, but diversified by small bushes of the date tree, and other marks of vegetation." A full hour was required for the descent of the mountain, the "camels, not without pain, carrying their loads and being in great danger of falling; . . . and having reached the plain, it was necessary to unload them." The morning of the second day brought them to the northern extremity of the Great Oasis at a time when, "a hot wind blowing during the meridian hours, the thermometer stood under the shade of the tent at 116 degrees;" and after another eight hours' march they reached the village of El Kharjeh (N. lat. $26^{\circ} 25'$, E. long. $29^{\circ} 40'$), in the heart of the Oasis, set in a framework of date palms, and containing the remains of a beautiful temple. All around raged the two great enemies of the traveller in the desert—the wind and the sand, the latter moving in vast shifting mounds; and it was only with difficulty that Browne tore himself away from this harbour of refuge on the 7th June, and, crossing the remainder of the Oasis with his company, reached Mughess (N. lat. $25^{\circ} 18'$, E. long. $20^{\circ} 34'$), its most southern village, on the 13th of the same month. The 20th June found him at Sheb (N. lat. $23^{\circ} 35'$, E. long. $30^{\circ} 10'$), noted for the quantity of alum found in its soil, which "abounds with a reddish stone" and argillaceous (clayey) earth. A scout, sent out to try and find some landmark as a



ARABS CARRYING SKINS TO MARKET.

NORTH AFRICA, P. 78.



guide, returned after thirty-six hours' absence, having found a track, and on the 2nd of July a fresh start was made. A severe and fatiguing march, the course taken marked by dead or dying camels, brought the weary travellers to the salt spring of Bir el Malha (N. lat. $18^{\circ} 8'$, E. long. $29^{\circ} 4'$), where they remained until the 12th July, not entering the province of Darfur till the 23rd of the same month. A halt was made at the first springs, called the Wadi Musruk; but heavy rains set in, swarms of termites or white ants attacked everything in the tents, and Browne took refuge in the village of Sweini, where he had his first foretaste of the difficulties to be encountered in his proposed design of exploring the country, and found how mistaken he had been in supposing that he would be able to choose his own routes. As a foreigner he was looked upon with suspicion, his white skin being considered all-sufficient evidence of his wicked designs, and one of his own servants poisoned the mind of the Sultan, as the Governor of Darfur was called, against him. His majesty declined to receive him, and, after a comfortless stay of eight days at Sweini, he repaired to Kobbeh, a town of importance, where he was for some time kept prisoner by order of the Sultan, and was brought to the point of death by an attack of dysentery. On a partial recovery from his illness he went to El Fasher, then the residence of the Sultan; but a return of his complaint came on, he was robbed of nearly all he possessed, and, sick alike in mind and body, he returned to Kobbeh without having seen the head of the state. The next year (1794), however, he made yet another attempt, which at first seemed likely to be as fruitless as the former. But, fortunately for him, he became involved in a serious quarrel with the man in

whose house he lodged, and, when his very life seemed in danger, the Sultan, afraid of reprisals on his own subjects in Egypt, interfered on his behalf, and admitted him to his royal presence, though he would not enter into any conversation with him. After this, Browne made friends with the so-called Melek of the Jelabs, or officer of the foreign merchants, through whose means some of his property was restored to him. Altogether, the unfortunate traveller was forcibly detained in Darfur for three long years, every attempt he made to leave it being frustrated by the Sultan, but at last he gave out that he had been able to let his friends in Egypt know of his situation, and that the next merchants arriving in that country would fare ill if he was not with them. This subterfuge—for such it was—was successful; Browne was allowed to join the caravan, and reached Siout in the summer of 1796, having done little enough in the way of actual exploration, though he learned a good deal about the interior of Africa, which has been confirmed by the accounts of later and more fortunate travellers.





CHAPTER V.

LEDYARD, LUCAS, HOUGHTON, HORNE-MANN, NICHOLLS, AND
RÆUTGEN.

Ledyard and his untimely End—Lucas' Trip from Tripoli to Mesurata—Houghton's Journey from Pisanía to Simbing, and his supposed Murder in the Desert—Hornemann's Journey from Cairo to Fezzan, and the uncertainty of his Fate—Fruitless Journeys and Sad Deaths of Nicholls and Rœntgen.

ON the 9th June, 1788, was founded the Association for Promoting the Discovery of the Interior of Africa, and on August 19th of the same year Mr. Ledyard, the first geographical explorer employed by it, arrived at Cairo, which he proposed making the starting-point of a journey across the broadest part of Africa. Full of eager anticipations of what he was going to accomplish, he went from one travelling merchant to another, and having elected the caravan he preferred to join, he wrote home to his employers saying that his next letter would be dated from Sennaar. Long delays, unfortunately, occurred, though he did his best to improve the time by studying the manners and customs of the people of Lower Egypt, and sent home some valuable information respecting them. The unhealthiness of the climate, and the worry and vexation inseparable at that time from the residence of a foreigner in the East, however, brought on an illness which ended in death before his journey began.

The next gentleman sent out by the association was Mr. Lucas, who received instructions to make his way from Tripoli to Fezzan, to cross the Sahara Desert, obtain all possible information about Timbuktu and other towns of North-West Africa, and return by way of the Gambia or the coast of Guinea. Not one-half of this programme, so easy to lay down but so difficult to carry out, was accomplished. On the 25th October, 1788, Lucas landed at Tripoli, which he describes as a low, insignificant-looking town, with a background of fine date palms; and having been courteously received by the Bashaw or Sovereign of the State and his heir the Bey, he requested permission to visit their kingdom of Fezzan. The Bashaw replied that such a journey had never been attempted by a Christian, but that he would see what could be done. Before anything definite had been arranged, however, war broke out between some tributary Arabs and the Bashaw's Government, rendering all travelling unsafe; and for some days it seemed as if the work of Lucas, like that of Ledyard, would begin and end in the first place visited. He was endeavouring to obtain permission to join the army to be sent out against the rebels, when the arrival in Tripoli was announced of two Fezzan Sheriffs, or descendants of Mahomet, whose illustrious blood rendered their persons and property inviolable to all Mahommedans. Their names were Fouwad, aged about thirty-five, who had married the Bashaw's daughter, and Im-hammed, a man considerably advanced in years. They came as merchant princes to sell slaves and senna; and Lucas made such good friends with them that they offered to take him back under their protection. To this the Bashaw consented after a good deal of delay, and on the 1st February, 1788,

Lucas set out, mounted on a handsome mule presented to him by the Bashaw, and provided with a tent made for him by order of the Dey. The caravan consisted of Lucas on his mule, Fouwad and three other merchants on horseback, the old Sheriff on an ass, a black servant in attendance on Lucas on a camel, twelve natives of Fezzan, three enfranchised negro slaves with their wives on their way to their home in the heart of Africa—all on foot, and twenty-one loaded camels with their drivers. The route led along the coast in an easterly direction, as the mountainous districts on the west were in a very unsettled state. The heavy merchandise had been sent by sea to Mesurata, and it was intended to hire at that port the extra camels for the inland journey. Passing the village of Tajoura, "a miserable collection of clay-walled huts, of which some were covered with terraces and the rest with roofs of thatch," their ugliness slightly relieved by the beautiful date and olive trees on every side, the travellers encamped for the night on a sandy eminence, letting their camels loose to feed on the stubble of the valleys, and piling up their loads in a circle, in the centre of which merchants, drivers, and servants set up their tents and spread their mats and carpets in the manner usual when travelling in the desert. The Sheriffs, in spite of their exalted rank, supped with Mr. Lucas in his tent, all eating with their fingers from one dish, with what seemed to the English traveller somewhat greedy and unseemly haste. The next day's journey led through undulating and barren sandy districts; and the morning of the third day found them traversing a "stony soil," enlivened here and there with olive and date trees, Spanish broom, and meagre fields of grain. On the fourth day they reached the

relics of the old Roman colony of Lebida, including the ruins of a temple set in a framework of vegetation of luxuriance rare on this desolate coast, and on the evening of February 7th they arrived at Mesurata, having encountered few real perils by the way, in spite of an alarm some miles outside the town that the rebel Arabs were upon them, leading to grand preparations for a furious struggle, averted at the last moment by a sudden shout from the "enemy" of "We are friends!" Mutual congratulations ensued, accompanied by much shouting, embracing, and dancing, the "rebels" turning out to be Mesurata herdsmen tending their flocks.

Thus far all had gone well with Mr. Lucas, but we are, alas! compelled to add that Mesurata formed the limit of his journey, and that the remainder of his "account" is founded on hearsay evidence, not on actual experience. He made several vain attempts to penetrate into Fezzan, and finally returned to Tripoli, whence he soon afterwards started for England.

The efforts to penetrate into the Interior of Africa from the East and North having been thus frustrated, the African Association, acting on information received from an Arab named Shabeni, determined that their next explorer should start from the West and make his way from the Gambia to the Niger, looking upon Timbuktu and Haussa, however, as the final goal of his journey. Their choice fell upon Major Houghton, who had long resided at Morocco as British Consul, and in the Island of Goree as Fort Major, acquiring in the former capacity an intimate knowledge of the customs of the Moors, and in the latter of those of the negroes.

Houghton arrived at the mouth of the Gambia on the

10th November, 1790, and sailing up the river he soon found himself at Pisania, a small English factory, where he was most hospitably entertained by his fellow-countryman Dr. Laidley. From Pisania he started on horseback, with five asses laden with merchandise, for Medina, the capital of a small Mandingo kingdom called Woolli, bounded by Walli on the west, Bondou on the north-east, and the Simbani wilderness on the east. But for his knowledge of the Mandingo language the major would never have reached this first stage of his journey; for, thinking that his expedition would in some way interfere with their interests, the slave-traders had laid an ambush for him by the way. An negro woman accidentally alluded in her native tongue to this plot in the hearing of the traveller, and with prompt decision he swam his horse and asses to the other side of the Gambia, reaching Cantor, nearly opposite to Medina, after a terrible journey through the untrodden jungle and pestilent swamps of the northern bank. He then recrossed the river and sent a message announcing his arrival to the king of Woolli, who at once sent out his son and attendants to escort him into his capital. Arrived there, every possible courtesy was shown to our "hero," and he wrote a cheerful letter home to his wife, describing the peculiarities of the two sects—the Mahommedans, or non-drinkers of spirituous liquors, and the "Sonikees," or drinking men, amongst whom he found himself, making light of the dangers encountered by the way, such as a conspiracy which "assailed my life," a bilious fever which brought him low, etc., and speaking in glowing terms of the healthiness of the climate, the abundance of game, his hopes of success, and so forth. This letter, saved by a seaman from the wreck of the

vessel in which it was sent, was the first and last received, to our knowledge, by Mrs. Houghton. It had not long been despatched when her husband's misfortunes began. A fire broke out in Medina before the explorer had been joined by the native merchant engaged to act as his guide; many of the native houses, and much of the precious merchandise belonging to Houghton, were destroyed by the flames; the interpreter, who had accompanied him thus far, absconded with his master's horse and three asses; and lastly, a gun bought on the river burst in the luckless traveller's hands, injuring him in the face and arm. It was now that the true character of the man appeared. Convinced that he had no one on whom to rely but himself, he bound up his wounds, packed the wreck of his fortune on two mules, and started on foot for his journey across Woolli, in company with a slave merchant bound for his home on the borders of Bambouk. Five days' arduous journey brought him to the uninhabited debatable land between Woolli and Bondou, beyond which no European had hitherto been known to penetrate; and after a long, weary tramp over about one hundred and fifty miles, through a country studded with native towns, and inhabited by a branch of the Foulah tribe, with the copper complexions and long black hair of their Arab ancestors, our traveller came to the banks of the Faleme, the south-western boundary of the kingdom of Bambuk, peopled by a peaceful negro race, acquainted with the art of smelting iron, and employing their time in agriculture and the rearing of cattle.

On Houghton's arrival in Bambouk, a war had just terminated between the kings of Bambouk and Bondou, in which the latter had been victorious. The major at once

paid his respects to the conqueror, but he was ungraciously received, and robbed of many of his most cherished possessions, including a gorgeous blue coat in which he had intended to make his first appearance at the court of Timbuktu, and whither he was eager to proceed at once. The slave merchant who had promised to accompany him was, however, most unfortunately delayed by the necessity of leaving his family well provided with grain, a famine being imminent. Dreading nothing so much as inaction, Houghton employed his compulsory leisure in paying a visit to the defeated king of Bambouk; and after losing his way in the woods, and catching a bad fever by sleeping on the wet ground, he arrived at the royal residence of Ferbanna in a state better imagined than described. He was for some time delirious, but he was kindly nursed by a negro family, and as soon as he was able to walk he went to see the king, whose reception of him was a pleasing contrast to that of his rival. With his usual buoyancy, Houghton at once threw off his depression, and availed himself of his host's friendliness to suggest the opening of a trade with the English; but the negotiations were broken off by the recurrence of an annual native ceremony—the presentation of mead to the king, and before the intemperate rejoicings attendant on it were over, came an offer from an old merchant of Bambuk to escort Houghton to and from Timbuktu, and to give him a horse in exchange for his two donkeys. It is not known what route was taken from Bambouk, but we can easily imagine with what high hopes the unwearying explorer started on what he thought the last journey between him and the realisation of his best hopes. We hear of him next endeavouring to penetrate through Ludamar, and from

Simbing, its frontier village, he wrote the following pencil note to Dr. Laidley, dated September 1st, 1791 :—" Major Houghton's compliments to Dr. Laidley ; is in good health, on his way to Timbuctu ; robbed of all his goods by Tenda Bucar's son." Of the rest of the adventures of this gallant explorer no record has been preserved. For a long time nothing was heard of or from him, but at last came rumours of his death in the wilderness through foul play on the part of the natives. All Dr. Laidley's efforts to obtain trustworthy details were fruitless, nor could he recover the unfortunate traveller's books or papers ; but it is now generally supposed that he penetrated as far as Tishit, near the salt pits, and ten days' journey north of Yowaru or Jarra on the Niger (N. lat. 15°, W. long. 5°), in company of some Moorish merchants, by whom he was plundered and deserted ; that he then made his way back alone to Yowaru, and was either murdered or allowed to die of hunger, his body being afterwards dragged out into the desert and buried beneath a tree, to which Mungo Park's attention was called some years later.

Whilst Major Houghton was struggling with the difficulties described above, a young German named Frederic Hornemann was introduced to the African Association, and sent by it to make another attempt to penetrate into the Interior of North Africa from the East. Hornemann arrived at Cairo on the 27th September, 1797, but did not leave it for his journey across the desert till the 5th September, 1799, having been delayed, first, by his determination to master Arabic and Mograbin Arabic, or the language of the Western Arabs ; and, secondly, by the landing of the French at Alexandria, which led to the imprisonment of all Europeans. Fortunately Hornemann's

case came to the ears of Bonaparte, who not only ordered his release, but gave him passports, money, etc. Thus provided, the young traveller hastened to join a caravan of homeward-bound pilgrims from Mecca, and Fezzan merchants, with whom he at first traversed the same ground as Browne had done, halting, after eleven days' journey, at a small village of some one hundred and twenty inhabitants, called Ummelegeir, and from thence making his way southwards to the Oasis of Siwah, already noticed. Leaving Siwah, the caravan turned due west, and following for four days a road bordered by vast precipices of rock full of fossil remains, they were about to enter a fruitful valley called Schiacha, when a terrible noise greeted their ears, nothing else, in fact, than the simultaneous braying of one hundred asses, on which were mounted all the able-bodied inhabitants of Siwah come to slay the "Christians," *i.e.*, Hornemann and his interpreter, whom they had been entertaining unawares, not knowing that they were "spies." With wonderful presence of mind the young traveller, instead of meeting the accusations brought against him with excuses or recriminations, gravely addressed himself to a chief with whom he had become friendly in Siwah, in a strain of bold remonstrance: "Tell me, brother," he said, "hast thou ever before known three hundred armed men take a journey of three days in pursuit of two men who dwelt in their midst for ten days, who had eaten and drank with them as friends, and whose tents were open to them all?" etc. Then, seeing that a good impression had been made, he followed up his advantage by reading part of the Koran to prove his knowledge of Arabic. Gradually the angry cries for vengeance ceased; the brown-visaged

Arabs gathered about the "pale face," whispering their comments on his manly bearing and familiarity with their holy religion; and when from reading he proceeded to expounding, the victory was complete; shouts of approval rent the air; he was once more their brother, their friend, their fellow-believer, and as such was permitted to proceed unmolested, having lost nothing but his specimens of minerals, books, and so forth, which had been prematurely buried in a bog by order of the terrified interpreter, and were never recovered. A few days later, having encountered no further difficulties, the caravan arrived at Angila, a small town of Tripoli; and having satisfied themselves of the existence of plenty of water between it and the first villages of Fezzan, they pressed on over a desolate plain, with here a patch of herbage and there a wild group of limestone rocks, till they entered the range of the Sudah or Black Mountains, a rough track leading them for six days through steep and narrow ravines, and finally bringing them to the so-called White Harutch, a district strewn with rocks and stones having all the appearance of being glazed, and rich in fossil remains. On the sixteenth day, Temissa, within the territory of Fezzan, was reached, and the inhabitants poured out to greet the wanderers, eager to hear the news they brought of the invaders of Egypt, and to congratulate them on their safe return. Another halt at Zuila, the old capital of Fezzan, with fresh demonstrations of delight from the inhabitants, a short journey through groves of date trees, and past little villages nestling beneath their shade, and Murzuk, the modern capital, was reached, the Sultan himself sending forward camels laden with meat and bread for the refreshment of the pilgrims, and meeting

them at the entrance to the city "posted on a rising ground, attended by a numerous court and a multitude of his subjects." We give Hornemann's own account of the interview which ensued, presenting, as it does, a vivid picture of Arab ceremonial:—

"Our caravan halted, and every person of any importance dismounted to salute him (the Sultan). With others I approached, and found the Sultan seated on an old-fashioned elbow chair, covered with a cloth striped red and green, and placed at the extremity of an oval area, round which soldiers were drawn up, of but mean appearance. The Sultan himself wore the Tripolitan vest, and over it a shirt or frock embroidered with silver in the Soudan manner. Close to him on each side were white Mamelukes (slaves, brought from Circassia, who formed the army of the Beys of North Africa), and negro slaves with drawn sabres; behind these were six banners, and black and half-naked slaves holding lances and halberts of a fashion as old, perhaps, as the times of Saladin. We entered the circle by an opening left facing the Sultan, and, about the middle of the area, according to the ceremonial of his court, we pulled off our slippers and approached barefoot to kiss his imperial hand. Each, having paid his compliment, alternately passed to right or left, and seated himself behind the Sultan, the merchants being thus ranged in two equal groups on either side the throne; lastly entered the Sheik of the pilgrims with his sabre drawn, and the kettle-drum and green flag of Mecca borne before him. The pilgrims followed, chanting praises to God, who had so far conducted them in safety, and continued their hymns until the Sultan was pleased to dismiss their leader with a gracious promise of sending

his royal present of dates and meat to every tent. This ceremony of audience being over, the Sultan remounted his horse and rode back to the city of Murzuk, preceded by kettle-drums and banners, and amidst his lancemen and halberdiers, whilst his courtiers, joined by the Arabs of our caravan, pranced and curveted their horses on each flank of the procession."

Whilst in Fezzan, Hornemann obtained a good deal of information, confirmed by later travellers, respecting the Tibboo and Tuarick tribes of the desert, through whom most of the trade with Bornou, Haussa, and other provinces of the interior of Africa, is carried on; and, making Murzuk his head-quarters, he proposed exploring the districts north and south. After a successful trip to Tripoli, he wrote to his employers on the 6th April, 1800, informing them that he was about to start out with the caravan for Bornou, under the protection of "two great Sheriffs." This was his last communication, and from that time nothing definite has been ascertained respecting his subsequent proceedings or his final fate. When all hope of his return was abandoned, the African Association sent out, first, a young gentleman named Nicholls, who attempted to ascend the Calabar river, and died of fever; and then a German named Rœutgen, who started from Mogador to join a Soudan caravan early in 1809, and was found dead in the desert a few days later, making yet one more martyr to the cause of African exploration.



CHAPTER VI.

MUNGO PARK AND HIS EXPLORATION OF THE NIGER FROM SEGO TO BOUSSA. MOLLIEH AND HIS DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCES OF THE SENEGAL AND GAMBIA.

Park's Journey from Pisania to Benown—Long Captivity and Miraculous Escape—Terrible March across Country to Sego on the Niger—Trip from Sego to Silla—Dangerous Illness—Return to Pisania with a Coffle of Merchants and a Gang of Slaves—Second Journey from the Gambia to the Niger, and Supposed Murder at Boussa—Park's Discoveries Supplemented by Mollien—Journey to the Sources of the Senegal and Gambia—Serious Illness—Return Home.

THE fate of Major Houghton still remained in obscurity when the African Association received an offer from Mungo Park (1771–1803) to follow his route and make his way to the Niger either by the way of Bambuk or any other road which should appear practicable. Nothing daunted by the failure of so many of the attempts already made, the Committee of the Association, having satisfied themselves of the suitable qualifications of this new adventurer, readily fitted him out with all that was needed, and, having sailed from Portsmouth on the 22nd May, 1795, Mungo Park arrived at the mouth of the Gambia on the 21st June, and reached the English factory of Pisania—still, as in the time of Houghton, the residence of Dr. Laidley—on the 5th July. Here he remained for

some time learning the Mandingo tongue, as that most generally used in the districts about to be explored, and collecting information respecting the surrounding country from the Slatees, or black slave merchants, whose business of collecting negroes for sale rendered them familiar with every town and village within reach. A severe attack of fever, brought on by exposure to the night dew whilst observing an eclipse of the moon on the 31st July, lengthened our hero's stay at Pisanía considerably; he was confined to his room throughout the whole of August, and but for the attention of Dr. Laidley would probably never have recovered. His sufferings, when thus struck down at the very commencement of his enterprise, must indeed have been terrible, and he tells us that during his convalescence "the rain fell in torrents, suffocating heats oppressed by day, and the night was spent in listening to the croaking of frogs, the shrill cry of the jackal, and the deep howling of the hyena, interrupted only by the roar of such tremendous thunder as no person can form a conception of but those who have heard it"—a dismal picture, but one far exceeded in horror by many another witnessed later on.

On the 6th October the waters of the Gambia were at their greatest height, after which they gradually sank to their usual level, when Park began rapidly to recover, so that by the time the rainy season was over and the dry weather had fairly set in, he was ready to start. On the 2nd December, 1795, he left Dr. Laidley's hospitable house with two negro servants, a man named Johnson who spoke both English and Mandingo, and a boy named Demba, a slave belonging to the doctor, who promised him his pardon if he served Park faithfully. A Mahommedan



MUNGO PARK.



freeman named Madiboo on his way to Bambarra, and two Slatees from the interior on their way to Bondou, and a negro blacksmith named Tami bound for his home in Kasson, also offered their services as far as their roads lay together, so that our traveller had no less than six attendants, who, as he says himself, had been taught to regard him with great respect, and to consider that their safe return hereafter would depend on his preservation. Park's baggage consisted of a few changes of clothing, a pocket sextant, a magnetic compass, a thermometer, an umbrella, two guns, and two pairs of pistols. On the 5th December the party reached Medina, the capital of the kingdom of Woolli, where Houghton had been so courteously received. The old king Jatta, the same who had entertained the major, did all he could to dissuade Park from attempting to penetrate further into the interior; but finding him obdurate, he provided him with a guide, and on the 6th December he again started, arriving on the 8th at Kolor, an important town, near to which he saw the terrible paraphernalia of a Mumbo Jumbo (see p. 25) hanging on a tree. Koojar, the frontier town of Woolli, where his guide was to leave him, was reached on the 11th; and, for traversing the wilderness between it and Bondou, three black elephant hunters were engaged to supply his place. Park decided on spending one night at Koojar, and in the evening was invited to witness a *neobering* or wrestling match, in which very great dexterity was shown by the competitors. Early on the morning of the 12th, one of the elephant hunters, having received part payment in advance, absconded; and, fearing lest the others should follow his example, Park started at once, reluctantly allowing his attendants to pause once or twice to mutter

a charm and spit on a stone thrown on the ground by way of ensuring their safe return, and towards the end of the day humouring them yet further by adding a rag on his own account to a number of similar decorations hanging on a tree, called a Neema Taba by the natives. On the 13th the party reached Tallika (N. lat. $13^{\circ} 53'$), the frontier town of Bondou, a little beyond which the Slatee merchants took their leave with many prayers for the explorer's safety. On December 15th the Neriko, a branch of the Gambia, with steep banks lined with mimosa trees and strewn with mussel shells, was crossed, and a few hours later the town of Koorkarany was entered, where the Priest or Marabout showed Park some curious Arabic manuscripts. Another five days' march through an open and well-cultivated country brought the party, now augmented by a body of Foulah merchants, to the Falemé river, already crossed by Houghton, and at a village on its banks Park was told by a Sheriff that his predecessor had died in the country of the Moors. Keeping along the banks of the river, which were covered with "beautiful corn," till they were nearly opposite to Fatteconda, the capital of Bondou, the stream was forded, and the travelers rode into the town, halting at the Bentang, a place of public resort, so that their arrival was soon known to all the inhabitants. A lodging was at once offered to them by some Slatees, and an hour later a messenger came to summon Park to an audience with the king. Feeling a little nervous, our hero took with him his umbrella and some other articles as presents for his Majesty, who, to his surprise, received him without ceremony under a tree in a corn-field, making him share his seat, and talking in a friendly, unconstrained manner. Knowing, however,

how shamefully Houghton had been robbed by order of this very monarch, Park knew better than to trust to fine speeches, and, on being invited to go to the palace in the evening for a public audience, he put on his best blue coat lest it should be missing on his return to his lodging, and hid his most valuable property in the roof. Entering the palace, a kind of citadel divided into several courts, and winding through one passage after another, our hero at last found himself in the royal presence. Many questions were put to him as to the object of his journey, and his answers were received with considerable incredulity, for no African can understand why a man should come so far merely to look at a country; and half the opposition white men meet with is due to a suspicion of their secretly harbouring some scheme prejudicial to the interests of the natives. In the present instance, however, the gift of the umbrella worked wonders; never was so extraordinary an object seen in Bondou before; it was opened and shut, held this way and that; and Park was just taking his leave, relieved at the good impression he had made, when his host burst forth into a panegyric on his visitor's beautiful blue coat, which he entreated him to give him as well as the umbrella, promising, if he did so, to wear it on every public occasion, and tell everybody who had given it to him. There was nothing for it but to comply; Park took off the coveted garment and laid it at the feet of the king, who rewarded him by giving him plenty of provisions, five drachms of gold, exemption from paying any further tribute, and, last and rarest concession of all, allowing him to visit the apartments of the women, who made great fun of him for having a white skin and a prominent nose, suggesting that the former was the result

of being bathed in milk, and the latter of constant pinching. Our traveller, who was always ready to see the humour of a situation even when the laugh was against himself, retaliated by complimenting the dusky beauties on the "glossy jet of their skins and the lovely depression of their noses." They scolded him for his *honey mouth*, or flattery, but for all that they seemed to relish it, for they sent him a jar of real honey and some fish in the evening. On the 23rd, Park and his fellow-travellers managed to get away from Fatteconda, parting on the best of terms with the king, and learning that it was dangerous to travel by day in the debatable lands between Bondou and Kajaaga, they halted at a small village until the moon rose, when they set out again with two native guides, creeping along without uttering a word, the solemn stillness of the night broken only by the howling of wild beasts, which now and then sped cautiously from one thicket to another. The afternoon of the next day, the 24th, found them at Joag (N. lat. 14° 25', W. long. 91° 2'), the frontier town of Kajaaga or Gallam, a woody, undulating, and fertile district, bounded on the south and south-east by Bambuk, on the west by Bondou and Fouta Torra, and on the north by the Senegal river, and inhabited by a race called Serawoollies, with skins as black as those of the Jaloofs of the coast. At Joag, Park's real difficulties began, though his first reception was not otherwise than friendly. He and his companions were allowed to lodge in the house of the judge or Dooty; he had been present, as an honoured guest, at an open-air dance, and had retired to bed fearing nothing, when he was suddenly aroused by a noisy conversation between his landlord and some men who had ridden into the town. Presently one of the

intruders crept up to the mat on which our traveller lay, and, thinking he was asleep, tried to steal the musket which served as his pillow. Finding that impossible without detection, he and his comrades sat down by their intended victim and watched for the day. In this precarious situation Park did not lose his presence of mind, but asked Johnson in English what it was all about; to which the man, who was visibly agitated, replied that they were but the forerunners of a company of horsemen sent by Batcheri, king of the country, to take him prisoner. Before the unfortunate traveller could grasp the full meaning of this terrible declaration, ten more men rode up and, dismounting, joined their watching comrades, forming a circle round him, each holding a musket in his hand. Park calmly requested that any communication should be made to him in Mandingo, and he was then informed in that language that, having entered the king's town without having paid the usual duties or giving any present to the king, his people, cattle, and baggage were all forfeited according to the laws of the country, and that he must at once go to their chiefs' residence at Maana, on the Senegal, near the old French fort of St. Joseph. Resistance being worse than useless, Park feigned compliance, begging the angry messengers just to give him time to feed his horse and settle with his landlord, thus gaining a short respite, during which he was fortunate enough to meet Demba Sego, nephew of the king of Kasson, who offered to take him to that province under his protection. Delighted at this unexpected rescue from his difficulties, Bruce summoned his attendants, and on the 27th December set out with his new friend from Joag, passing Gundani and Samee, and crossing the Senegal at

Kazee, a large village opposite to Kasson. Even before the shores of his uncle's dominions were reached, Demba Sego began to show his real character, making such a sudden dash at a tin box belonging to Park in the fore part of the canoe, that he upset it and tumbled its inmates into the water. "Luckily," says the traveller, "we were not far advanced, and got back to the shore without difficulty, from whence, after wringing the water from our clothes, we took a fresh departure, and were soon afterwards landed in Kasson;" on which Demba Sego claimed a handsome reward for his services, making Park feel that he was not much better off than at Joag. However, he paid the fee demanded with apparent cheerfulness, and after a long day's journey over a rough district strewn with large lumps of white granite, arrived at Teesee, a large unwall'd Mandingo town, where he was courteously received by Demba's father, Tigrity Sego, who mentioned having before seen a white man, supposed to have been Major Houghton. At Teesee, Park was delayed some little time by having lent his horse to Demba, who was anxious to make something of a figure in certain negotiations he was entrusted to carry on with the Moors of Gedumah. This time of enforced leisure was spent by our traveller in learning all he could of the manners of the people about him. He mentions the curious custom that no woman was allowed to eat an egg, and describes a feast in which a dish of snake was one of the chief delicacies. He was present at a palaver or trial, which was carried on in a very simple and effective manner, in which Tigrity Sego was judge and jury all in one, having condemned the culprit to be sold into slavery—a sentence commuted into a flogging at the request of the injured

party. The victim of this slighter but still terrible punishment was tied by the hands to a post, and received *forty stripes save one*, at the hands of the public executioner, from a long black rod, the people round testifying their delight by hooting and shouting.

On the 8th January, Demba returned home, but before he would allow Park to leave his village he plundered him of half his goods. It was not until the 10th that the traveller, sick at heart with the delays met with at every step, once more set out bound for Kooniakary, the capital of Kasson, to report himself to the king. On his way he halted at Jumbo, the home of the blacksmith Tami, who was received with the most extravagant joy, not only by his family, but by his fellow-townsmen. "His brother," says Park, "came out to meet him accompanied by a singing man," and bringing a horse for Tami that he might enter his native place in a dignified manner. The singing man then led the way, followed by the two brothers, who were soon joined by a number of people, jumping, shouting, and singing with delight. Arrived at the blacksmith's house, Park and his attendants dismounted and fired off their muskets, whilst Tami's old blind mother was led out to meet her son, and "stroked his hands, arms, and face with great care," convincing the European spectator that the difference between his own and the negro race "is only in the colour of the skin and the conformation of the nose—not in the genuine sympathies and characteristics of our common nature." In the excitement of the blacksmith's arrival the white man was unnoticed, and, seating himself by one of the huts, he was watching the scene in amused silence, when Tami, having occasion to refer to him in the narrative of his own

adventures, pointed to him saying, "See him sitting there!" on which ensued a start of fright and dismay, converted into curiosity only when he added, "But he is quite inoffensive, and will hurt nobody;" some of the spectators venturing to examine his clothes, though the mothers took care to keep their little ones out of his way. After two days spent in rejoicing and feasting at Jumbo, Park again started for the capital, still accompanied by Tami, who declared he would not leave him whilst he was in Kasson. A halt of a few days was made at Soolo, a small village between Jumbo and Kooniakary, where Park was the guest of a celebrated slave merchant of the Gambia named Salim Dancari, a fact which cost him dear, as he was supposed to have received large sums from him, and was mulcted accordingly by the servants of the king of Kasson, who also sent a peremptory message asking why the white man tarried by the way, he was impatient to see him, and so forth.

Thus urged, Park, accompanied by the friendly Slatee, pushed on to Kooniakary (N. lat. $14^{\circ} 34'$), arriving there the same evening to find that the king's impatience had not been great enough to keep him awake, and that there could be no audience until the next day. At eight o'clock in the morning of January 15th, 1796, Demba Sego Jalla, king of Kasson, received his visitor, "seated on a mat in a large hut," in the presence of crowds of inquisitive negroes. Thanks to the able intervention of Salim Dancari, ready permission was granted to our hero to pass through the kingdom of Kasson, and in return for his own gifts he received a white bullock from the king; but, unfortunately, war was just breaking out between Kasson and Kajaaga, in which Kaarta, the next district to

be traversed on the way to the Niger, would be involved ; and even if he escaped with his life, there was no hope that a European would be able to make any rapid progress in a journey of discovery. After waiting for some time at Soolo for the return of messengers sent out by King Jalla to ascertain the state of the country, Park finally decided to take the most direct route through Kaarta, and started on the 3rd of February, accompanied by two guides, arriving at Kemmoo (N. lat. 14°, W. long. 10°), capital of Kaarta, on the 12th of the same month, having passed many villages deserted by their inhabitants, who had fled from the horrors of the approaching war. Just outside Kemmoo an amusing incident occurred, which we give in Park's own words :—

“ I had wandered a little from my people, and being uncertain whether they were before or behind me, I hastened to a rising ground to look about me. As I was proceeding towards this eminence, two negro horsemen, armed with muskets, came galloping from among the bushes. On seeing them I made a full stop, the horsemen did the same, and all three of us seemed equally surprised and confounded at this interview. As I approached them their fears increased, and one of them, after casting on me a look of horror, rode off at full speed ; the other, in a panic of fear, put his hand over his eyes and continued muttering prayers until his horse, seemingly without the rider's knowledge, conveyed him slowly after his companion. About a mile to the westward they fell in with my attendants, to whom they related a frightful story. It seemed their fears had dressed me in the flowing robes of a tremendous spirit ; and one of them affirmed that when I made my appearance a cold blast of wind came

pouring down upon him from the sky like so much cold water."

On entering Kemmoo, Park and his people at once rode up to the king's house, but were immediately so completely surrounded by gaping crowds that it was difficult, indeed nearly impossible, to dismount. With almost European courtesy, the king, Daisy Koorabarri by name, at once sent a messenger to keep back the mob and conduct the visitors to a lodging, in which, however, they were at once surrounded by inquisitive blacks, whom nothing short of an armed force could have kept from pouring in to ask questions. Towards sunset, the king sent word that he would be glad to see the white man, who tells us that on entering the presence-court he was surprised at the number of his host's attendants, and at the good order which prevailed amongst them. After some conversation with Daisy, Park was convinced that it was useless to attempt to reach the Niger by way of Bambarra, and that there was nothing for it but for him to go through Ludamar, as Major Houghton had done before him. He therefore left Kemmoo on the 13th February, accompanied by three of the king's sons and an escort of 200 horsemen, and, travelling slowly on account of the excessive heat, reached an important town called Funningkedy on the 15th February, where he witnessed a struggle between the Moors who came down to steal cattle and the negroes, in which a poor negro boy was shot through the leg, and had both bones broken just below the knee. Park thought that amputation of the wounded limb might save the poor lad's life; but he was looked upon as a cannibal for proposing it, and the patient was handed over to two Mahommedans, who, unable to

do anything to save his body, tried to save his soul by making him say, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is His prophet." Between Kemmoo and Funningkedy our traveller noticed negroes gathering the berries of the lotus flower in large quantities to make them into bread and gruel. Passing Simbing, whence Houghton sent his last greeting to Dr. Laidley, on the 18th, our present hero entered the Moorish kingdom of Ludamar, arriving at Jarra (N. lat. 15° 5'), about noon on the same day, where he readily obtained a lodging in the house of a Gambia Slatee named Daman Jumma. Warned by the overbearing and violent demeanour of the Moors that Jarra was no safe residence for him, and thinking that the difficulties of travelling would increase rather than diminish as the war proceeded, Park did all he could to persuade his attendants to press on at once, but they declined to do so, and it was not until the 27th of February that he was able to start, accompanied only by a guide provided by Ali, chief of Ludamar, and his faithful boy Demba, who refused to leave him. Passing through a sandy country, halting here and there at villages peopled by a mixed population of Moors and negroes, and suffering much from heat and thirst, the weary travellers came to Deena, a large town built of stone and clay, then the residence of one of Ali's sons, who, on Park calling to pay his respects to him, immediately requested him to mend a double-barrelled gun. Amused at such an unexpected request, Park explained that he was not a locksmith. "Then you must give me some knives and scissors directly," replied the Moor; and when Demba, who acted as interpreter, explained that his master had none of these articles, a loaded gun was

pointed at the poor boy's ear. Some of the attendants interfered, or he would have been shot dead. This reception was disagreeable enough, but it was nothing to that met with at Benown, the next halting-place, and the residence of Ali himself. No sooner did the white man come in sight than the whole population rushed out and surrounded him, pulling at his clothes, and trying to make him repeat the Mahommedan formula of belief. Forcing his way with difficulty to the king's tent, he found him sitting on a black leather cushion clipping a few hairs from his upper lip, with a female attendant holding up a looking-glass before him. Ali having asked if his visitor could speak Arabic, and being answered in the negative, condescended to take no further notice of him. Presently, however, some boys brought in a wild hog, and signs were made to Park that he should kill and eat it for supper. This, of course, he declined to do; and after some little delay he was taken to the tent of Ali's chief slave, but not allowed to enter it. A mat was spread outside, and there, surrounded by an inquisitive crowd, he spent the night. At sunrise, however, Ali came himself, and took him to a hut which he "found cool and pleasant" at first, but soon discovered to be a prison. He was kept shut up in it with a wild hog, which Moorish boys tried to provoke into an attack on him; and all day long he was besieged by men and women, who made him take off his stockings, and button and unbutton his clothes to see how they were put on, till he was worn out with fatigue. This went on day after day with little variation until March 18th, when four Moors arrived from Jarra, bringing Johnson, Park's former interpreter, with them as their *prisoner*. They had also obtained possession of a bundle

belonging to Park which he had left under Johnson's care. This bundle was opened in Ali's tent, and the white man was sent for from durance to explain what the different articles were. The compass excited the greatest fear and astonishment, and when asked why the needle always pointed to the Great Desert, Park gave the absurd explanation that it was because his mother lived in that direction. It was finally decided to let the owner keep the compass as an evidently uncanny object; but the gold, amber, and other valuable contents of the bundle were confiscated. On the 20th March a consultation was held by Ali and his chief men as to what should be done with Park; some desiring his death, others that his right hand should be cut off, and others, again, that his eyes should be put out. The last proposal met with general satisfaction, but Ali decided not to put it into execution until his favourite wife Fatima arrived from the North, as he wished her to see the prisoner just as he was caught.

A whole month passed by without any radical change in poor Park's position, although the monotony of his confinement was now and then relieved by the arrival of travellers, and he was less worried by the curiosity of the people of the town, as his appearance became more familiar to them. He even succeeded in getting some of the Moors to help him to learn the Arabic characters by writing them on the sand. On the 29th April a messenger brought the news that the Bambarra army was approaching the frontiers of Ludamar; and the next day the Moorish camp broke up and retreated to the negro town of Bubaker in the north. Here Park was at last presented to Queen Fatima, who, fortunately for him, took a fancy to him, presented him with a bowl of milk

at their first interview, and, in a terrible drought which ensued, several times supplied him with water when the other Moors would not let him pollute their vessels by touching them. The whole of May was spent at Bubaker, but at the end of that month Ali returned to Jarra, and Fatima persuaded him to let Park go with him. Great was the traveller's delight at this unexpected concession, as he hoped from Jarra to find means of escape, or at least to be able to communicate with his friends on the coast. His joy was quickly damped, however, by his boy Demba being sent back to Bubaker on reaching the first watering-place beyond that town. No pleading on Park's part had any influence on Ali, though he subsequently allowed the Slatee merchant, Daman Jumma already referred to, to buy Demba back and restore him to his original master, Dr. Laidley. At Jarra, Park lodged with Daman, and regained a considerable amount of freedom, further augmented, on the 8th June, when Ali returned for a few days to Bubaker. Soon after the tyrant's departure, King Daisy and his victorious army advanced upon Jarra, and the inhabitants took to flight, Park joining them in spite of the kindness he had met with from the monarch of Bondou (see p. 104), fearing that in the confusion of victory his person would not be recognised, but that he would be taken for a Moor and slain as such. The fugitive Moors made their way, with much lamentation and many a longing look back upon their native town, to a place called Queira, where a halt of a few days was made, and from whence Park made his escape at night and alone, having heard through the still faithful Johnson of a plan to take him back to Bubaker. He tells us that he got the few clothes his

captors had left him together at midnight, and waited in the most anxious suspense until daybreak, when Johnson came to say that all the Moors were asleep. "The awful crisis was now arrived," says Park, "when I was again either to taste the blessing of freedom or languish out my days in captivity, . . . but to deliberate was to lose the only chance of escaping. So taking up my bundle I stepped gently over the negroes who were sleeping in the open air, and, having mounted my horse, I bade Johnson farewell, desiring him to take particular care of the papers I had entrusted him with, and to tell my friends in Gambia that he had left me in good health on my way to Bambarra."

Thus did Park once more start on his journey of discovery, his spirit unbroken, his courage undaunted, his heart beating high with renewed hope of accomplishing the object of his perilous adventure and reaching the banks of the Niger. He had but advanced a few miles when three Moors on horseback caught him up and compelled him to stop. He thought all was over with him, and that he was to be taken back to captivity, but oh! the joy, the relief of finding that his pursuers were but stray robbers, who contented themselves with stealing his cloak, and then left him to his own devices. Turning his horse's head towards the south-east he entered a wilderness, and after a long, long ride without food or water, guided only by the little compass which he had once so nearly lost, and with many a pause to rest or climb a lofty tree to look for some sign of human life, he at last came to a Moorish encampment, which he, of course, dared not enter, and a mile further on to a watering-place, so choked up with croaking frogs that he had

to beat them with the branch of a tree to keep them quiet whilst his horse was drinking. Having satisfied his own thirst as well as that of his faithful steed, he climbed a tree, and, to his unspeakable delight, saw smoke ascending some twelve or fourteen miles distant on the east-south-east. Remounting with a light heart and full of hope of final deliverance, he arrived the next day at the Foulah village of Shrilla, where he narrowly escaped being captured and sent back to the Moors. Riding slowly along the road by which he had come, as if prepared to return to Ali's camp of his own free will, he was invited into a hut by an old negro woman, who gave him a good meal and some corn for his horse. Thus refreshed, Park made his way into the woods, stopping only at one village where a shepherd allowed him to share a dish of boiled corn and dates with his family, and travelling chiefly at night, concealing himself in thickets on the approach of any other wanderers, and holding his horse by the nose lest a sudden neigh should betray his whereabouts, he arrived in three days (July 5th) at Warra, a small town surrounded by high walls and inhabited by a mixture of Mandingoes and Foulahs, by whom he was hospitably received. From Warra our hero pressed on to Wassiboo (N. lat. $14^{\circ} 90'$), where he was joined by some fugitives from Kaarta, who offered to take him with them towards Sego, the capital of Bambarra, and, after a journey of eight days through a wooded, fertile, and well-watered country, dotted with villages and towns, where the travellers were sometimes hospitably and sometimes coldly received, they halted at last, on the evening of the 20th June, at a small village close to the long-looked-for Niger—called the Joliba or Great River by the negroes. So near the



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realisation of his dreams Park could not sleep, and but for a warning that lions were very numerous and dangerous in those parts at night, he would probably have gone down to hear, if not to see, the mighty waters rolling by. His horse was saddled before daylight, but the gates of the town were locked to keep out wild beasts, and the sun was already high in the heavens when, as he rode towards Sego, his companions, the fugitive Kaartans, cried "See the water!" and, "looking forwards," he exclaims, "I saw with infinite pleasure the great object of my mission; the long-sought-for, majestic Niger glittering in the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly *to the eastward*. I hastened to the brink, and, having drank of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success." The great discovery was made, the Niger had been seen by European eyes; it was now known to flow to the East, but whence it came and whither it went on its way to the final bourne of all rivers—the ocean—yet remained to be ascertained.

When Park visited Sego it consisted of four distinct towns, two called Sego Korro and Sego Boo on the northern bank of the Niger, and two on the southern known as Sego Soo Korro and Sego See Korro. They contained numerous well-built clay houses, some two stories high, and several Moorish mosques. Anxious at once to pay his respects to the king, who lived at Sego See Korro, Park prepared to cross the river; but it was market day, and he had to wait some time before he could hire a canoe, so great was the crowd passing to and fro. Just as he thought he had succeeded in his object came

a message from the king, who had been prejudiced against him by the Moors, telling him not to dare to go over the river, but to retire to a neighbouring village. There was no disputing such a mandate, and, considerably cast down, the traveller turned his back on the river and reluctantly made his way to the place indicated, where, however, no one would allow him to enter a house or would give him any food. In despair he sat down under a tree, and as the shades of night gathered about him, and the wild beasts began to lift up their voices in their usual nocturnal chorus, his heart indeed must have sunk, and he must have felt that he had accomplished little after all, for there would be no one to record all that he had seen and learned. The knowledge bought at so terrible a cost would perish with him. He had turned his horse loose to graze at liberty, and was languidly wondering whether his own risk from wild beasts would be lessened if he were to climb a tree, when a negro woman, returning home from her day's labour in the fields, caught sight of him, and, touched by his forlorn and dejected appearance, invited him into her hut, bade him rest there whilst she fetched something to eat, and shortly returned bringing "a very fine fish, which, having caused to be half-broiled upon some embers," she gave him for supper. She then pointed to a mat, told him he could sleep there without fear of danger, called the women of the family together and set them to work at spinning cotton, a task in which they were employed the greater part of the night. "They lightened their labour," says Park, "by songs, one of which was composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The air was sweet and

plaintive, and the words, literally translated, were these:—
'The wind roared, and the rains fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat down under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn. *Chorus*—Let us pity the white man; no mother has he,' etc.

Inexpressibly touched by this unexpected sympathy, and overwhelmed by the melancholy memories this gentle refrain awakened, Park spent the night in a sleepless reverie, and when the morning broke he presented his kind hostess with the only things he still possessed worthy of her acceptance—two of four brass buttons yet remaining on his waistcoat!

The whole of the next three days were spent in the village, and several messages arrived from King Mansong, which sounded unfriendly enough, urging, as they did, his visitor's departure from his dominions without granting him an interview, though they were in reality dictated by a wish to save our hero's life from the bloodthirsty Moors of the capital, who had determined on preventing his further progress, and threw doubts on his story that he had come so far and at such risk just to see a river such as he must often have crossed in Europe. The king's last message was brought by a man who said he had orders to conduct Park as far as Sansanding if he were still bent on proceeding, and who presented him with a bag containing five thousand cowries, or small shells equivalent to money, on behalf of his royal master.

Leaving Sego on the 23rd July, Park was conducted by his guide, a friendly, communicative negro, first to Kabba, a large town set down in a beautiful and highly-cultivated district, and surrounded by plantations of the so-called

Shea tree, from the fruit of which the natives make vegetable butter, and past numerous villages inhabited by fishermen, to Sansanding, a place of very great importance, containing from eight to ten thousand inhabitants, and much resorted to by the Moors, "who bring salt from Beeroo, and beads and coral from the Mediterranean, to exchange here for gold dust and cotton cloth." On his first arrival in Sansanding, Park was taken for a Moor, but some true Saracens seeing him pass betrayed him, and he was at once surrounded and insulted as he had been at Deena and Benown. Fortunately the Dooty or chief man of the place interfered in his behalf, saying he was "the king's stranger" and must not be molested, promising, however, that if he were left in peace for the night he should be "sent about his business the next morning." A small hut was assigned to the traveller for the night, but the courtyard was soon crowded with Moors, "who came to see him perform his evening devotions and eat eggs." Declining to perform the first part of the ceremony in public, Park professed himself ready enough to do the latter if some eggs were brought to him. Seven raw eggs were immediately produced, and great was everybody's surprise when our hero objected to devouring them uncooked—"for are not raw eggs the chief diet of Europeans?" Such, at least, was the belief of the crowd about it, and we can fancy how they nudged each other and grinned to think of the stranger having to go supperless to bed on account of his unusual daintiness. No such thing; Park's landlord—no savage Moor, but a simple-hearted negro—ordered a sheep to be killed and part of it dressed for his visitor's supper, and when the uninvited spectators at last departed, he begged Park to

write him a saphic or charm, presenting him with a pen made of a reed, a little charcoal and gum water for ink, and a thin board for paper. Park wrote the Lord's Prayer, as possessed of all the "virtues he could concentrate."

Early the next morning (July 25th), before his persecutors the Moors were awake, our traveller left Sansanding, and, stopping at a small town called Sibili the next day, and at a large one named Nyara on the following evening, he reached Nyame about noon on the 28th July, and having there procured a fresh guide, pressed on for Modiboo. Just outside the last named village, as the two were crossing a wide, open plain, they came upon a large red lion "with his head couched between his fore paws." Expecting the terrible beast of prey to spring upon him there and then, and wishing his horse to be the victim rather than himself, Park was just going to dismount, when his steed, perhaps guessing and objecting to this arrangement, hastened on, the lion quietly suffering him to do so unmolested. Modiboo, a beautiful little village on the banks of the Niger, which is here dotted with small islands, the homes of peaceful Foulahs, would probably have tempted Park to linger and recruit his strength before proceeding further, had not his landlord peremptorily ordered him to quit it the day after his arrival, sending a servant with him to guide him to Kea, a small fishing village a day's journey further up the river. About six miles outside Modiboo, the horse which had borne our traveller so faithfully for so many miles fell on the rough clayey ground, and, finding him unable to rise, Park left him there to die, looking back "with sympathetic emotion," for he could not but feel that the time might not be far distant when he too would have to "lie down and

perish in the same manner of fatigue and hunger." At Kea the Dooty refused all assistance, and made some fishermen row the exhausted traveller across the river to Moorzan, and from thence to Silla, a large town on the northern bank (N. lat. $14^{\circ} 48'$, W. long. $1^{\circ} 24'$). Here he was left by his companions, and, scarcely able to walk, he staggered to a tree outside the town and sat down. He was quickly surrounded by an inquisitive but not unfriendly crowd, whose language he was able to make out, but who told him that at Jenné, which he had intended to make his next stopping-place, he should find the inhabitants spoke in quite a different tongue.

After much entreaty, the Dooty of Silla allowed Park to creep into his baloon or hut, where he was seized with fever during the night; and on awakening in the morning it seems to have been for the first time fully borne in upon the dauntless traveller's mind, that he should best serve his employer's interests and those of geographical discovery by making his way back to Pisanía whilst he had still the power, instead of attempting the impossible task of further advance in the midst of the tropical rains and amongst the fanatical Moors. He had seen the Niger; he had traversed seventy miles of its banks in an easterly direction; he had advanced to within two hundred miles of Timbuktu; he would but rest awhile, collect all the information he could from the natives familiar with the further course of the "Great River," and then he would return to Europe, perhaps at some future date to take up the task now so unwillingly laid down.

From Silla Park returned to Sego by the same route as he had taken on his journey up, but under greater diffi-

culties than before, as he had now often to wade up to his knees in swamps, and a suspicion had got abroad that he was a spy, rendering it dangerous for him to enter any inhabited place. At Modiboo, much to his delight, he recovered his horse, which had been taken good care of by the Dooty, and leaving that village on the 1st of August he made his way in the course of thirteen days to the near neighbourhood of Sego, often compelled to halt for some thirty or forty hours on account of the heavy rains, and meeting with much incivility and very little hospitality in the villages at which he rested. When within half-a-mile of Sego he heard that scouts sent by the king of Bambarra were watching to arrest him, and he therefore kept along the bank of the river without entering the town. His route was now more southerly than it had been on his first journey, and led him through a populous and fertile country, the roads of which were rendered almost impassable by the torrents of rain. Some of the towns passed were of considerable size; one called Sai was completely surrounded by two deep trenches, said to have been dug by an invading army; another named Jabbe had a large and important mosque; whilst a third, Yamina, was as large as Sansanding. At a village called Soug, outside which Park halted on the evening of the 15th August, the inhabitants at first declined to allow him to enter, although there were many lions prowling about, and one came so very near that the traveller heard him rustling about the grass, and climbed a tree for safety. At midnight the Dooty relented and let him in, the people about the gate muttering that he was evidently no Moor, or he would certainly have cursed them for keeping him waiting.

Thus, alone and unprotected, narrowly escaping now

a violent death at the hands of man, now the lingering tortures of starvation, Park came at last to Banunakoo (about 13° N. lat., 5° W. long.), where the Niger first becomes navigable. Here a singing man offered to be his guide over the only firm road, and led him for two miles up a rocky glen, but then, with an exclamation about having lost his way, went off, leaving our traveller once more to his own instinct, which, however, soon brought him into the right road. Traversing some lofty ironstone rocks mixed with schistus and white quartz, and keeping the mountains of Kong on the East, he arrived on the evening of the same day at a village called Kooma, set down in the midst of cornfields shut in by impregnable rocks, where he was received with what was now unwonted hospitality by the head man, a wealthy Mandingo merchant. The next day his ill-fortune returned; on the way to Sibidooloo he encountered a party of seven or eight robbers, who, on pretence of being emissaries of the King of the Foulahs, compelled him to turn back with them, and when they had led him into a "dark place in a wood" searched his pockets, and, finding little of value, stripped him of all his clothes to make quite sure he had nothing concealed about. Seeing his precious little compass, which had been his only guide so often, on the ground at his feet, he stooped to pick it up, when one of the banditti cocked his musket and swore he would shoot him dead if he touched it. As they were going, however, leading away his horse, they seem to have been suddenly touched by compunction at leaving him thus naked and unprotected, and restored a shirt, a pair of trousers, and a hat. Thankful even for this small mercy, Park put them on, but in his account of his journey he





confesses that he was then for a few minutes overwhelmed with despair of his ultimate deliverance; but as his eyes rested disconsolately on the ground, he noticed the "extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification," and struck anew by his Heavenly Father's care for the meanest of His creatures, he started up with fresh vigour, pushed forward, and soon came to a small village, where he met two shepherds with whom he had ridden a short distance in the morning. Joining them, he came about sunset to Sibidooloo, the frontier town of Manding, situated in a fertile valley surrounded by high rocky hills and quite impregnable. Here the Dooty—or Mansa, as he was called—received Park most courteously, listened to his account of his grievances, and promised to recover his stolen property. This, to our traveller's astonishment, he subsequently did, sending his horse and clothes after him two or three days later. As provisions were very scarce at Sibidooloo, and mothers were actually selling their children for bread, our hero, weary as he was, would not trespass on the friendly Dooty's hospitality, but left the next day, and after an arduous walk over a rocky country arrived at Wonda, a small town surrounded by a high wall, where he was taken ill with fever and detained nine days, often lying out in a cornfield for hours to conceal his sufferings from the man with whom he lodged, who was anxious to get rid of him on account of the scarcity of food.

On the 6th September the stolen horse and clothes were brought to Wonda, but the former was so lean and emaciated as to be quite useless. Park therefore gave him to his host, and sent the saddle and bridle to the Dooty of Sibidooloo, going on foot from one village

to another till he came to Mansia, a large town where small quantities of gold are collected. Here the Dooty received him courteously enough and gave him a little corn for food, but attempted to rob him in the night. The next halt was made at Kamalia, where Park was at first taken for an Arab in disguise, so yellow had his skin become from sickness, but being shown "a little curious book which had been brought from the West country," which he recognised with delight as our *Book of Common Prayer*, and proved his ability to read, his assertions as to his nationality were accepted; and during an illness of five weeks which followed his arrival, he was most kindly treated by a certain Karfa Taura, a Mahommedan freeman, who sent him two meals a-day from his own table, and made his slaves wait on him as if he were their master. On the 19th of April, though still weak, Park was able to join a party of Slatees and their wives taking down a coffle or gang of slaves to the coast; and although not so perilous or full of adventure as his lonely trip from Silla to Kamalia, the remainder of his journey was fraught with pathetic interest, bringing him, as it did, into direct personal contact with the unhappy victims of the traffic in human flesh and blood.

On the day of departure, the irons having been removed from the legs and arms of the slaves, they were assembled in front of the house of Park's friend Karfa, and to each man or woman was assigned a load. Thus burdened, they were fastened in parties of four to one rope, with a spearman between each four, and, preceded by six singing men and the freemen, they started on their weary march from their homes, the Slatees, their wives, domestic servants, and free women bringing up the rear.

Proceeding by way of the villages of Bala and Maraboo to Worumbung, on the frontier of Manding, they crossed the Kokoro, a branch of the Senegal, on the 20th, and arrived at Kinytakoroo in Jallonkadoo—no incident of special interest having occurred except the whipping of two female slaves who lagged behind from fatigue, and after being dragged along for some little distance, were allowed to lie down in the woods and rest. On the 23rd April, after a halt of two days at Kinytakoroo, the caravan entered the Jallonka wilderness, an undulating district with dense patches of primeval forest haunted by wild beasts, and untenanted by a single human being. On the 24th another of the female slaves began to show signs of exhaustion, refused the food offered her, and complained of great pain in her legs. Her load was taken from her, and she was ordered to keep in advance of the rest of the gang. At eleven o'clock a halt was made by a small stream, and some of the people found a hive of bees in a hollow tree. The tenants, being savage bees, unused to the ways of civilised life, resented the attempt to steal their honey, and flying out attacked the people of the coffle, making them run off in all directions. Park alone escaped, having retired to a safe distance in the first instance; and when, with much grumbling and laughing, the sufferers had extracted the stings, resumed their loads and started again, it was discovered that poor Nealee, the female slave mentioned above, was not with the party. Some men went back to look for her, and found her lying exhausted by the water, terribly stung and unwilling to make any effort to go further. The stings were carefully taken out of her swollen flesh, her wounds were bathed with water and rubbed with bruised leaves, but she

remained sullen and indifferent throughout the entire operation. Kindness failing to make her move, the lash was tried, and after two or three strokes she staggered to her feet and walked four or five miles further, "when she made an attempt to run away, but was so very weak she fell down in the grass. Though she was unable to rise, the whip was a second time applied but without effect," upon which her master had her placed upon an ass. She could not sit upright, and the ass being refractory, that mode of transit had soon to be given up; a bamboo litter was made, and she was carried on it on the heads of two negroes relieved by two others at intervals. All in vain; the next day Nealee was worse; food was running short, the other negro slaves were becoming rebellious, she could not be carried further by any of them. Unable to walk or stand, she was lifted on to the back of an ass and strapped full length upon it with strips of bark; "but the ass was so very unruly that no sort of treatment could induce him to proceed with his load," . . . and every attempt to get her along having failed, a general cry was raised of "Cut her throat! Cut her throat!" Unwilling to witness the wretched woman's death, Park hurried on in front, and a little later learned that she had been—not actually murdered—but left to die of hunger or to be devoured by wild beasts.

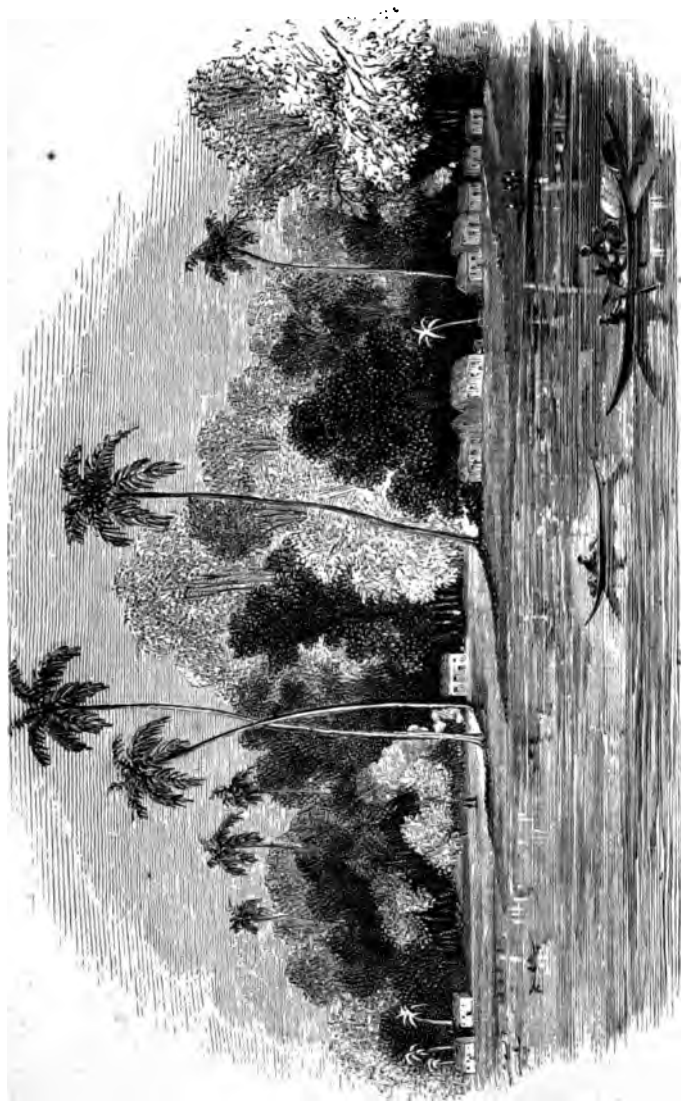
On the 27th April, after a journey of four days, during which not a single human habitation was seen, the Jallonka village of Sooseta was entered, and on the 28th a halt was made in an unwallled town named Mauna, the chief of which, with a number of his people, escorted the caravan down to a floating bamboo bridge of very curious construction thrown across the

Bafing or Black River, the main branch of the Senegal. Crossing this bridge, the travellers hastened on over a rough stony country, passing several villages in which, however, no hospitality could be obtained, and arrived on the evening of the 3rd May at Malacotta, a large open town, with huts built of split cane twisted into a sort of wicker-work, and plastered over with mud. Here they remained for three days, starting again on the 7th May, and having crossed the Honey river or Ba-lee, another branch of the Senegal, entered a walled town called Bintingala, where they rested two days, and whence they journeyed in one day more to a town called Dindikoo, at the foot of a high range of hills, rich in gold. A toilsome march brought them, on the 12th, to the Falemè, already crossed by Park on his journey up; and after a trip of three weeks through a comparatively civilised and familiar country they entered Medina, where Park, eager to see his old friends at Pisanía, left the caravan, and, hastening on, was welcomed as one risen from the dead by the inhabitants of the English settlement, who had long since heard that he had been murdered by the Moors.

Thus ended Mungo Park's first journey of more than one thousand miles, in which, though he never reached Timbuktú, he established the true course of the Niger, opened the way for the discovery of its source and that of the Senegal and Gambia, and learned more of the various negro tribes—such as the Foulahs, Mandingoes, and Serawoollis, as well as of the Moorish usurpers—than any other previous traveller. He embarked on the 17th June, in an American slaver bound for Antigua, and taking ship at that port in a Chesterfield packet, he arrived at Falmouth on the 22nd December, 1798,

having been absent from England for two years and seven months.

In spite of his many hairbreadth escapes and terrible sufferings, Park was soon ready to undertake a new expedition into Africa, and in the spring of 1805 we find him at Goree, in the employ of the English Government, on the eve of a trip which he hoped would verify his conviction that the Niger flowed through Congo into the Atlantic. By the 27th of April, one month after his arrival on the Gambia, he had collected his provisions and chosen his attendants, forty-five in number, of whom thirty-six were Europeans. Thinking that he would certainly reach the Niger before the heavy rains set in, and in boats built by his men would be able without any great difficulty to trace its course from Bambarra to the ocean, Park imprudently started too soon, and before he had long left Pisanía had the grief and mortification of seeing one after another of his fellow-countrymen succumb to the fatal effects of the climate. The journey to Bambarra, chiefly over ground already explored, and of which we shall therefore give no detailed account, was one long struggle with difficulties even more formidable than these encountered in his first expedition; and when he at last, on the 9th August, 1805, reached the frontier town of Bambaku close to the Niger, but "six soldiers and one carpenter" remained of the large party with whom he had started. Somewhat cast down but not even yet in despair, he hired a canoe, and in it went down the river to Marraboo with Mr. Anderson, one of his few surviving companions. In this short trip a foretaste was enjoyed of perils of a new description. Rapids formed by a "ridge of hills crossing the channel of the river" had to be carefully



VILLAGE ON THE NIGER.



avoided, and the current was everywhere so strong that no rowing was needed. Arrived at Marraboo, a long delay ensued before permission could be obtained to pass through Bambarra and build a boat for the further navigation of the Niger; but on the 22nd September our hero received a visit from King Mansong's prime minister, Modibinne by name, whom he convinced of the great benefits free trade with the whites would bring to his master, explaining, when he saw his advantage, that his journey was undertaken with a view to promoting such free trade. "We have heard what you have said," exclaimed the prime minister at last. "Your journey is a good one, and may God prosper you in it. Mansong will protect you!"

Choosing Sansanding, where he had once written the Lord's Prayer as a charm (see page 115), as the best place to build his boat, Park occupied the time which necessarily elapsed before it was ready in completing his journals and notes, which were sent to Pisanía by a trusty hand before his embarkation on his fatal voyage. On the 28th October he lost his dear friend and companion Mr. Anderson, who had been his chief stay in the terrible trip from the coast. Writing home to Lord Camden after this sad event, with an evident and pathetic effort to crush down the forebodings as to his own fate which cannot fail to have haunted him, he says—"I shall set sail to the coast with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger or perish in the attempt; . . . though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere; and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey, I would at least die in the Niger." To his wife

he wrote more hopefully, calling the start on the journey into the unknown regions of the heart of Africa, "turning his face towards England." But, alas! that face was never again seen by Europeans, nor did any absolutely certain tidings ever reach England of the subsequent discoveries made by this the greatest of our early African explorers.

We know that he left Sansanding in a boat constructed out of three canoes, which he called the "schooner Joliba;" on the 17th November, 1805, arrived at Silla, where he ended his first journey; two days later, purchased a slave to help in the navigation of the canoe, and again embarked with four white and four black companions, reaching Jenni in another forty-eight hours; but the remainder of the narrative of his adventures is founded on a journal attributed to one of his companions, which may or may not be trustworthy. It asserts that the Joliba was several times attacked by natives, armed with pikes, lances, bows and arrows, between Jenni and Timbuktu, but that they were always successfully driven back until the country of Houssa was entered. Here the king is said to have sent a whole army to arrest the progress of the handful of adventurers, choosing the village of Boosa (N. lat. 10°, W. long. 4°)—"where there is a rock, with a large opening forming the only passage for the water, across the whole breadth of the river"—as the point of attack. Park's little bark is supposed to have arrived safely at this opening, and, in spite of the threatening gestures of the armed force on the rock, to have attempted to proceed on its way. Showers of lances, pikes, arrows, and stones at once poured down upon its inmates, who replied by firing,

"But," concludes our authority, "being overpowered by numbers and fatigue, and unable to keep up the canoe against the current, and seeing no probability of escaping, Mr. Park . . . jumped into the water," and was drowned in attempting to escape. "The only slave that remained in the boat . . . stood up and said to the natives, 'Stop throwing now; you see nothing in the canoe, and nobody but myself; therefore cease. Take me and the canoe, but don't kill me.'"

Such is the only account ever received of the first voyage up the Niger beyond Sansanding. Whether Park really passed Timbuktu and made his way as far south as Boosa will probably always remain undecided, but all the rumours which have from time to time reached England point to the conclusion that he at least kept his word by dying at his post as a brave man should.

The discoveries of Mungo Park in North-West Africa were to some extent supplemented in 1818-19 by a young Frenchman named Mollien, who was sent out by his own Government to discover the sources of the Senegal and Gambia. Starting from St. Louis, at the mouth of the former river, at the end of January, he made his way on foot through the districts to the south-west peopled by the Jaloofs, Foulahs, etc.; here detained as a prisoner, there compelled to join some predatory excursion, but everywhere escaping with his life by dint of the exercise of unfailing patience and tact, and entering Bondou in safety on the 15th March. Here he discovered the existence of water communication between the Senegal and Gambia, then, and we believe still, unnavigable, but capable of extension and improvement; and after long wanderings amongst the dense forests watered by the Gambia

128 *Discovery of the Source of the Senegal.*

he came, on the 12th April, to the sources of that river and of the Rio Grande, situated within a short distance of each other in two thickets on one of the heights of the lofty mountains called Badet. Narrowly escaping murder at the hands of the natives for the sacrilege of which they considered him guilty in gazing on their sacred springs, Mollien proceeded to fulfil the second portion of his task, and on the 22nd April arrived at the ancient city of Timbo, close to which the Senegal was supposed to rise. On the 26th, by dint of a good deal of bribery and persuasion, our hero succeeded in inducing a guide, who feared the vengeance of the people, to lead him to the source of that river, also hidden from view in a dense wood, never penetrated by the sunbeams, about half-way up an exceedingly steep and rugged mountain. Three basins, one above the other, were successively discovered by our hero, and having learned that the Senegal was identical with the Bafing or Baleo, erroneously supposed by Park to be the same as the Niger, the fortunate explorer engraved the date of the year of his triumphant exploration on a tree near one of the springs, and prepared to return home by way of Timbuktu. But, alas! as is so often the case with travellers in unknown lands, he had exhausted his strength almost before he had achieved the task assigned to him. He was taken seriously ill with fever at a place called Bandaia, a few days' journey from the sources of the Senegal, and would have died but for the devotion of an old negress named Comba, who sheltered him in her hut, nursed him, and supplied him with all he needed. Not until the 12th June was he able to resume his journey, and then, relinquishing all idea of visiting Timbuktu, he started in a north-westerly

direction, crossed the mountains of Tenda, halted for a short time at the Portuguese settlement of the same name, and finally returned to St. Louis by way of Goree, arriving there broken down in health but in the highest spirits at the successful termination of his enterprising journey. Six weeks later he was on his voyage to Havre, and the end of March, 1819, found him in Paris, where he was received with the enthusiasm natural on the return of one rescued as it were from the jaws of death.





CHAPTER VII.

THE NIGER EXPEDITIONS OF 1819, ADAMS, RILEY, MAJOR LAING,
AND RENE CAILLIE.

Captain Tuckey and Major Peddie—The Shipwrecked Sailor Captured and Enslaved by the Moors—Riley's Sufferings in Slavery—Major Laing's Journey through Timmanee, Kooranko, and Soolimana, with his Discovery of the Source of the Niger—Caillie's Travels through Central Africa to Timbuktu, and across the Great Desert to Morocco.

THE romantic interest attaching to the source of the Niger, and the conviction favoured by Park's own writings that it flowed to the ocean through Congo, led to the sending out of an expedition, in 1816, under Captain Tuckey of the Royal Navy, who tried to ascend the River Congo from its mouth, and was murdered with all his men about two hundred and eighty miles from the coast. At the same time yet another attempt, equally disastrous, was made by Major Peddie with a hundred men to reach Park's route from the Gambia. The party ascended the River Nuñez, but in endeavouring to make their way to the Gambia were, it is believed, massacred to a man.

No further intelligence was received in Europe respecting the course of the Niger until 1822, when Major Laing returned from his trip to the neighbourhood of its source; but a few years after the disappearance of Park some important information respecting Timbuktu

Shipwreck and Slavery of Adams. 131

was accidentally obtained in London from an American sailor named Adams, who, with the rest of his crew, was shipwrecked a little to the south of Cape Blanco in the autumn of 1810, and taken prisoner by the Moors of the coast.

According to Adams, who was only reluctantly persuaded to give an account of his adventures, and had no idea of making capital out of his misfortunes, the crew were stripped naked soon after their capture, and carried along by the Moors on a journey to the East, reaching a negro village called Soudenny on the northern frontier of Bambarra in about forty-four days. Here the Moors concealed themselves in hills and bushes and captured all unwary passers-by, intending to sell them for slaves. The people of the village, however, mustered their forces, and turned the tables on the Moors by taking them and their captives, white and black, prisoners in a body, sending them all a few days later towards Timbuktu with a strong escort of negroes. Some of the Moors who attempted to escape by the road were killed, but the whites who resigned themselves to the situation were not unkindly treated. In twenty-five days Timbuktu was reached, and the surviving Moors were put in prison. Here Adams seems to have lost sight of his fellow-sailors, who were probably sold to various masters. He himself was taken to the palace, where he was received in a friendly manner by the Royal Family, who looked upon him as a curiosity, the Queen and her attendants often "gazing at him for hours together." For six months he was allowed full liberty in Timbuktu itself, though any attempt to leave it would probably have been frustrated. He compares the town to Lisbon in size, and describes the houses of the better

classes as square in form and of one story in height, built of "wooden cases filled with clay and sand," whilst those of the poor were merely huts "formed of the branches of trees bent in a circle, covered with a matting of the palmetto, and the whole overlaid with earth." The natives he describes as a jovial, healthy, vigorous race, with simple, primitive habits, living chiefly on "guinea corn boiled up into a thick mess with goat's milk poured over it," employing no doctors but old women, recognising no king but their own, no code but that enforced by him, and suffering no severer punishments for wrong-doing than a beating for small and slavery for heinous offences. Slave-hunting—systematically carried on by parties of armed men sometimes exceeding a hundred in number, who would collect numerous victims in a week—and elephant-hunting were the chief excitements indulged in by the people, who exchanged the results of their expeditions, together with gold dust, ostrich feathers, etc., with the Moors of Barbary and the desert for tobacco, tar, gun-powder, cotton cloths, and so forth.

After six months of purely nominal captivity, Adams was bought for a quantity of tobacco by some Moors from the north, who took him with them on a journey of thirteen days in a north-westerly direction, through desolate districts producing scarcely anything but low shrubs with here and there a tree. At the end of the thirteen days a large village called Tandeny, inhabited by Moors and negroes, was reached, where a halt of fourteen days was made, after which the very heart of the Sahara Desert was entered, and its dreary tracks traversed for twenty-nine days "without seeing a plant, a shrub, or a blade of grass." When at last a watering-place, long looked

forward to, was reached, it was dry; and in another ten days' march to the Moorish encampment of Woled D'leim, many of the party died of thirst. The Moors allowed Adams to recover from his fatigues, and then employed him in tending their cattle, which he did for some time without dreaming that his detention would last long. Presently, however, he was informed that he must consider himself a slave in every sense of the term; and not reconciling himself to this fact, he made his escape to a neighbouring village, the chief of which took him under his protection, or, in other words, made him his own slave. He was kindly treated at first, but having offended his new master he was sold to a Moor, who took him to the town of Wedinoor on the borders of Morocco, where he met two of his old fellow-sailors who had been very much ill-used. He himself now for the first time experienced the true rigours of captivity; he was put in irons and constantly grossly insulted. Fortunately for him, however, his case came to the ears of Mr. Dupuis, British Vice-Consul at Mogador, by whom he was ransomed and sent to England.

Somewhat similar were the experiences of James Riley, master and supercargo of the brig "Commerce," of Hartford, which was wrecked off Cape Bojador in August, 1815. The crew escaped in the longboat, and with some difficulty reached the shore, where they were at once surrounded by Arabs, who plundered them of everything they had brought with them, and then allowed them to return to their boat. Not daring to put to sea in the only craft left to them, they lingered near the wreck of their vessel, and rather later Riley again ventured on shore. This time he narrowly escaped with his life. Surrounded by

gesticulating Arabs pointing their spears and daggers at his body, he made signs to an old man of his party to come on shore, and his signs being obeyed, he seized the moment when his enemies' attention was attracted from him to the new arrival to dash into the water and swim back to the boat. The poor old man was murdered, but Riley, though he regretted that result, yet rejoiced in his own safety, his life being, from his own and his crew's point of view, so much more valuable than that of the victim. Dangerous as navigation was in an open boat along the rugged coast of the Sahara, the mariners managed to make their way in safety to Cape Barbas, a little to the north of Cape Blanco, where they were compelled to land owing to serious leaks in their boat. After a night spent on the sand, the party climbed up to the summit of a lofty cliff, and seeing nothing before them but an "unmeasurable plain, without a tree, shrub, or spear of grass," they were at first inclined to give up all hope and resign themselves to breathe their last. But Riley would not let them despair; he persuaded them to follow him along the top of the cliff, and as night was closing in, the lights of some human habitations were seen. They were those of an Arab encampment; and presenting themselves before its inmates the next morning, the weary travellers were at once surrounded by an eager crowd, who soon came to blows as to who should become the owners of this unexpected human plunder. After a stout struggle the whites were distributed amongst different dusky masters, and were partly separated from each other, as the Arabs travelled in two divisions. Riley fell into the hands of an inhuman master, and suffered much from want of water; but after eight or ten days' march

through the heart of the desert, two brothers, merchants from Morocco, named Sidi and Seid Hamet, met the caravan, and the former at Riley's entreaty purchased him of his master, on condition that a ransom should be paid for him when his case could be made known to the Christian consuls and merchants of Mogador, assuring him at the same time that his throat should be cut if no ransom were forthcoming. Riley was taken by his new master to Wedinoor, probably by the same route as Adams had traversed before him, and soon after his arrival there was ransomed by Mr. Wiltshire, English Consul of Mogador, who describes his situation as truly deplorable—the flesh being in some parts of his body literally worn away from the bones, leaving them white and bare.

For a few years no European traveller of note attempted any further exploration of the districts watered by the Niger—a name now associated with the deaths of so many gallant Englishmen; but in 1822 Major Laing—having already been successful in two trips from Sierra Leone to the Mandingo country with a view to negotiating peace between Amara, the king of that district, and one of the minor chiefs—obtained permission from the governor to make a third journey, this time through Timmanee, Kooranko, and Soolimana. The main and avowed object of the major's journey was the promotion of legitimate trade between the natives and Europeans; but he himself cherished a hope of visiting the source of the Niger, which he believed to be within a short distance of Kalaba, the capital of Soolimana.

Accompanied by Musah Kanta, a native of Foulah Jallon on the north-west coast of Africa, two soldiers of

the 2nd India regiment, eleven native carriers, a boy named Mahommed, a native of Sego, Laing left Sierra Leone on the 16th April, 1822, and made his way in boats up the Rokelle river to Rokon, whence, having with some difficulty obtained more carriers, he started across country on foot, and on the 26th April arrived at Mabung, the principal town on the eastern frontiers of Timmanee, where he made a short halt and witnessed some characteristic native ceremonies, including the buying of a bride for various commodities, such as a jar of palm wine, a few fathoms of cloth, etc., and the funeral of a young girl who died suddenly and was thought to have been killed by witchcraft. "The moment," says Laing, "that life fled from the body, a loud yell was uttered from the throats of about a hundred people who had assembled to watch the departing struggles of nature, after which a party of several hundred women, some of them beating small drums, sallied through the town, seizing and keeping possession of every movable article which they could find out of doors," of which singular proceeding the major was at a loss to understand the significance. Then ensued a meeting of elders, etc., in the palaver-hall, and after a discussion lasting three days the party returned a verdict of "killed by the devil," and the body was interred, the lower people leaving presents at the homes of the so-called "greegrees," or evil spirits, with a view to preventing other murders by his sable majesty or his satellites. Certain solemn personages, arrayed in quaint and uncouth costumes, appeared at midnight and took away the presents, saying that the evil ones were propitiated and nobody should die for a long time. On this joyful intelligence the doleful yelling, etc., ceased, and the rest of the

night and part of the next day were spent in shouting and feasting. "Greegree" houses, containing shells, skulls, images, etc., are, we may add, to be seen some three or four hundred yards from most towns on the West Coast of Africa, and are supposed to be inhabited by an invisible race of spirits who once lived on earth in human form, and retain the good or bad qualities characteristic of them in this life. A Timmanee never eats or drinks without throwing a small portion of his food on the ground for the use of the dead—a strange evidence of the innate belief in immortality of even the most degraded races of the earth.

At Mabung, Laing had an opportunity of seeing the working of the awful Purrah confederacy, an institution resembling the Inquisition of Europe, and of which the origin is involved in obscurity, though it is supposed that it was founded in desperation by the relatives of the unhappy people carried off in the early days of the slave trade. The Purrahs live in enclosures in the woods, and are known to each other by certain secret signs. No man not a Purrah dare approach their houses, for should he do so, he would have either to join the fatal fraternity or would never again be seen or heard of. Bound by an oath to inflict any punishment, however terrible, ordered by their head men on whomsoever their wrath might fall, the Purrahs are alike dreaded and courted. The outward marks by which they may be known are two parallel tattooed lines round the middle of the body inclining upwards towards the front. One Purrah man in a large party of travellers is enough to ensure their safety; but without him they would probably all be massacred or sold as slaves. Laing was careful to obtain one as a guide, and tells us that as he led the way he every now and then

blew a small reed whistle, and was answered by howling and screaming from his invisible comrades.

Leaving Mabung, the major, after a short halt at the Mandingo town of Maboum, entered the Kooranko country, where he took leave of Massa Kumma and his Timmanee carriers, engaged others to take their place, and, turning due north, crossed a beautiful undulating country with the Kooranko hills before him, arriving on the 14th May at a large, well-built town called Soobo Sumbonia, picturesquely situated at the foot of one of a chain of hills some sixty miles long, and the next day at Seemera, the residence of Be-Simera the king of Kooranko, who received him most courteously, calling on him before he had been in the town a quarter of an hour, and "thanking God that he had seen a white man."

At every place of importance passed through on this journey a palaver or public meeting was held for the ceremony of "opening the road," as allowing a traveller to pass on was called; and at Seemera, the king, instead of showing the usual reluctance to sanctioning exploration, observed that the blacks ought to think themselves well paid for trouble taken for a white man for the mere pleasure of seeing him—a thing they had never done before.

On the 18th the major turned due east, and began the ascent of the Kooranko Mountains, and after a couple of days' halt at Myniniah, entered a beautiful valley partly cultivated and partly overgrown with lofty wild grass, with long rows of stately palm trees, murmuring rivulets, and here and there a cluster of camwood trees, making up a landscape resembling those to be seen in the South of Europe rather than the wilds of Africa. The mountains crossed on this day's march were of granite and mica

slate, and in the valleys our hero picked up stones so much impregnated with iron as greatly to agitate the needle of his compass.

The next few days' journey was arduous in the extreme, one lofty mountain succeeding another, and the difficulty of obtaining carriers becoming greater and greater at every stopping-place. The direction pursued was almost due north, and on the 29th May the important town of Kamato (N. lat. 9°) was entered, where the whole of the population were gathered together crying and howling over the death of their chief, who had just fallen in battle.

At Kamato the major was delayed nearly a week by an attack of fever. But on the evening of the 4th June he rallied, and was about to make preparations for his journey when, to his great delight, a party of messengers arrived from Falaba, the capital of Soolimana, sent with two horses for the traveller's use by the King of the Soolimas, who had received information of the white man's approach, and was eager to see and welcome him.

The next day (June 5th), in spite of his weakness, Laing started again, relieved from all trouble respecting carriers and guides by the courteous emissaries of his Majesty of Soolima. A journey of six days in a north by north-east direction, through a very mountainous country dotted with Soolima villages, brought the party to Falaba, a large town covering a considerable extent of ground, and shut in on every side by gentle acclivities. Entering the northern gate, and passing down a long street of about half-a-mile in length, the honoured guests suddenly found themselves on a spacious piece of open ground, and were received by a volley of musketry from two thousand men drawn up to do them honour—a compliment fully appreci-

ated by Laing himself though not by his steed, which backed into the crowd, and, as his master naïvely tells us, probably rather injured the white man's reputation for horsemanship. As soon as the awkwardness of this début was got over, three rounds were fired by the major's party, and, dismounting, Laing shook hands with the king, who presented him with two massive rings of gold and made him sit down beside him. Then came Yarratee, war master of the Soolimas, whom Laing had already met when on the mission referred to above, to pay his compliments to his master's guest, mounted on a fiery charger, and followed by some thirty warriors on horseback and two thousand on foot, who rushed about firing in all directions, whilst some hundred musicians began to play on "divers instruments, drums, flutes, and so forth."

Poor Laing, tired with his journey and nearly deafened with the tumult, was hoping that it would shortly be over, and that he would be allowed to retire to the house assigned to him, when the king, having stopped the "clang of steel and din of drums with a nod," made a signal to a Jelle or singing-man, who played a soft and beautiful prelude on a wind instrument called a balla-foo. This was succeeded by a dialogue between the singer and the king's wives, at first invisible, but who appeared later to change the soft treble tones in which they had at first answered into such a "bawl" that Laing expected them every moment to burst the blood-vessels of their throats. On the whole, however, there was something both touching and picturesque in the wild welcome given to the "white man come from afar," and Laing was not insensible to the wide difference between his reception and that of many of his predecessors in the West of

Africa, marking, as it did, the advance in mutual toleration between Europeans and natives; but when, having been at last allowed to retire to a house and throw himself on a mat in a state of absolute prostration, he was visited first by a party of Amazons, who entertained him with a song, and then by a snake-charmer, who made a snake dance, leap, and curl itself up for his edification, he began to feel that African civilities were scarcely less embarrassing than insults. He managed, however, to avoid any outward expression of discontent, and when he had recovered a little from his fatigue was able to enter into the spirit of the festivities which ensued in his honour, and to join his royal host in some rides about the neighbourhood. But on his return from a visit to a town a few miles off he was again prostrated by fever, and narrowly escaped with his life.

Thanks to the kindness and attention of those about him, especially of his boy Mahommed, our hero fully recovered from this, the most severe attack he had had since he entered the country; and although he owns to having enjoyed the society of the Soolimas without any great yearning for more civilised companionship, he began to feel that it was time to prosecute his journey eastward, visit the sources of the Niger, and return home.

This plan, unfortunately, was more easily conceived than carried out. Again and again Laing obtained permission to start, and when fairly on the way was recalled by the king, who at last, after much procrastination, confessed that he really could not guarantee the white man's safety. To reach the source of the Niger he would have to pass through the Kissi country, with which his Majesty of Soolima was at war. "I see," he said to the

chagrined and disappointed major, "that you have set your heart on Tembie [the district where the Niger was supposed to rise], and had I not wished to appear *great*, I should have told you at first that I had not the *power* to send you there." In spite of this, however, he allowed his guest to visit the source of the Rokelle in a mountain a few days' journey from Falaba, and from a neighbouring height Laing saw Mount Loma, one of the Kong range, some twenty-five miles to the S. by E., and the point on its dark and swarthy sides from which the Niger issues was pointed out to him, appearing to him to be about sixteen hundred feet above the level of the Atlantic. The position of Mount Loma he laid down at about 9° 25' N. lat. and 9° 45' W. long., adding the information that the river at its source bears the name of Tembie, signifying water in the Kissi language; that it runs due north for many miles to Kang Kang, and on entering that district bends to the east, loses the name of Tembie, and takes the synonymous appellations of Ba Ba and Joli Ba, or the large river, retaining them as far as Sego, Jenneh, and Timbuktu, beyond which various titles are assigned to it. Amongst the people of the neighbouring countries the Niger is considered the largest river in the universe; and it is a tradition that, though it is but half-a-yard in diameter at its source, any one attempting to leap over it would be swallowed up by it, though there is no danger in stepping quietly across it. It is also forbidden to take water from the spring, and any one who tried to do so would have his calabash wrested from his hand by an invisible power and perhaps lose his arm.

With this tissue of truth and fiction Laing was compelled for the present to be content; and having wound



2



TRABICK ARABS.

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up his stay at Falaba by a grand entertainment and ball given to the ladies, and in complimentary visits to the chiefs, he started on the 17th September, 1822, on his return journey to Sierra Leone, arriving there on the 20th of the following month, well pleased with the reception he had everywhere met with, and sanguine of favourable results to commerce from the friendly understanding he had established with the chief authorities of the interior.

The success which had attended Laing's expedition to the neighbourhood of the sources of the Niger led to his being employed, in 1827, in an attempt to penetrate from the North to Timbuktu. Joining a caravan at Tripoli, he crossed the desert to within a few miles of the great central emporium of the trade of North Africa, but he was then surprised, plundered, and left for dead by a party of Tuarick Arabs, such as those whose portraits we engrave. The Moors belonging to his party, who had fled on the approach of the marauders, returning to the scene of the conflict, found life not quite extinct, and, thanks to their care, the major recovered, and was able to reach Timbuktu, where he was kindly received and remained two months; but the only record of his observations there is contained in a letter to a relative, in which he says that the city answered his expectations in every way except as to its size, which was not more than four miles in circumference. He added that he was busily employed "in searching the records of the town, which are abundant;" but, unfortunately, the result of these researches never reached Europe. A war had recently reduced the Sheikh of Timbuktu to the position of a mere Viceroy of the Foulahs, and he presently received an order from his liege lord to expel the white Christian from the country

and prevent all possibility of his return. The Sheikh, who had become attached to his guest, was reluctantly compelled to obey, and sent the major out of the city under charge of an Arab chief named Barbooski, who promised to escort him as far as Arawan to the north-west of Timbuktú; but it is supposed that as soon as he found the hated Christian completely in his power, he murdered him and possessed himself of all his property. According to another account, the horrible deed was committed, not by Barbooski himself, but by order of the chief of a desert tribe, who, meeting Laing's party five days' journey to the north of Timbuktú, challenged the major to say, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is His prophet;" and on his declining to assert more than his belief in one God, ordered some black slaves to strangle him, and left his body to be devoured by vultures. However this may be, nothing more was ever seen or heard of the gallant explorer, whose knowledge, won at so terrible a cost, perished with him.

Hitherto the English seem to have enjoyed a kind of monopoly of North African discovery, the few adventurers of other nations who attempted to penetrate into the interior having, with the exception of Mollien, added little or nothing to our geographical knowledge. Between 1824-28, however, a young Frenchman named René Caillié, who had already, when a mere boy, travelled in the districts watered by the Senegal, advanced from the French settlement of St. Louis by way of Kakondy, Kankan, and Timbo, some two hundred miles beyond Soolimana, the furthest point reached by Laing, then, turning northwards, made his way to Jenneh, near to which Houghton met his death, and embarking at that

village went up the Niger to Timbuktu, resided in that city, so long enveloped in a veil of mystery, for a considerable time, and returned to France by way of the Great Desert and Morocco.

Before actually starting on his journey of discovery, Caillié spent some time amongst the Bracknas, a mixed race dwelling on the banks of the Senegal some hundred miles to the east-north-east of St. Louis, with a view to acquiring the Arabic language and some knowledge of the religion, habits, etc., of the people whose homes he proposed visiting. This purpose accomplished, he went first to St. Louis and to Freetown, Sierra Leone, to make final arrangements for his trip, converting the two thousand francs which formed his whole capital into the specie of the country and merchandise, and providing himself with a complete Arab disguise. Thus equipped, he embarked on the 22nd March, 1827, three years after his arrival in Africa, for Kakondy, a village near the mouth of the Rio Nuñez, arriving there on the 31st of the same month. Here he gave himself out as a Mahomedan, asserting that he had been taken prisoner by the Christians when very young, had long been away from his native land, and that, being now free, he was returning to his relations. These false pretences led to a very favourable reception from the Mandingo and other merchants then in the village; and on the 27th April he started with a caravan, consisting of five free Mandingoes, three slaves, a Foulah porter, a guide and his wife, for Dembo (N. lat. 10°, W. long. 10°), the capital of Fouta Dhialon.

Following the left bank of the Rio Nuñez, the party, after two hours' march, reached the Bethman factory, the garden of which contains the graves of Major Peddie and

other officers of his expedition, and having paid a visit of respect to the melancholy spot, Caillié, crushing down the forebodings as to his own probable fate which could not but arise, returned to his companions, whose numbers were soon afterwards considerably augmented by Foulah merchants, loaded with salt, etc., on their way to Foulah. The new-comers, hearing that our hero was an Arab, showed him much veneration, and were constantly pitying him for his fatigue, sometimes even, when a halt was made, taking his legs upon their knees and rubbing them, saying, "Thou must suffer sadly, because thou art not used to such a toilsome journey." Once a Foulah fetched some leaves to make the supposed returning exile a bed with the words, "Here; this is for thee, for thou canst not sleep upon the stones as we do." All these delicate attentions Caillié accepted with easy nonchalance; but he took care throughout the journey to retire to the woods to write and arrange his notes, for he knew well that should his true character of a Christian and geographical explorer become known, his very life would be in danger.

Crossing the stream of Taukilta, said by the Mandingoes to be the Nuñez, the caravan took an east-north-east direction, passed the little village of Oreons, inhabited by sheep-breeding Foulahs, and a little beyond it halted at a spring in a ravine, where Caillié was surprised by some red apes, who barked at him like dogs, and would probably have attacked him had not two Mandingoes beaten them off. On the 25th April, after halting now at a Foulah camp, now at some little secluded village, a chain of mountains called Lantegué was reached, and, entering their narrow gorges, with perpendicular peaks rising some two hundred fathoms above their heads on

either side, the caravan crossed first one mountain stream and then another, accepting the primitive hospitality of the Foulah herdsmen. Beyond these mountains, fertile plains were traversed, succeeded by another chain of lofty hills, on which Caillié noticed negroes with heavy loads on their heads leaping from one precipice to another with the easy agility of goats. A halt of two days was made at the little village of Pandeya, situated at the foot of a mountain, and containing some one hundred and fifty or two hundred inhabitants, for the celebration of the Mahommedan festival of the Ramadan, in which Caillié took the share of a true Mussulman alike in the praying and feasting.

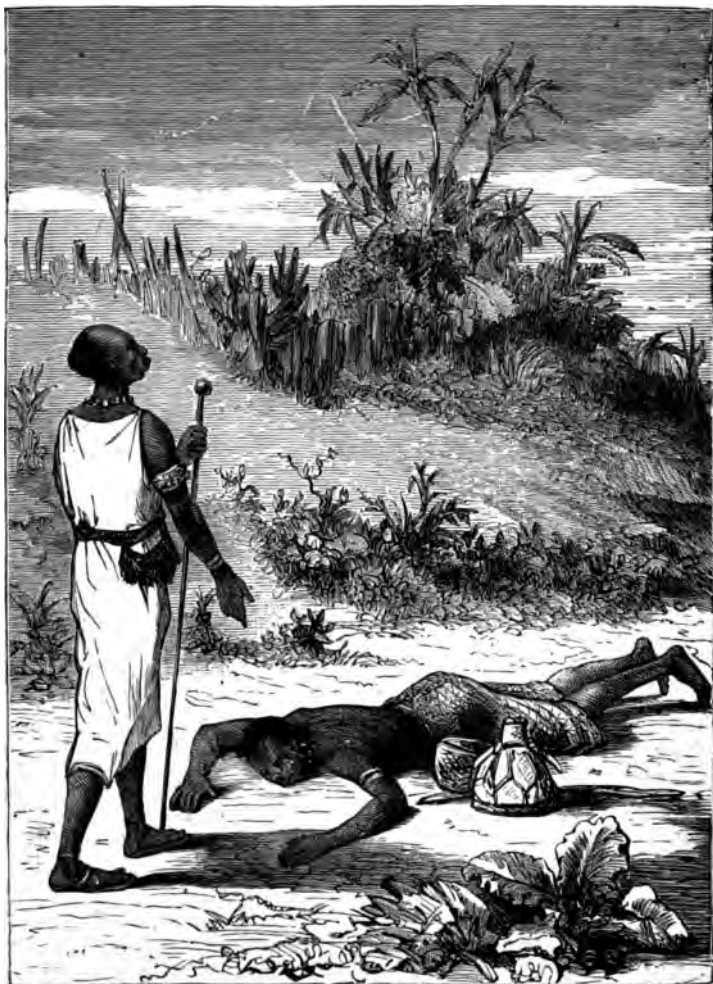
On the 29th April, the remains of the meat killed for this solemn occasion was packed in leather bags, and the journey was continued over mountains and rocks till the summit of the lofty hill of Touma, separating the country of Irnanké from Fouta Dhialion, was reached, when a short halt was made before turning eastwards and traversing the last-named district, inhabited by a handsome, well-made, and warlike Foulah race, bigoted professors of Mahommedanism, who had the Koran at their finger-ends, and were ready to persecute Christians to the death. In spite of his appearance, religious belief, and other disadvantages, Caillié managed to make himself liked and respected at the various villages at which he rested, and, which was perhaps of even greater importance, obtained permission from the authorities of the province to visit the neighbouring country of the Kankan, never yet to our knowledge seen by European eyes. Excusing himself from paying his respects to the Almany or head chief of Fouta Dhialion, then resident at Dembo, our hero,

accompanied by a guide, crossed the Tankisso at a point said to be half or three-quarters of a day's journey from the Niger, and soon found himself at the village of Bagaraya, inhabited partly by Dhialoukes and partly by Mandingoes, where he waited a whole day for the arrival of some Mandingo merchants who had promised to escort him to the Niger. On the 1st of June, the expected caravan having arrived, he again started, this time in a southeasterly direction, and, after traversing a fertile country intersected by streams and rich in indigo, etc., and where he tells us slaves worked to the sound of the tambour (!), he found himself in the little village of Couronassa on the banks of the Joliba or Niger, having encountered fewer perils and suffered less from privation or fever than any of his predecessors whose efforts in connection with that far-famed stream have been recorded in this volume.

On the 13th June the Niger was crossed in canoes, twenty-five feet long by three wide and one deep, the passage occupying many hours, and the long exposure to the great heat of the sun giving even Caillié, acclimatised as he was, a touch of fever. Landing on the eastern bank, he put up his umbrella, but was advised by his companions to close it lest it should excite the curiosity of the Kafirs or infidels, in whose country they now were. Proceeding eastwards, the village of Sambarala was passed, and, later, that of Connancodo, where Caillié noticed the first orange trees he had seen on the trip.

On the 14th a halt was made at Tessadongon, a village on the Yendon, a tributary of the Niger; and on the 17th, after crossing numerous streams and meeting many parties of merchants on their way to the interior, Caillié entered Kankan, capital of the province of that name, a well-kept





AFRICAN MODE OF SALUTATION.

NORTH AFRICA, P. 149.

town, with broad streets shaded by date, baobab, and other trees, situated on the left bank of the Milo, an important tributary of the Niger, and containing some six thousand inhabitants. Here he remained a whole month waiting for an escort to Jenneh, employing his time in noting the peculiar customs, etc., of the natives. At the markets held three times a-week he was amused at the peculiar modes of salutation practised on the meeting of friends or acquaintances; the wayfarers, bringing in their commodities for sale, flinging them down without hesitation to prostrate themselves in the dust, as in our illustration. He tells us that all the merchants were provided with small scales of native manufacture, the weights of which consisted of the seeds of a tree, and that bargains were made with the strictest honesty. Amongst the chief articles of commerce were pieces of fine white cloth woven by the women, earthen pots, rice, yams, etc. During his stay at Kankan, Caillié was present at the Mussulman festival of the Salam, held on an extensive plain outside the village. In the crowds collected he noticed several natives wearing scarlet coats, which had evidently once belonged to European soldiers, and many European hats in various stages of decay. The Almany, or chief of the village, was wrapped in a scarlet mantle presented to him by Major Peddie, of which he was justly proud. After a prayer offered up by the Almany, and reverently followed by kneeling thousands, a chief harangued the people—not on religious subjects, but on the dangers of the road to Bouré, and the expediency of transferring their trade to some other part of the country. At the conclusion of this speech, the Paschal lamb was slaughtered, and the remainder of the day was

devoted to feasting, accompanied by much leaping and dancing, thus quaintly combining heathen, Mahommedan, and Jewish customs.

On the 10th July, 1827, Caillié left Kankan, and rapidly traversing one district after another, including Wassolo, a country inhabited by heathen Foulahs engaged in agriculture and cattle-breeding, he reached the Mahommedan village of Timé, on the southern borders of Bambarra, on the 3rd August, where he was taken ill of fever and scurvy, and detained until the middle of December. Again and again he thought he should see his native country no more, but he was most kindly tended by an old negress, to whom, under God, he felt he owed his preservation. For four months he hovered between life and death, lying in a miserable hut with no pillow but his leather travelling-bag, and unable to eat anything but a little rice. In spite of his weakness, however, he did not fail to note what was going on about him, and tells us that the Mandingoes of the country were a lazy, joyous, affectionate race, fond of social meetings, and much addicted to polygamy, taking, in fact, as many wives as they could support, and making them work like slaves after the first month or two of wedded life. Even their funerals were celebrated with music, feasting, and dancing; and Caillié described one held just before he left the village, in which the most novel and picturesque feature - was the employment of a band of little children dressed in fresh green foliage and wearing ostrich feathers on their heads, who danced to the sound of music, and rattled flints and bits of iron in round baskets held in either hand.

Having rewarded his faithful nurse with handsome presents—including a piece of coloured cloth, which her

son naïvely suggested must have been made by God Himself, "it was so beautiful"—and procured a trustworthy guide, Caillié once more resumed his journey on the 9th December, and, joining a caravan of some fifty Mandingo merchants bound for Jenneh, reached that town on the 10th March, 1828, after a pleasant journey through a fertile country peopled by peaceful Mandingoes professing Mahommedanism. On this march the women, of whom there were about thirty-five, carried the loads and led the way, announcing their approach when near a village by ringing small bells made of iron and copper. Jenneh, Caillié reports, is a town some two and a-half miles in circumference, situated on an island in the Niger, here named the Dhioliba or Joliba. It was called by early travellers the Land of Gold, that metal and slaves being the chief articles traded in by its wealthy merchants. The streets, though irregular, are of a fair width, and well kept; and the houses, which have no chimneys and but one door, are mostly of one story only, but are all terraced, and contain long narrow rooms. The inhabitants consist mostly of Mandingoes, Foulahs, Bambarrans, and Moors, who all profess Mahommedanism and acknowledge the authority of one chief. Many really fine mosques and free public saloons announce a considerable degree of civilisation, and the constant animation in the streets reminded the French guest of the towns of his native land.

Having told his usual story to the authorities, Caillié was hospitably entertained, provided free of cost with everything he could wish for, and on the 13th March, 1828, was allowed to embark for Timbuktu in a canoe of some twelve or fifteen tons burden, manned by negroes, who had orders to convey him to another and larger

vessel, waiting further up the river. Shooting past the low shrub-clothed banks of the Niger, dotted with villages, the little bark made rapid progress, and on the 25th March the village of Coona was reached, a little beyond which lay the large canoe already mentioned. The merchandise, etc., was quickly transferred to the new vessel, and the voyage may be said to have been actually begun. The only white man among a large party of negroes, Caillié now found his situation far from pleasant; he had often scarcely enough food to sustain life, and suffered much from fever and sickness. He met, however, with no active ill-treatment, and did not fail to notice the character of the country through which he passed. On the 2nd April, at a short distance from the mouth of Lake Debo, a group of islands, dividing the river into two large and several smaller branches, was passed; and on the 19th of the same month, just one year after the start from Kankondy, Caillié entered the village of Cabra, forming the port of Timbuktu. Here the tents of the Touarick Arabs mingled with the huts of the Foulahs and Mandingoes, and our traveller realised that he was close to the scene of the death of the ill-fated Major Laing. Secure in the thoroughness of his disguise, however, he mingled freely with the crowds of merchants, etc., in the streets, examining the low, earthen-terraced houses, attending the daily markets held for the supply of necessities to Soudan traders, interrogating the trading slaves in their straw huts, tasting the fruit of the nenuphar, which constitutes their principal food, acquainting himself, in a word, with all the most notable peculiarities of this rendezvous of natives from the North, South, East, and West of Africa. On the 20th of April, escorted by a party of slaves, and

followed by a mounted Tuarick Arab, our hero left Cabra, and, making his way for three hours over shifting sands, he entered the mysterious city of Timbuktu with a feeling, as he tells us himself, of extraordinary satisfaction, although he can scarcely have failed to remember that no European traveller but the shipwrecked Adams had ever returned from it alive. After all he had heard of its magnificence, the first sight of the city, consisting, as it does, of a mass of ill-built earthen houses, was disappointing; but gradually its aspect, rising up from the midst of yellow sands, and attesting the courage and patience of its builders, won his admiration, and he felt that it might indeed be called the Queen of Western Africa. Taking up his residence with a friendly Arab named Sidi Abdallahi, who readily accepted his own account of himself, Caillié lost no time in beginning his researches, visiting the house occupied by Major Laing, and shortly obtaining an interview with the hereditary negro prince named Osman, who, like most of the natives of Timbuktu, belonged to the Kisser nation. The Moorish settlers, however, though in the minority, occupied the best houses and exercised considerable influence in the counsels of the Government. Both negroes and Moors stand in considerable awe of the wandering Tuarick tribes, who can at any time stop their supplies of wheat, etc., from Cabra, and, if resisted, would probably declare war against and destroy the entire city of Timbuktu. The town is described by Caillié as a sort of triangle measuring about three miles in circumference, with large but not lofty houses, numerous straw huts, and broad, well-kept streets. Seven mosques, each surmounted by a square tower, announce the religion of the place to be Mahommedan; and a single palm tree rising from the

centre would appear to point to the conclusion that some desert oasis was chosen as its site. Set down in a vast plain of white sand, with no vegetation but a few stunted trees and shrubs, Timbuktu is dependant on Jenneh for food, clothing, and everything else except salt, its one article of commerce. Having obtained a pretty accurate notion of the appearance and ways of the town itself, Caillié extended his wanderings to the surrounding deserts, often sitting down upon some stone to take his notes, with a volume of the Koran, which he was supposed to be studying, open on his knees.

At the end of a fortnight, thinking that longer delay might lead to detection, and becoming weary of sustaining an assumed character, our hero resolved to start on his journey across the Great Desert, refusing his host's kind invitation to remain, and alleging a most unfeigned eagerness to be again with his own people. Joining a vast caravan, which included some six hundred camels, he left Timbuktu on the 4th May, and, bearing due north, passed the scene of Laing's murder on the 8th, and arrived at El Arawan, a celebrated desert emporium, on the 9th. Here a long and wearisome delay ensued, and Caillié inveighs bitterly against the combined confusion and dullness of the place, but speaks in terms of gratitude of the kindness received from a certain Kalif to whom he had been recommended by Sidi Abdallahi, his host at Timbuktu. Situated in a natural hollow, and surrounded on every side by undulating sands, El Arawan greatly resembles Timbuktu, but the streets are wider and even better kept. Like the latter city, its only commodity is salt, and it is entirely dependent on external sources for its food, etc. It is the rendezvous of caravans from the coast, and is often visited by troops of Tuarick Arabs,



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who are here less overbearing in their ways than at Timbaktu, the town being further from their own encampments. The greater number of the permanent inhabitants are Moors, governed by an hereditary monarch.

On the 19th May, 1828, the caravan, augmented by other northward-bound merchants, was again *en route*, and after a terrible journey of three weeks across the desert, during which Caillié had to endure all the usual sufferings from thirst, hurricanes, fatigue, etc., the so-called El Harib district, inhabited by a nomad tribe, who get their living by camel-breeding, was entered, and the French traveller made his first acquaintance with the Berber Arabs, who made several raids upon the camp during a halt of a few days, but were ready, when a fresh start was made, to let bygones be bygones, and act as guides to the men they had robbed. Beyond El Harib, the character of the country traversed changed perceptibly; trees and wells were of more frequent occurrence, the towns and villages passed presented a less desolate appearance, and on the 23rd July the "beautiful and majestic palm trees of the country of Taflet" were sighted. After a halt of a few days at the village of Ghourland, the province of Taflet was traversed; and on the 12th August Caillié arrived at Fez, whence he made his way without difficulty to Rabat, a sea-side town on the north-west of the Straits of Gibraltar, arriving there on the 18th August. Greatly to his disappointment, the French Consul to whom he told his story refused to believe him or to give him any assistance in returning to France. He was therefore compelled to make his way to Tangiers, and being by this time almost penniless, he was unable to procure a horse or mule for himself, but was obliged to be content

with a donkey already overloaded. As might have been expected, the poor beast sunk under the additional weight, and Caillié had to perform more than half the journey on foot. On the 17th September, as darkness was beginning to fall, he entered Tangiers in a state of the utmost exhaustion, and not daring openly to ask for an interview with a Christian lest the disguise so long maintained should be detected, he spent the night in the streets. With the morning fresh courage returned, and after wandering about for some time he obtained an interview with the French Vice-Consul, M. Delaporte, by whom he was received with transports of joy, and, to use his own words, "closely embraced, notwithstanding his dirty rags."

Great precautions were still necessary before Caillié could assume his true character, so bigoted is the fanaticism of the Moors of the North, and so terrible would have been their rage at the long deception practised upon them, and it was not, therefore, until a few days after his first interview with M. Delaporte that he was again permitted to enter the consulate. Admitted by a back door at night, he was conducted to an apartment and allowed to change his Arab rags for a good European costume. Nothing, he tells us, could exceed his joy at casting off for ever his disguise, and at the successful termination of a journey in which he had traversed thousands of miles in a wild country and escaped unnumbered dangers. He remained at Tangiers as M. Delaporte's guest until his health was somewhat restored, and then assuming, by the advice of his host, the dress of a French sailor, he embarked, on the 25th September, in the French sloop *La Légère* bound for Toulon, where he landed on the 10th October, 1828, after more than sixteen months spent in the North

and North-West of Africa. He was enthusiastically received, and on his arrival in Paris was rewarded with the recompense promised by the French Geographical Society to the first traveller who should penetrate to the mysterious town of Timbuku and bring from thence his authentic observations.





CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN LOUIS BURCKHARDT AND THE ARABS OF THE DESERT.

Burckhardt's First Trip down the Nile, and Intercourse with the Ababbé Arabs—Journey through Nubia to Shendy, and Return to Egypt by way of Atbara and Souakin—Visit to the Peninsula of Sinai, and Death.

WHEN all hope either of Hornemann's or Park's return was finally abandoned, John Louis Burckhardt (1784–1817), a native of Lausanne, offered to follow the route of the former as far as Murzuk, and thence carry on fresh explorations in the neighbouring districts. The offer was eagerly accepted by the African Association, and although, as had so often been the case, the programme laid down was never carried out, much was done to add to our knowledge of North-East Africa. After two years spent in Syria with a view to the study of Arabic in its purest form, and the acquirement of Oriental manners, Burckhardt proceeded to Cairo in 1811, looking every inch a Mussulman, with sunburnt visage, long flowing beard, and loose Oriental robes. No immediate opportunity presenting itself of carrying out the main object of his journey, the young Swiss determined to "set out by land for Upper Egypt, . . . push on beyond the first cataract, and follow the course of the river by the

second and third cataract towards Dongola," that country not having been explored by Europeans beyond Derr.

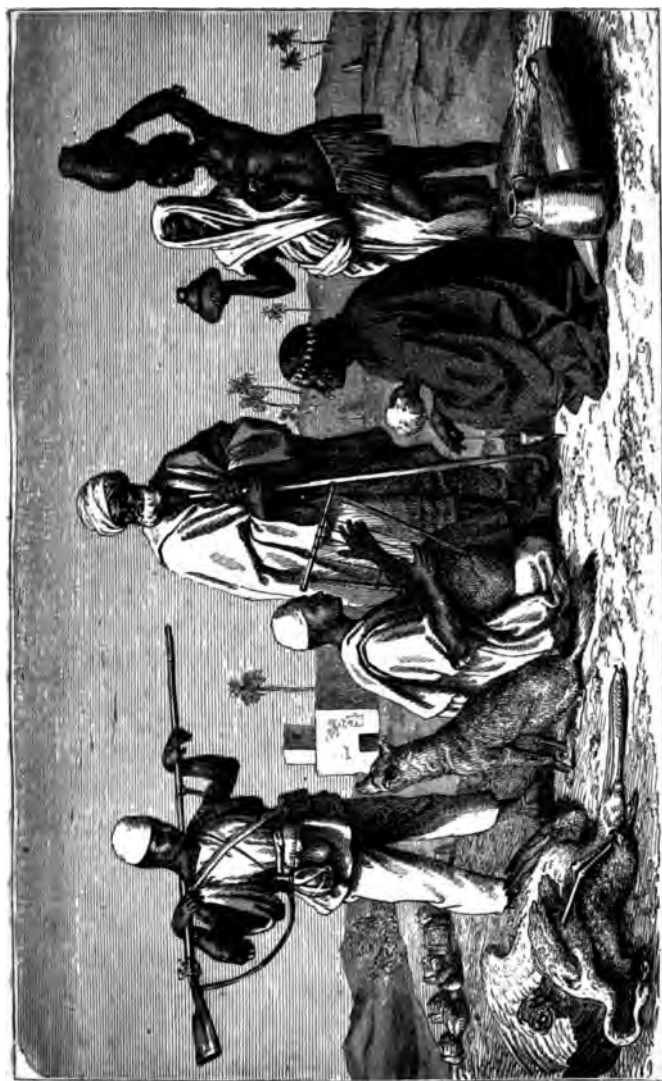
Having visited the chief ruins of the Valley of the Nile, Burckhardt arrived at Assouan on the 2nd February, 1813, where he obtained an Arab guide, an old man, who gave his services for one hundred and forty miles of travel for the modest fee of one Spanish dollar; and, leaving his servants and baggage behind him, mounted his dromedary for his ride up the Nile, wearing the blue gown of an Egyptian merchant, and carrying with him nothing but his gun, sabre, pistol, provision bag, and a woollen mantle to serve as a carpet by day or a wrapper at night. Between Assouan and Derr but few adventures were met with, the road being perfectly safe for foreign travellers accompanied by a native, and on the evening of the 1st of March the pseudo Egyptian merchant and his guide rode into the latter city, well pleased with the reception they had met with in the villages by the way.

At Derr, some little difficulty was experienced in obtaining a guide and permission to proceed further up the river, Hassan Kashef, the chief of the district, who had already treated Legh so discourteously, suspecting Burckhardt to be a Turkish spy. Fortunately, our hero had made good friends with the ruler of Esneh, who had given him a letter of recommendation to Hassan, and, by hinting that a report of the latter's unfriendly reception might lead to reprisals on a caravan conveying valuable merchandise from Derr down the Nile, he at last obtained a reluctant consent to his departure, together with a letter of recommendation to the chief authority at Sukkot, and a Bedouin guide named Mahommed Abou Saad, belonging to a branch tribe of the Ababdé Arabs, who inhabit the districts

immediately to the south of Derr, and earn a scanty subsistence by acting as guides or collecting senna from the Eastern mountains and nitre from the Western Desert.

The first halt outside Derr was made at the home of Abou Saad on a little island in the Nile, where Burckhardt was able to notice particularly the peculiarities of his people, who, he tells us, were quite black, though their features were not of the negro type. The men and women both wore very little clothing, and took great pride in their hair, which they dressed in long ringlets and ornamented with mother-of-pearl or glass beads. Returning to the banks of the river, the road wound amongst date trees and rows of houses till the ruined castle of Ibrim was reached, in which the Mamelukes sustained a long siege during their famous struggle with Ibrahim Pasha. Resuming their march after a short halt at Ibrim, where they were courteously treated by the pale-faced descendants of the Turkish soldiers "sent to garrison Ibrim by the Sultan Selym," the travellers kept along the bank of the river, passing through one wâdy (low ground) and grove of date trees after another, now halting to examine the ruins with which their path was strewn, now accepting the primitive hospitality of the Nubian villagers, till they came to the southern extremity of the far-famed Wâdy Halfa, with the second cataract on the west, the noise of which was heard afar off.

The road now led over rugged mountains haunted by Arab robbers of the Sheygya tribe, and when they were safely crossed, came districts inhabited by Arabs of various tribes and true Nubians, such as those seen in our illustration, who, though on the whole friendly to foreigners, were ready to mulct them at every turn. On one plain, at the



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summit of a high mountain, a curious mode of extortion was practised by the guide, who suddenly alighted and begged a present. It was refused, on which he "collected a heap of sand and moulded it into the form of a diminutive tomb, then placing a stone at each of its extremities, he told the traveller that his tomb was made," meaning that there would be no safety for him in the wilderness. Burckhardt paid a piastre and his tomb was destroyed; but, emboldened by his success, the guide made another grave the next day. This time his master dismounted, and, making an exact duplicate of his own sepulchre, said, "That is for you; we are brethren; it is but just we should be buried together." The man laughed and destroyed his handiwork; Burckhardt did the same, and no more graves were made.

On the 13th March, having left Derr on the 2nd, our hero reached the encampment of the Nubian governors, a cluster of hamlets, of which Mahass was the principal, opposite Tinareh (N. lat. 20°), and on the frontiers of Dongola, where he hoped to obtain a guide and the necessary provisions, etc., for proceeding on his journey southwards. The chiefs, however, were busily engaged in besieging the castle of Tinareh, then in the hands of a rebel; and no persuasions could induce them to sanction any further explorations in their territory. The two principal chiefs or Kashefs, Hosseyn and Mahommed, were indeed for some time undecided whether to put Burckhardt to death or merely to detain him; and Hassan, Kashef of Derr, having retained all the letters of recommendation with which he had provided himself, he had great difficulty in proving himself to be merely a harmless traveller. When things were at the worst,

however, two nephews of the Kashef arrived who had seen Burckhardt at Derr and confirmed his statements; but though they succeeded in persuading his hosts to leave his head on his shoulders, they could do no more; and, after waiting in vain for permission to proceed, Burckhardt was obliged reluctantly to retrace his steps and return to Esneh, where he remained until another opportunity presented itself of going to Nubia with a caravan bound for a more easterly portion of that country.

Whilst at Esneh, our traveller was able to make some acquaintance alike with the Fellahs (peasants) of Upper Egypt, the Ababdé Arabs, and the mixed race resulting from inter-marriages amongst them. He found them all dangerous people to live with, eagerly engaged in the slave trade, by which they made large profits; and he was compelled to assume poverty lest he should provoke robbery or extortion. He joined the caravan, unaccompanied by any servant, at Daraou, a village three days' journey from Esneh, in the garb of a poor trader, wearing a "loose brown woollen cloak, a coarse white linen shirt and trousers, a white woollen cap tied round with a common handkerchief as a turban," and sandals on his feet.

On the 2nd March, 1814, all was ready for departure; the camels had been watered and, much against their will, crammed with a triple portion of dhourra (grain), which they were to chew for the first few days of their march, and, kneeling down by their respective loads, patiently awaited their master's will, whilst the Ababdé women brought "earthen vessels filled with burning coals," set them down near the prostrate animals, threw salt upon them, and, as the blue fumes rose into the dry still air, exclaimed, "May you be blest in going and coming!"

The first two days' journey led through sandy wastes, and were entirely uneventful; but on the third day a squabble occurred between the advanced guard of the caravan and some Bedouin Arabs, who, having heard of the travellers' approach, had come down to waylay them in a narrow rocky pass, hoping to exact a tribute. Tearing off all their clothing but a rag about their waists, the combatants advanced upon each other with their long two-edged swords, and short lances and targets, leaving Burckhardt to suppose that a bloody struggle was about to ensue. He tells us that a most horrible clamour arose, and that he levelled his musket at the principal man of the assailants, and was about to fire when one of his own party cried out, "For God's sake do not fire—no blood will be shed between them!" Twenty minutes' sham fight followed between about thirty men on each side; then the chiefs interfered, and the only damage done was found to be "three men slightly wounded and one shield cleft in two." "Our people, however," adds Burckhardt, "gained their point, for we passed without paying tribute."

This matter amicably settled, the thirty-nine camels, thirty-five asses, and eighty men making up the caravan, resumed their journey as if nothing had happened, and in four days entered the district belonging to the Bisharein Arabs, a Bedouin race, who live in the mountains near the Red Sea in the winter, and come down to the Nile in the summer. Here Burckhardt was involved in a dispute with the man who had charge of his baggage, which was only settled by the payment of a second sum for freight. One annoyance now succeeded another, for our hero's supplies were nearly exhausted, and, being unable to bribe his comrades, he had to submit to many insults and

annoyances. But, imbued with the true explorer's spirit, he restrained his anger, anxious, if possible, to avoid a rupture until he had gained his end of penetrating into the unknown districts to the south.

On the 10th March, after "crossing a rocky, mountainous country, along a road thickly covered with loose stones," a curious and characteristic tomb was passed, erected to the memory of a Mameluke. The naked corpse was enclosed within low walls of loose stones covered over with a large block. The dry air had preserved the corpse intact, and, "looking at it through the interstices of the stones which enveloped it," it appeared to Burckhardt "the most perfect mummy he had seen in Egypt." The mouth was wide open, and it was said the man had died of thirst, though close to the Wells of Haimar. After another five days' march over sandy flats and rocky heights, with here and there a fertile wâdy, the caravan entered the mountainous Shigré district, with the encampments of the Bisharein Arabs on one side and those of the Magrat Bedouins on the other; and a halt was made at Shigré Water, surrounded by porphyry rocks of a light reddish colour veined with feldspar. The Ababdés and Fellahs watered their camels and filled some twenty or thirty skins with water, but they declined to let Burckhardt have any share in this provision, and, but for the interference of the chief of the Ababdé, who gave him enough water to fill one small skin, our traveller would have fared ill in the terrible march which ensued over barren plains covered with moving sands, when none of the men were allowed to drink more than twice a-day, and the asses were put on half allowance.

To save his water, Burckhardt lived entirely on

biscuits, never cooking any food; but on the 21st of March, unable to bear the agonies of thirst, he took a long draught from his precious stock, leaving only enough for the next day. Death was now inevitable unless water were quickly found; and many of Burckhardt's companions, forgetting their former hostility, came to him in the evening begging for a draught of the precious liquid; but his generosity was not great enough to lead him to risk his life for their sakes. He had hidden his small reserve and showed them only empty skins. Some of the strongest camels were now sent with a guard of Arabs to make a forced march to the Nile and bring back water; but as hour after hour passed and they did not return, a sullen, silent despair settled down upon the caravan, its different members striving who could most stoically meet the last terrible agonies of death from thirst. But at three o'clock in the morning of the 22nd of March loud shouts were heard; the watermen had returned, and "the caravan passed suddenly from demonstrations of the deepest distress to those of unbounded joy."

Another two days' journey, over a level country with no mountains in sight, strewn with black stones and quartz, brought the caravan to the first of the four villages of Berber, inhabited by Meyrefab Arabs, who gave their visitors a most hearty welcome, pouring in in crowds to stare at them and learn the news they brought. In the time of Buckhardt, the villages of Berber consisted of tolerably well-built square mud or sun-baked brick houses, the room for the family being built round a court-yard—the scene of many a rat and mice hunt, the native boys killing these vermin every day by the dozen with lances skilfully aimed. Burckhardt thought the people of Berber a very handsome

race, with oval faces, Grecian noses, and lips, though thick, often beautifully formed, quite unlike the negro type. Except for occasional fits of intoxication on the arrival or departure of caravans, the Meyrefab Arabs are abstemious and peaceful. They take a pride in their persons and houses, show ready hospitality to strangers, and occupy themselves in agriculture and the breeding of cattle. The chief of Berber, called the Mek, expected a present from every trader who passed through his dominions, though his authority over his own people was little more than nominal.

After about a fortnight spent in Berber, the caravan again started for the South, and crossing the Mogren, a tributary of the Nile, reached the village of Damer on the 10th of April, where they remained until the 15th of the same month; Burckhardt gaining much curious information about its inhabitants, the Medja-ydin Arabs, who are famous for their Fakys, or necromancers—able at once to detect a criminal, to make a lamb, though converted into mutton, bleat in the stomach of the man who stole it, and other wonderful feats. The head man in Damer was called El Faky el Kebir—the Great Faky or conjurer; and when our traveller was in his dominion there were several schools to which young men repaired from Darfur, Senaar, Kardofan, etc., to be instructed in the law, and a well-built mosque, in which daily prayers were said.

Reluctantly turning his back on what must have seemed like a little sanctuary in the wilderness, Burckhardt now started on a dangerous road infested by robbers, the caravan being accompanied by two Fakys as guards, in whose presence no criminal, however hardened, would have dared to molest the travellers. After a march of six





hours the Valley of the Nile was left behind, and a short cut across sand-hills made to the first village of Shendy, where Burckhardt was robbed of some glass beads he was taking to exchange for bread by some men who decoyed him into a narrow lane. On an appeal to the Sheikh, or head man of the place, the stolen property was restored, but the unlucky traveller had to pay twice as much as they were worth as a reward for their discovery.

At sunset on the 17th April, the large and important town of Shendy, the head-quarters of the slave trade of North-East Africa, was entered by the caravan, and the chief merchants repaired to a large house belonging to friends of the Ababdés, but were soon turned out, as the Mek said he wanted it for a favourite female slave, who was to undergo the terrible operation of vaccination! Another residence was assigned to them in the centre of the town, where Burckhardt lived for a whole month, experiencing, as he tells us, nothing unpleasant, for the Ababdés "with whom I lodged, though they did not show me great kindness, yet forbore to treat me with rudeness. Their society served as a protection, for my person soon became conspicuous . . . and I took care to let everybody know that I belonged to the respected party of Arab guides."

At the time of Burckhardt's visit, Shendy was a town of from eight hundred to one thousand houses, divided into several quarters, with markets or public squares separating them from each other. An important commerce was carried on in cattle, camels, horses, grain, tobacco, spice, tamarinds, sandal wood, gum, drugs of various kinds, ostrich feathers, soap, white and blue cotton stuffs, etc.; blacksmiths, silversmiths, tanners, potters, carpenters, etc.,

practised their several callings much as they do in any European village; and the constant coming and going of caravans from the North, South, East and West produced an amount of life and variety rarely to be met with in any but the most important of western towns.

On the 17th May, 1814, having bought a slave boy for sixteen dollars and a camel for eleven, Burckhardt joined a caravan bound for Souakin on the Red Sea, with only four dollars in his pocket—a fact which troubled him little, as he depended on selling his camel on the coast.

On the 22nd May, after skirting along a cultivated plain and crossing a desolate sandy waste, where a terrible simoom was encountered, the caravan came to the banks of the Atbara, an important tributary of the Nile, lined with mimosa, doum, and other trees, and, fording the river, entered the village or encampment of Atbara, consisting of several “long irregular rows of tents, formed of mats made of the leaves of the doum tree, and containing about two hundred families of Bisharein Arabs.” After four days spent at Atbara, the caravan again started, having first paid “passage duty” for each individual to the chief, and, when outside the town, divided into two parties—one taking the direct road through the desert to Souakin, the other diverging a little to the south for the sake of passing through the well-watered Taka district. Burckhardt joined the latter, which for some distance followed the river, and then, branching off in an easterly direction, entered the desert. A few days’ march brought the travellers into Taka, a province owing its fertility to the regular inundations of the Nile, and famous for its herds of cattle and fine crops of dhourra, or millet.

After a rest of a few days amongst the Hadendoa Arabs,

a branch of the Bisharein Bedouins, then encamped in Taka, Burckhardt's party took a north-easterly direction, and eleven days' journey across wādys and over rocky mountains brought them to Souakin, a port on the Red Sea at the extremity of a narrow bay, with a mixed population of Bedouins, Turks, etc., engaged in commerce with Arabia and the Soudan. Our hero remained at Souakin for some time, and on the 7th July took ship for Jidda or Djedda, where he arrived on the 18th of the same month. In June, 1815, he returned to Egypt, worn out by all he had undergone; and in the following year made an excursion into the Desert of Sinai, which was, alas, his last. He died at Cairo in October, 1819, just as the long-awaited caravan for Murzuk was ready to start, having as truly laid down his life in the cause of African exploration as if he had met with a violent death during his actual excursions.



BURCKHARDT'S TOMB AT CAIRO.



CHAPTER IX.

JACKSON, RITCHIE, AND LYON ; DENHAM, OUDNEY, AND
CLAPPERTON.

The Work of James Grey Jackson—The Mission of Ritchie—His Death at Tripoli, and the Termination of his Researches by Captain Lyon—Journey of Denham, Oudney, and Clapperton from Tripoli to Murzuk, and Long Detention in the latter Town—Across the Desert to Bornou, and Discovery of Lake Tchad—Embarrassing Reception at Kouka—Denham's Trip to Mandara with the Bornou Army, and Hairbreadth Escapes after its Defeat by the Fellatahs—Oudney and Clapperton's Trip to the West—Oudney's Melancholy Death—Clapperton at Sokoto—His Return to Bornou, and Meeting with Denham—Clapperton's Last Journey with Richard Lander—His Death at Sokoto, and Lander's Return Home by way of Badagry.

BEFORE we notice the great discoveries of Denham, Oudney, and Clapperton, we must spare a few words for their less celebrated predecessors in the North of Africa—Jackson, Ritchie, and Lyon, but for whose preliminary exertions the difficulties of the English Expedition of 1822 would have been more than doubled.

James Grey Jackson, in a residence of sixteen years in various towns of the Empire of Morocco,* and in his journeys between them, collected a vast fund of trustworthy information respecting the caravan routes to the

* The name formerly given to that part of North Africa between the Mediterranean and the Great Sahara Desert, the Atlantic and Egypt.

interior, the dress, religion, manners and customs, diseases, funeral ceremonies, etiquette, and sources of revenue of the inhabitants of West Barbary, and of the general commercial relations between Morocco and the Soudan, which he gave to the world in 1809, in a book carefully compiled and richly illustrated with maps and drawings, forming an invaluable source of information to later explorers, though now almost forgotten amongst the multitude of publications on the same topic by which it was succeeded.

Yet more important was the mission begun by Mr. Ritchie by order of the British Government in 1818, and carried on, after his death at Murzuk early in 1819, by his companion and friend Captain Lyon of the Royal Navy. Starting from Tripoli on the 9th February, 1819, after a residence of three months in that city, the two friends, wearing the costumes of Tripolines of high rank, made their way without molestation to Murzuk, the capital of Fezzan, where Ritchie died of fever and over-fatigue, leaving Lyon to complete the work he had begun, and to publish the result of their common researches.

Having buried his comrade, to whom, in the course of their mutual wanderings, he had become devotedly attached, the captain started for Tegerry, the most southerly town of Murzuk, and, arriving there in safety, made numerous trips into the desert, witnessing, amongst other characteristic scenes, the return of a party of successful slave-hunters from the Tibboo country in the south, bringing with them numerous captives, some linked together with chains passed through rings in iron collars round their necks, and all, except the very young and infirm, who were driven along like cattle, with the right hand bound to the

throat. The healthy babies were carried in leather bags, the sickly left to die upon the road; and Lyon noticed one camel with a bag of woolly-headed children on one side of its back, and a second bag containing its own little one on the other!

Returned to Murzuk, Lyon devoted his time to the arrangement of the notes made by himself and Ritchie in their excursions, and, which was perhaps of even greater consequences to those who succeeded him, in doing his best to alleviate the condition of the poor natives who came to him for medicines, advice, etc., looking upon him as a superior being sent from above. Amongst the Tuarick chiefs, also, Lyon made many friends, and one of them, named Hateeta, tried to persuade him to visit him in his own country and go with him to Negroland, asking no further guerdon for his services than a sword such as the captain was then wearing. The journey to the south was never made, but some years later Hateeta received his sword.

In February, 1820, Lyon set out on his return to Tripoli, arriving there, after a short stay at Sockna, at the end of March, and embarking for England early in April. His book, published in 1821, and illustrated with brilliant chromo-lithographs, was afterwards introduced into the countries visited by him, and excited the greatest amusement and astonishment. Even in the time of Barth, Richardson, and Oberweg, the name of the captain was still remembered, and to be his countryman was a passport to the good-will of the Arabs he had known.

In 1822 a new expedition, consisting of Dr. Oudney, Lieutenant Clapperton, and Major Denham, was sent out from England to explore the course of the Niger. Starting

from Tripoli in March, provided, as they thought, with authority from the Bashaw of the province of the same name to obtain an escort at Murzuk to proceed to Bornou, the three new adventurers made their first halt, after a journey of fourteen days, at Sockna, a walled town about a mile in circumference, half way between Tripoli and Murzuk. Here they met with an enthusiastic reception, the governor, the principal inhabitants, and hundreds of the country people crowding round their horses, kissing their hands, and shouting "Inglesi! Inglesi!" This welcome, the more gratifying from the fact that our travellers were the first Englishmen to attempt to penetrate into Africa without wearing a disguise, was but a foretaste of the cordiality met with during their stay in the town. Men and animals were alike liberally supplied with food, chiefly dates; the ladies vied with each other in doing honour to their white-skinned guests; and on one occasion two of them were invited into the house of a celebrated beauty, and there questioned and examined by crowds of brunettes, who appeared to find everything about them wonderful, especially their watches and pockets, the latter being literally turned inside out again and again.

From Sockna the three "heroes" made their way across the desert to Murzuk, suffering much by the way from want of water, and meeting a terrible sand-storm, such as sometimes destroys whole caravans, in which their bedding, etc., was buried so deeply that it had to be dug out. Having unfortunately neglected to inform the Sultan of Murzuk of their approach, the reception in that town was not so hearty as it had been at Sockna; naked boys, and a few ragged Tibboos, Tuarick Arabs, etc., being the only inhabitants who went forth to greet them. After

some little delay, however, an interview was granted them by the Sultan, who, to their dismay, assured them that it was quite impossible for them to proceed southward. He had orders from his superior, the Bashaw of Tripoli, to see that they were well treated in his dominions, and to assign them a residence at Sebba or Murzuk, where they were to await his arrival—that was all! Disheartened and disgusted, the English party left the great man's presence to take up their residence in a house previously occupied by Lyon and Ritchie. Here they remained some days, receiving visits from all the principal people of the town, amongst others from the Tuarick chief Hateeta, who had been so good a friend to Captain Lyon, and was now made happy by the present of the promised sword sent to him by that gentleman through Major Denham.

When friendly persuasion and bribes had alike failed in changing the Sultan's mode of reading his instructions, Denham determined to return to Tripoli and see what could be done at head-quarters. Leaving Murzuk on the 20th May, with a negro servant named Barea, three camels and two Arabs, he arrived at his destination on the 12th June, obtained an interview with the Bashaw the next day, and failing to make him fall in with his own views, threatened to return to England and there represent the want of faith with which he and his comrades had been treated. A small French vessel happening to be in harbour, Denham actually embarked in it for Marseilles, fully expecting the result which ensued. The frightened Bashaw, thinking that an English army would assuredly presently land on his shores, sent three urgent despatches after his angry guest—one to Leghorn, the second to Malta, and the third to Marseilles—in each of which he

declared that an escort was ready at once to convey the travellers to Bornou. On receipt of the third message, Denham gracefully condescended to return.

A certain personage of high rank, rejoicing in the name of Boo-Bucker Boo Khaloum, with an imposing escort, met him at the entrance to the desert, and the whole party rode into Sockna in fine style, Boo Khaloum and his followers wearing the brilliant and flowing Mahomedan dress, and the major his British uniform, with loose Turkish trousers, a red turban, red boots, and a white burnouse over all, which, as he naïvely informs us, "was by no means an unbecoming dress!" At Sockna, Denham had to wait a few days for the arrival of a number of Arabs who were to augment his escort, and also for the recovery of Boo Khaloum, who was struck down by a serious illness, which at one time threatened to be fatal. The major's medicines and charms of various kinds, including the laying of the dead body of a dove on the patient's forehead, were, however, finally successful; and before the major's patience was quite exhausted, the caravan, its numbers greatly augmented, was again *en route* for Murzuk. Soon after leaving Sockna, the northernmost ridge of the basaltic chain of the Sudah, or Black Mountains, was reached; and about a fortnight's journey over lofty hills and across dreary wastes of sand brought our traveller once more to Murzuk, where, to his disappointment and dismay, he found both Oudney and Clapperton laid low with fever and ague.

It was thought desirable that they should at once remove to Gatun, some days further south, in the hope that change of air might enable them to make the journey to the south; but when they were joined about a fortnight later by Denham, Boo Khaloum, and a strong party of

Arabs, etc., they were still so weak and ailing that it was little short of madness for them to proceed. Of that madness, however, they were guilty, and, buoyed up by enthusiasm and the hope of accomplishing great things, the whole party started about the 30th November, accompanied by numerous merchants from Mesurata, Tripoli, Sockna, Murzuk, etc. A marabout or priest went with them a short distance from the town to bless their exit, and "having drawn a parallelogram on the sand with his wand, he wrote in it certain words of great import from the Koran," with an air so solemn and reverent that it was impossible to ridicule him. The formula ended, the travellers rode in single file across the spot thus consecrated, the white men probably leading the way, followed by dark-visaged Moors, negroes, Tuarick Arabs, Tibboos, etc. Passing the villages of Medroosa, with an Arab castle, on the south-east, and Kasrowa, surrounded by tumuli, they reached Tegerry on the 9th December, where they were detained some days owing to the increased weakness of Dr. Oudney and the illness of Hillman, the carpenter, and two of the inferior servants. On the 13th December, however, the whole party seemed once more in a fit condition for travelling, and leaving Tegerry, the caravan wound through the south-eastern districts of Fezzan, over barren stony plains, here and there whitened by human skeletons, the remains of slaves or travellers who had fallen victims to fatigue or want of water, till they entered the so-called Tibboo, Tebu, or Teda country, inhabited by a hardy race at constant feud with their western neighbours, the Tuarick Arabs, and ready to fall upon any band of wanderers not sufficiently strong to offer effectual resistance.

The march through this hostile district was dreary and monotonous in the extreme; a constant look-out for enemies had to be maintained; the human skeletons became more and more numerous; the heat was often almost insupportable; water failed again and again, and more than once it seemed as if Oudney, Clapperton, and Hillman must die upon the road. On the 20th December the lofty hills of Hormut-el-Wahr, with one peak five or six hundred feet in height, were reached; and entering the only known pass, the weary travellers struggled on, emerging in a wâdy, or low ground, with a good well, after a march of nine hours, and then making their way over deserts and amongst sandstone hills to the Wâdy Kebar, a little below the 20th parallel of north latitude.

The next few days' march led through several towns belonging to the Sultan of the Tibboo country, including Kisbee, the place of rendezvous for slave coffles and merchants, and also a kind of custom-house, where tribute was exacted for permission to proceed further south. The Sultan and seven Tibboos, gaunt fellows, much addicted to snuff, with large nostrils and yellow teeth, honoured Boo Khaloum with a visit in his own tent, and Denham's watch, compass, and a curious musical snuff-box were turned over and over, exciting the greatest astonishment. A fine scarlet burnouse presented to the Sultan by Khaloum delighted his Majesty's heart; a number of Tibboo dancers were ordered to perform in honour of the visitors, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

Permission to proceed southwards was readily granted, and on the 6th January the expedition was again *en route*, the Sultan himself accompanying it, and thus enabling our heroes to witness the wild festivities given in his

honour by the people of the various towns through which he passed. Bearing to the south-west, and crossing a fertile district, with good pastures supporting droves of oxen and containing plenty of water, the caravan reached Bilma, the capital of Tibboo and the residence of the Sultan, on the 12th January; and his Majesty, having ridden on in advance, came out to meet his guests escorted by some fifty warriors, armed with bows, arrows, and spears, and followed by more than one hundred women. The latter accompanied the travellers into the town, dancing, screaming, and singing in an extraordinary manner; and with their long hair in "three triangular flaps of plaits" streaming with oil, coral ornaments in their noses, and amber necklaces round their throats, they must indeed, as Denham assures us, have presented a most "seducing appearance."

Having been regally entertained with dancing, singing, and music, and visited the lakes near the town famous for their pure, crystallised salt, the tents were again struck, and one weary march succeeded another over desert wilds, treacherous shifting sands, till the country of the Gunda Tibboos was entered on the 28th January, and halting at Beere Kashifery, our travellers found themselves once more in a cultivated district and a little below the limit of the tropical rains. The Sheikh of the Gunda Tibboos, Mina Tahr by name, at once called to pay his respects to Boo Khaloum. A scarlet burnouse, such as his contemporary of Bilma had received, supplemented by a tawdry silk caftan, won his unlimited approval, and he wanted the whole party to encamp by a well which had "never before been shown to Arab." Here they were waited on by Tibboo Gunda men and maidens,

the former uglier even than their Bilma cousins, the latter, some of them, really pretty. Two splendid horses were presented to Boo Khaloum by Mina Tahr; and Denham, seeing how delighted the latter was with the reflection of his own face in the inside of his watch case, gave him a looking-glass, on which he gazed for hours with constant exclamations of delight.

On the 31st January the journey was resumed, and, as the caravan advanced southwards, the country improved with every mile; one joyous valley, with flowery grasses, etc., succeeding another. On the 1st February a large serpent was killed, and the wild corn was often up to the horses' knees. The delight in this change of climate and scenery was a little marred to the English travellers by their being unwilling witnesses of a raid by their own escort on a party of Tibboo men and women, whose clothes were torn from their backs and their cattle seized. Denham, however, had the satisfaction of saving the lives of the women and obtaining the restitution of some of their property. On the 31st January, Boo Khaloum sent forward two messengers to announce the approach of his party to Sheikh El-Kameny, resident at Kouka, on Lake Tchad, never as yet visited by a European; but on the arrival of Clapperton, a little in advance of his escort, at Kofei, on the 2nd February, one of the messengers was found tied naked to a tree and half-starved. He reported that he had been stripped by eighteen Tibboo Arabs, who had carried off his comrade and his letters. On the evening of the same day a halt was made at Kofei, on the borders of the Traita Tibboos' country, and the chief men, with their Sheikh Eakon Coghi, came to bid Boo Khaloum welcome, and to give him back his letters to

in a woody hollow, . . . where the different species of the mimosa tree cover which climb to the very top, and, far weeping bowers of a most beautiful kind Tchad, one of the principal objects of the English travellers could ill brook a long spot so charming as Mittimee; and on the 1823, the town of Lari, in the district of a rising ground overlooking the lake, was, as says Denham, "the distressing sight presented the female and most of the male inhabitants, flying across the plain in all directions at the strength of our kafilâ (caravan). It was an object full of interest to us, and thus conveyed to my mind a sensation so gratifying that it would be difficult for language to give an idea of its force or pleasure. *The great Lake with the golden rays of the sun in its strength within a mile of the spot on which we stood.*

How the collector . . .

their task ! The remainder of our narrative will show how far their hopes were realised.

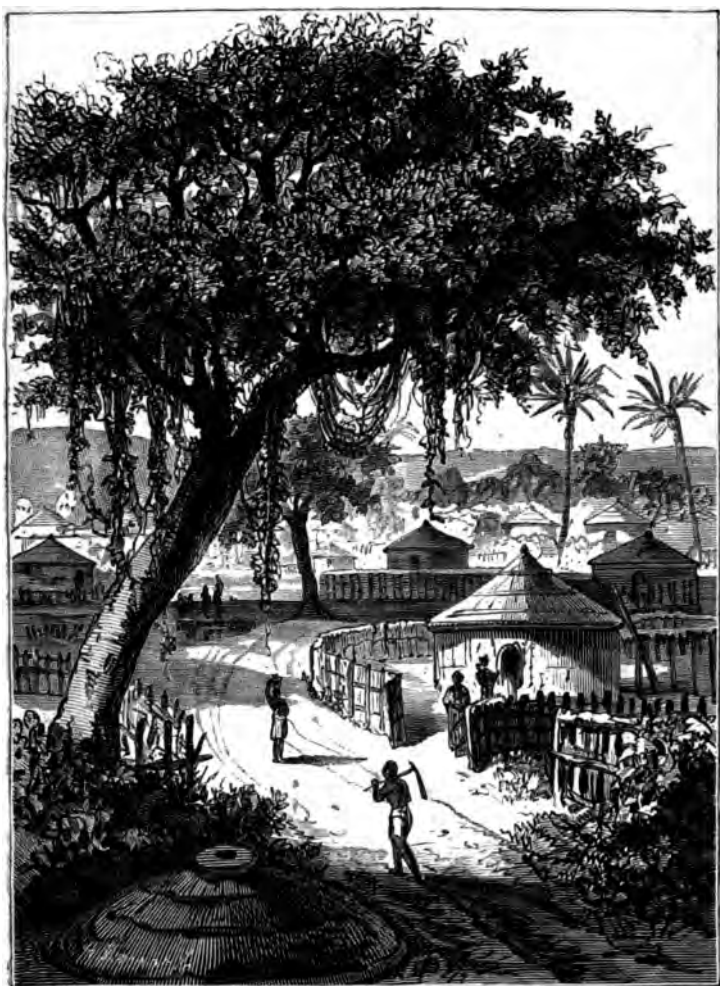
With some difficulty the people of Lari, who had been plundered by Tuarick Arabs a few days before, were convinced that Boo Khaloum and his party meant them no harm, and, returning to their homes, brought out their sheep, fowls, honey, etc., to exchange with their guests for coral, amber, and coloured beads.

Early the next morning Denham went down to the shores of the lake, which he found tenanted by thousands of water-birds, including pelicans, cranes, and spoon-bills, so tame that he could almost have knocked them down. He also witnessed a novel kind of fishing: some thirty or forty women forming a line in the water, and literally catching the fish in their hands, or making them commit suicide by leaping ashore. From Lari, the caravan advanced along the shores of the lake, with an occasional encounter with some giant reptile or an elephant to break the monotony of the journey, till they came to Burwha, the first walled negro town they had seen, where Denham made great friends with a certain Tibboo Sheikh, who accompanied his party to Bornou, and greatly amused him by the questions he asked about "Sultan George," as he called our English monarch.

Beyond Burwha, flocks of red cattle and the traces of a lion were seen ; and a day's journey further south a considerable stream called the Yeon, flowing into Lake Tchad, was crossed in rudely-shaped canoes, with high poops like Greek boats. Then ensued three days' journey, with halts at pretty native villages set down in the midst of primeval forests, and on February 17th Bornou itself was entered for the first time by Europeans. It being important to produce a

favourable impression on the Sheikh of this unexplored district, the whole party decked themselves out in their best array, and Denham, riding on a little in advance of his escort, suddenly found himself facing a body of "several thousand cavalry drawn up in line." He drew rein rather hastily, and awaited the arrival of the rest of his party with considerable impatience. As soon as the caravan appeared in sight, the Sheikh's troops set up a yell which rent the air, whilst "a blast was blown from their rude instruments of music equally loud." Then charging forwards, and wheeling suddenly to the right and left, they quickly enclosed poor Boo Khaloum and what now seemed his handful of followers, shouting "*Barca! Barca!*" —Blessing, blessing, etc. It being impossible to move on, the Arab warriors came to a full stop, Boo Khaloum foaming with rage at what was evidently a preconcerted manœuvre to prove the weakness of his party. After a little delay, however, and much useless gesticulation on both sides, Barca Gana, the Sheikh's first general, a negro of noble presence, clothed in a figured silk garment and mounted on a beautiful Mandara horse, made his appearance; a path was cleared, and the visitors were allowed slowly to approach Kouka, an important town of Bornou. On arriving at the gates, Boo Khaloum and about a dozen of his party, including the four Englishmen, Denham, Oudney, Clapperton, and Hillman, were allowed to enter; and, passing along a wide street "lined with spearmen on foot, with cavalry in front of them," they came to the Sheikh's residence, a well-built, comfortable house of several stories.

Another long delay ensued at the gates, and just as Boo Khaloum, who seems to have been rather a choleric gentle-



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man, was beginning to swear by the Bashaw's head—his usual form of imprecation, Barca'Gana appeared and took the Arab leader with him into the palace. Half-an-hour later the four Englishmen were called for, and one by one were made to pass up a staircase, at the top of which they were stopped by negroes with spears crossed, who laid "an open flat hand" on the breast of each arrival. When all had reached the top, Boo Khaloum came from an inner chamber and asked them if they were prepared to give the Sheikh the same salutation as the Bashaw, *i.e.*, lay the right hand on the heart and incline the head. "Yes," cried the four with one breath. "And lay your hands also on your heads," added Boo Khaloum. "Impossible!" cried all four, "we have but one salutation for everybody except our sovereign!" A fresh private parley between the Arab chief and the mighty Sheikh of Spears, lord of Bornou, ensued, and then, the last point being waived, our heroes were admitted into a small dark room, where sat his Highness, plainly dressed in a blue tobe (upper garment) of Soudan, and a shawl-turban, with two negroes armed with pistols on each side of him, and a brace of the same murderous instruments lying before him. A brief colloquy as to the objects of the Europeans' journey, a few words of welcome, and the awful interview was over, the Sheikh winding up his parting speech with the words, "I have ordered huts to be built for you in the town; you may go to see them accompanied by one of my people; and when you are recovered from the fatigue of your long journey, I shall be happy to see you."

To the huts in question, which turned out to be "small round mud dwellings," the white men then retired, not a little astonished at the evident civilisation and strength

of the Government of Bornou, and thankful for the favourable reception vouchsafed to them by its ruler.

As usual with travellers in Africa, our heroes were rather unpleasantly mobbed during the first few days of their stay at Kouka, and, equally as usual, they found their host very unwilling to let them go. A short journey to Birnie, a little to the south of Kouka, to pay his respects to the so-called Sultan of Bornou, and a visit to Angornou, a large and populous town a few miles from the Tchad, were the only trips permitted even to Major Denham, who, from the first, seems to have become the Sheikh's favourite amongst the Englishmen; and as to allowing any one of them to leave Bornou entirely and penetrate to Mandara, the Soudan, or any other out-lying district, that was quite out of the question! His Majesty of Bornou set far too great a value on the lives of his brother of England's subjects to allow them to be risked amongst Africans less scrupulous than himself! They must stay where they were, and enjoy all the amusements of Kouka!

Meanwhile a rebellion broke out in the camp of Boo Khaloum. His Arabs had set their hearts on a plundering expedition, or ghrazzie, to Mandara on the south-west; whilst he, content with legitimate gains, thought only of a peaceful trading journey to the Soudan. After many a hot dispute, numerous desertions, and equally numerous dismissals, the remnant of the Arabs carried the day, and poor Boo Khaloum was compelled to lead them forth to war, accompanied by Barca Gana and a large body of Bornou auxiliaries. The thought that a party had actually started for the southern districts he was so eager to explore, leaving him behind, seems nearly

to have driven Major Denham distracted ; Oudney and Clapperton were again suffering so much that *they* were content to remain at Kouka ; but that he, feeling ready to encounter any danger or fatigue, no matter what, should be included in their doom, was really intolerable. Earnestly did he ponder the situation, and gradually, by the exercise of marvellous tact and by the judicious use of presents, he won the Sheikh over to his wishes—a musical box apparently removing the last objection in the mind of his Highness,—and he was allowed, if we may so express it, to sneak out of Kouka without molestation, accompanied by a negro named Maramy ben Soudanee, chosen by the Sheikh himself, and charged to watch over his temporary master as the apple of his eye, and to commend him to the special care of the great Barca Gana. This, considering that the Sheikh only winked at Denham's absence, and was not supposed to know anything about his intentions to join the ghrizzie, very much amused the major, and in high glee he made his way as rapidly as possible to the Arab camp on the west of a town called Mertý, some forty miles south of Kouka.

Great was the rejoicing in the Arab camp when the "pale face" once more appeared in its midst. Boo Khaloum rushed forward, exclaiming, "I knew you would come ; I said you would by some means or other join us." Cheers resounded on all sides, and when an emissary from Barca Gana, the Bornou general, came to claim the presence of his master's guest in his own tent, it was with difficulty that Denham could get away.

The morning of the 18th April, 1823, found the united Arab and Bornou forces in motion, and Denham, riding beside Barca Gana, in full march for Mandara, the

attendants enlivening the way with wild music produced from reed pipes, buffalo horns, and rough drums, to which they sang words now in honour of Barca, now of Denham, such as—"Who in battle is like the rolling of thunder? Barca Gana;" or,

"Christian man he,
Friend of us and Shiekhhohe ;
White man, when he hear my song,
Fine new tobe give me," etc., etc.

On the 22nd, after a pleasant journey through a friendly country, the province of Mandara was entered, and a short halt was made at Delow, a frontier town containing some 10,000 inhabitants, and overlooked by a noble chain of hills, their steep and rugged sides clothed with trees. About a mile beyond Delow, the Sultan of Mandara, with five hundred horsemen, awaited the arrival of his guests on a rising ground. As the vast and motley concourse drew nearer and nearer, parties of cavalry charged up to the foremost line, wheeled sharply round, and as quickly dashed back to the Sultan—their dark blue tobes striped with yellow or red, their scarlet burnouses, and their white turbans presenting a really brilliant appearance. Imitating the manœuvres of the Mandarans, the advancing army in its turn charged at full speed, drawing up in front of the Sultan's guard, consisting of thirty of his sons finely mounted and wearing striped silk tobes. A short parley then ensued; Boo Khaloum explained that he had come a long distance to get slaves and plunder for his people; would his Majesty of Mandara name a "Kerdy" village which he might attack?—Kerdy being the general name given to those obstinate, unbelieving Africans who had not

yet recognised the errors of their ways and embraced Mahommedanism. His Majesty promised to consider the matter, evidently without feeling the slightest indignation at being asked to sanction so cruel and unjust a proceeding as the plunder of his innocent subjects, and, with a courteous salutation to his visitors, rode back to Mora, his capital, preceded by pipers and trumpeters vigorously blowing upon their respective instruments.

Eagerly did the Arabs eye the "Kerdy" huts dotting the mountains, from which, doubtless, many a troubled face looked down upon the dark masses of men at their feet. Greed on one side, terror on the other—such were the predominant feelings of the fellow-countrymen perhaps soon to be engaged in mortal combat. The few hours which elapsed before the Sultan's mind was made up seemed like years to the expectant Arabs; and when at last Barca Gana, Boo Khaloum, and Denham were summoned to the Sultan's presence, the excitement in the camp knew no bounds. Entering the town, the trio, as African etiquette demanded, dashed at full gallop through the streets and up to the palace gate, riding over a man on horseback, who was killed on the spot, whilst his steed's leg was broken, with absolute unconcern on the part of all but Denham, who expresses regret that fashion demanded this mode of salutation, "seldom made except at the expense of one or more lives."

Dismounting at the palace entrance, the three guests were quickly disembarassed of their slippers, and, passing through a wide entrance-door, found themselves in a large court, where, under a dark blue tent, sat the Sultan—"an intelligent little man of about fifty, with a beard dyed sky-blue—on a mud bench covered with a handsome carpet

and silk pillows, and surrounded by about two hundred persons; the five principal men of the country sitting in front, all with their backs turned towards him!" Barca Gana, as the Sheikh's representative, advanced first, and turning his back clapped his hands, exclaiming, "May you live for ever! God send you a happy old age." To which the Sultan replied, "How is it with you? Blessing, blessing"—a sentence immediately caught up and sung by the entire court. Boo Khaloum and Denham having gone through the same ceremony, presents were given, and the Sultan made a fresh promise to name a village for plunder, and asked many questions of Denham, amongst others, Was he a Moslem? and the poor major, being unable to say Yes, soon found, to his cost, that he had become an object of disdain to everybody in and about the court of Mandara. On returning to Barca Gana's tent, he was insulted by a man who refused to eat out of the same bowl with him; and though the Bornou general did all he could to protect him, the remainder of his stay in Mora was far from pleasant. He was scarcely allowed to leave the town, and if by a rare indulgence he got outside its walls, he was followed by sturdy armed satellites, who would not tolerate his picking up a stone or sketching the shape of a single hill. Boo Khaloum, though subjected to no such persecution, was not much less uncomfortable; his requests for permission to leave were met with prevarication; he could not get the Sultan to name the place to be attacked; his Arabs were becoming mutinous, and, worst of all, his heart was not in his work.

At last, on the evening, as far as we have been able to ascertain, of the 25th April, Boo Khaloum, after a long

interview with the Sultan, announced that his destination had been decided on, and gave orders for the camp to be broken up. No further information was vouchsafed, even to Denham, but neither he nor the troops seem to have cared much where they went, so that they were once more in motion.

The first day's march led through a beautiful valley to the east of Mora, "winding round the hills which overhang the town, and penetrating into the heart of the mass of mountains to the south of it;" and on the second day a range of mountains was entered, which, though inferior in Denham's opinion to the Alps, Apennines, etc., in rugged magnificence and gigantic grandeur, equal them in picturesque beauty. The lofty peaks of Vahmy, Savah, Joggiday, Munday, etc., with clustering villages on their stony sides," rose on the east and west, "while Horza, exceeding any of her sister hills in height as well as in beauty," rose up on the north. Entering the so-called Pass of Horza, a winding rugged path, apparently produced by the rending in twain of the mountain, so exactly did the beetling rock-masses overhanging the traveller's heads on each side correspond, led to a stream called Mikwa, beyond which a valley, rich in tropical vegetation, was entered, and it began to leak out that an attack was to be made on the Fellatahs, a warlike people inhabiting the district immediately to the south of Mandara.

On the evening of the 27th April the invaders halted at a place called Makkeray; the chiefs assumed "their closely-linked iron jackets," and vigorous preparations were made for battle. At midnight the signal of advance was given, and the motley concourse wended its way as silently as possible towards the unsuspecting enemy, said

to be now only sixteen miles distant. At sunrise the whole army drew up to pray, and a little later the Sultan of Mandara, with a splendidly-equipped body-guard, came up and took the command. Denham placed himself at his Majesty's right hand, and with him entered a dense wood, on the other side of which fighting was expected to commence. Maramy, the negro sent by the Sheikh of Bornou to watch over the major's safety, now kept close to his master; and everything announced that danger was at hand.

On leaving the wood, the large Fellatah town of Dirkulla came in sight; the Arabs, headed by Boo Khaloum, advanced upon it, set fire to it, and put to death the few young and aged people who had been unable to escape. A smaller town near Dirkulla shared the same fate; not so, however, one known as Musfeia, built on a rising ground between two low hills at the base of others forming part of the Mandara Mountains. Here a strong defence had been organised, and bowmen hidden behind palisades discharged a shower of arrows on the Arabs as they advanced unsupported by the Bornou or Mandara troops. At first the invaders seemed likely to be victorious; but, from want of generalship or organisation, they fell back too soon after actually carrying the palisades and driving the Fellatahs up the hills. The latter, surprised that the advantage thus gained was not followed up, poured down on their assailants so suddenly and with such fierce energy that the invaders were completely routed, only a few, including Barca Gana, Boo Khaloum, Denham, and the negro servant Maramy, being able to leave the scene of action.

Denham, his horse wounded in two places was

carried along into the wood with a stream of fugitives, hotly pursued by the Fellatahs, whose poisoned arrows wrought terrible havoc amongst the Arabs. Twice the major's horse fell beneath him, the second time flinging his master against a tree, and making his own escape. As he rose from the ground, Denham saw four of his companions butchered by the Fellatahs, and the next moment found himself surrounded by a crowd of gesticulating warriors, who stripped him and wounded him in several places with their spears, but, to his great surprise and delight, presently left him unmolested to fight amongst themselves over his clothes, which appeared to them of great value. Slipping as quick as lightning under a horse standing by, our hero sped away towards the east, followed by two Fellatahs. At first he had the best of the race, but presently the natives gained upon him, the prickly underwood impeding his steps and tearing his naked flesh. He felt that all was over; one more last struggle, and then—death in its most horrible form. But no! not yet; that last panting, stumbling run brought him in sight of a mountain-stream gliding along at the bottom of a ravine. [In a moment he was clutching at the bough of a tree overhanging the water he was about to fling himself in, when a gigantic liſſa, "the worst kind of serpent in the country," rose from its coil as if in the very act of striking. Horror-struck at this fresh danger, Denham let slip the branch and tumbled headlong into the water, but fortunately the shock revived him, he struck out almost unconsciously, swam to the opposite bank, and, climbing it, found himself safe from his pursuers.

One moment of intense delight ensued, delight in the mere fact of continued existence; but it was immediately succeeded

by a sense of imminent peril to life, alone and naked in a wood, haunted not only by human enemies, but by liffas, panthers, and countless unknown dangers. Presently, however, horsemen were seen moving amongst the trees in the distance, and, determined to reach them, whether friends or enemies, Denham struggled to his feet and advanced towards them. Joy unutterable! the foremost were Barca Gana and Boo Khaloum, followed by six Arabs and the faithful Maramy, who at once recognised his master in spite of his forlorn appearance. Though hotly pursued by Fellatahs, Maramy turned aside to rescue Denham, assisted him to mount behind him whilst poisoned arrows whistled over the heads of both, and then galloped off to the rear of his party as fast as his horse, wounded in several places, could carry them. By degrees the pursuit fell off, and at last the little remnant of the defeated army were able to enchange greetings and experiences. Poor Boo Khaloum, who was suffering agonies from a wound in his foot, rode up to Denham and ordered one of the Arabs to throw a burnouse over his blistered shoulders. It was the gallant commander's last action; a few moments later he fell from his horse into the arms of his favourite attendant and breathed his last.

Immediately after this tragic event, Barca Gana offered Denham a fresh horse with a bad wound in its chest. "Do not mount him; he will die," cried Maramy; and as the major hesitated, two Arabs came up out of breath, seized the bridle, jumped on the horse, and pressed their retreat; but the poor horse soon fell under them, and both were murdered by Fellatahs before they could regain their feet. Presently Denham and Maramy halted at a stream to drink, and, kneeling down, Denham was enjoying a long

draught of muddy water when he lost consciousness, and, staggering forwards, fell at the foot of a tree. Once more Maramy saved his master's life, remaining by his side, assisting him to rise when he came to himself, and guiding him safely till a halt was at last made in the Sultan of Mandara's territory, safe from all further pursuit. Here a dethroned Sultan, Mai Meegamy by name, touched by Denham's terrible condition, with his body one mass of sores from riding almost naked for so many miles on a bare-backed horse, actually took off his own trousers and insisted on the poor wanderer putting them on, supplying their place by a pair taken from a slave. Much touched by this spontaneous act of kindness, and glad to resume something of the appearance of a civilised member of society, Denham could not sufficiently thank his exultantship, and in the six days' journey which ensued before Kouka was reached, the two often shared the same tent and meals, doubtless each telling the other many strange and marvellous tales of their respective experiences.

The delight experienced by Denham at rejoining Oudney and Clapperton will be better imagined than described; and the welcome given to the traveller by the Sheikh far surpassed his best expectations. "It was evident," quoth his Majesty, "that the major's head was saved for some good purpose." His prejudice against his guest's wanderings were removed; a man who came scathless out of such a trip as that to Mandara must be of the right stuff for exploring; and the Sheikh proposed that, as he himself was going to Munga, a rebellious province to the west of Bornou, Denham should pay a visit to Old Bornou, or Birnie, and join him at a place called Kabshary on the river Gambaron, supposed to flow from the Soudan.

Nothing loath, Denham, who had all along wished to penetrate westwards, set out soon after the Sheikh, this time accompanied by Oudney, and arrived at the ruins of the old capital of Bornou on the 26th May. Birnie, which was destroyed by the Fellatahs, once covered a space of five or six square miles, and the remains of large masses of red brick-work, some eighteen feet high and three to four thick, still attest its former importance. Here the first sight of the river Gambaron was obtained, and a few days later the travellers came up with the Sheikh, encamped on the banks of the Yeou, some little distance from Kabshary. Joining his forces, they marched with him to the Munga territory, witnessed its complete subjugation, and then returned with the victorious army to Kouka.

On this trip an incident occurred which made a deep impression on the English travellers. Barca Gana, the Sheikh's favourite and general, whom he had long delighted to honour, had the misfortune to offend his master. He was sent for to the royal presence, stripped, and as a leather girdle, the badge of slavery, was put round his waist, he was informed that he was to be sold to the Tibboo merchants from the West. The proud man fell on his knees, and, acknowledging the justice of his sentence, begged for mercy on his wives and children. He was then removed, and the next day the sentence would have been carried into effect had not all the minor chiefs, etc., pleaded on their knees for his forgiveness. Barca Gana was admitted to see his master, as he thought to say farewell for ever; but, softened by the noble pleading of men who he knew had suffered much from his favourite's haughtiness, the Sheikh buried his face in his carpet and wept aloud. Then the former general, like

a penitent child, crept up and embraced his master's knees. The victory was complete. Raising his tear-stained face, the Sheikh pronounced Barca Gana forgiven; the timbrels sounded, the spectators yelled, new robes were brought for the penitent, and, mounting his horse, the reinstated general galloped round the camp escorted by all the chiefs.

The whole of the rainy season was spent at Kouka, and more than once it seemed likely that Oudney and Clapperton would succumb to the unhealthiness of the climate. Even Denham had one serious attack of fever, but, thanks to the judicious advice of Dr. Oudney, he soon rallied, and was as eager as ever, when the weather permitted, to make excursions in the neighbourhood.

In December, 1823, Oudney and Clapperton, very much against the advice of Denham and of all their friends in Bornou, joined a caravan for the Soudan; and a month later, the major, accompanied by a young Englishman named Toole, who came from Malta to join him, made an excursion to the south-east of Lake Tchad, visiting the warlike districts of Luggun and Begharmi. Owing to the unsettled state of the country and the illness of Mr. Toole, however, no long stay could be made anywhere, and in February the two travellers were back at Angala, situated on the most southerly point of Lake Tchad. Here poor Toole died at the early age of twenty-two, and Denham, for once disheartened and dispirited, returned to Kouka, only to start again in May on a fresh excursion to the East, in which he penetrated somewhat further than before.

Meanwhile Oudney and Clapperton had made their way, with the caravan already mentioned, from Kouka to Murmur, a small town on the borders of the Houssa

territory. Here poor Oudney, who had been growing weaker every day, yet clung to a hope of entering the Soudan, grew so much worse that Clapperton saw he could not recover, and resigned himself to remaining with him to the last, and then probably following him to the grave. The day after the arrival at Murmur, the doctor begged his companion to have the camels loaded, and, to humour him, Clapperton consented. He then helped Oudney to dress, and, leaning on his servant, the dying but still indomitable "hero" was about to try and mount his camel, when his face became ghastly pale, he was compelled to stagger back to his tent, and there breathed his last without a groan. Clapperton dug him a grave at the foot of an old mimosa tree; and having paid his comrade in so many perils the last offices of respect, he resumed his journey, little hoping that he would himself live either to reach the Soudan or to return to England.

The way now led through richly-cultivated and comparatively civilised districts; the change of air and scene did much to restore Clapperton's health and spirits, and on his arrival at Kano, the great emporium of the kingdom of Houssa, on the 20th January, 1824, he began once more to feel confident of a successful issue to his journey. A month's delay at Kano, enlivened by the usual interchange of presents and civilities between the Governor and the English guest, still further restored his strength; and on the 23rd February he started, with a guide named Mahommed Jollie, on his trip into the hitherto unknown region of the Soudan, immediately to the north of the district supposed to have been explored by Park in his last journey.

A pleasant ride of about ten days through a well-wooded and beautiful country brought the travellers to the river

Quarrama, where crowds of Tuarick Arabs came to see and question the man who had passed through their own country. A little further on the town of Quarra (N. lat. $13^{\circ} 7' 14''$) was reached; and here Clapperton was taken for a fighi or teacher, and worried at all hours of the day to write prayers for the people—even his washerwoman insisting on being paid with a charm instead of money.

As Sackatoo was approached, numbers of people were seen thronging to market with wood, straw, onions, indigo, etc., and a messenger came from the Sultan of the Soudan to bid Clapperton welcome to his dominions, and to say that, though now absent on a plundering expedition, he hoped to be able to receive his guest in his capital in the evening. Sackatoo was entered at noon, amidst crowds of Fellatahs and Arab visitors anxious to see the white man; but it was not until the next morning that the promised interview was given by the Sultan, who received Clapperton seated on a pillow in a thatched cottage. He made many enquiries as to the traveller's motive for making the journey, his religion, etc.; spoke bitterly of Boo Khaloum's foraging raid on his subjects, the Fellatahs of Mandara, and of the share taken in it by Denham, but readily accepted the explanations given on behalf of the major. In a later interview his Majesty spoke of Mungo Park and his tragic fate, saying that if he had come in the rainy instead of the dry season he might have passed through the rocky pass where he met his death, adding that some of the unfortunate hero's property had fallen into his hands!

At the time of Clapperton's visit, Sackatoo (N. lat. $13^{\circ} 4' 52''$, W. long. $6^{\circ} 12'$) was a town of some importance, with regularly and well-built houses enclosed within

formidable walls. There were two large mosques, and the inhabitants were chiefly Fellatah merchants possessing many slaves.

After about six weeks spent in Sackatoo, during which many excursions were planned though none carried out, Clapperton, finding his health again failing him, determined to return to Bornou, which he did by a somewhat more northerly route than that by which he had come, arriving in Kouka on the 8th July, 1824, whilst Major Denham was still absent on the journey to the east of the Tchad already referred to. About the 18th July the major again joined Clapperton, and shortly afterwards, both being at last somewhat weary of their long stay in Africa, they agreed to return to Tripoli, and thence to England. Travelling by easy stages across the desert, they reached Tripoli on the 28th January, 1825, embarked a few days later for Leghorn, arrived in Florence on the 1st May, and in London on the 1st June, after three years' absence.

It would naturally be supposed that, after all their own sufferings and the tragic fate of their comrade Oudney, Denham and Clapperton had had enough of African exploration. We hear, it is true, no more of the gallant major's efforts in that direction; but a report brought by Clapperton from Sackatoo that the Niger ran to the south and flowed into the sea at Funda, led to his being sent out again, in the autumn of the same year, by the British Government, accompanied by Captain Pearce and Dr. Morrison of the Royal Navy, and attended by Richard Lander, who subsequently became so celebrated as a hero of North African travel, and to whom we are indebted for the following details respecting this new and, alas, ill-fated expedition.

Clapperton and Lander on the West Coast. 199

Captain Clapperton's instructions in this fresh venture were limited to tracing the course of the Niger from the scene of Park's death to its mouth ; but he himself proposed traversing the whole of the continent of Africa from Timbuktu to Abyssinia, and secretly cherished an aversion to any attempt to go down the river already associated with the tragic fate of so many of his predecessors.

On the 27th of August, 1825, scarcely six weeks after his return to England, Clapperton again embarked at Portsmouth in the ship "Brazen," with Captain Pearce and Dr. Morrison already mentioned, Dr. Dickson, a Scotch surgeon, Richard Lander, and Pasko, a native of Houssa, who had been sold as a slave in his boyhood, and after changing hands several times, had been rescued by British sailors and sent to England. A voyage of about two months brought the mission to the Sierra Leone river, and after touching at Freetown, characterised by Lander as a vast "charnel-house," and at various points of the coast, receiving visits from the king of the Kroomen and other African celebrities, the "Brazen" cast anchor at Cape Coast Castle, then "a strongly-built stone fortification, capable of containing the whole population of the town it defends."

The next port visited was Accra, containing some five or six Europeans and a large number of Fantees, including the king or chief of that tribe, who appeared in the uniform of an English military officer, "supported on the shoulders of four men, and preceded by crowds of people clapping their hands and beating tom-toms," presenting, as did all the petty negro monarchs of the coast of Guinea, a marked contrast to the stately sultans and sheikhs met with by Clapperton in his former journey. At

Papoe, a little to the west of Whydah, now of such evil notoriety, the little band of Englishmen rescued some two hundred and thirty-one men, women, and children from slavery, sending them back to their homes in Sierra Leone in a Spanish slave-ship captured the day before. At Whydah, a brief halt was made to allow Dr. Dickson, who was not permanently attached to the English mission, to land, and a most affecting parting took place between him and his companions thus far, all *speaking* confidently of a future meeting at Jenneh, but feeling how improbable it was that all would escape the awful perils before them. It subsequently came to the knowledge of Lander that Dickson penetrated to Abomey, the capital of Ashantee, and was well received by the king, who furnished him with an escort of a hundred men to aid him in his explorations. Not very long after he started northwards, however, he quarrelled with a native chief, and was murdered by his followers.

Meanwhile the "Brazen" proceeded on its way to Badagry, between Dahomey and Benin, where the members of the exploring expedition, and two gentlemen named Dawson and Houtson, landed, little suspecting that by proceeding some miles further along the coast they would have reached, without difficulty, the long-sought mouth of the Niger! Every courtesy was shown to the visitors by Adooley, king of the district; and, after many an amusing interview, with much singing, dancing, capering, shouting, and clapping of hands, camels were provided, and the whites, escorted by Adooley himself and many minor chiefs and armed natives, embarked on a branch of the Lagos river. Landing in the evening on its western bank, a great part of the escort returned to Badagry, and the

white men, tempted by the beauty of the night, were foolish enough to sleep in the open air—thus laying the seeds of the diseases which were so soon to prove fatal to the greater number of their little band.

The next morning the party separated, Clapperton and Lander pressing on for the north by the shortest route, whilst the others followed more slowly with the baggage, meeting again in the evening at an important town called Bookhar, where they tried in vain to get riding-horses and hammock-men. The chief and his people, as usual in Africa, were ready enough to stare at and mulct their white-skinned visitors, but not to aid them to advance. Leaving Bookhar in the evening, Clapperton and Lander again took the lead, struggling through an almost impervious forest, and arriving at Dagnoo, the next halting-place, after the baggage party had passed through. This compelled them again to sleep in the open air; and, rising very early the next morning, they passed through a vast primeval forest, broken here and there by a grove of palm trees, a field of Indian corn, or a native village, beyond which they came to a small town called Humba, where they found Pearce and Morrison waiting for them in the chief's house. Here, after administering a bribe of a strong glass of grog to the chief, some sturdy carriers were obtained, and, although Morrison and Clapperton were already so ill that it was little short of madness for them to travel, it was decided to press on at once.

Many, indeed, were the strange vicissitudes and perils of the next day's march. The men who were carrying Clapperton in a hammock presently set him down and took to their heels; and, when his own party could take him no further, a man passing on horseback dismounted

and offered him the use of his steed, walking beside him to Atalelora, the next village, where a very short halt was made. The evening of the same day found the explorers at Laboo, an important town, where the whole party became so hopelessly invalided that they had to be carried in hammocks on men's heads to Jenneh, the place appointed as a rendezvous with poor Dickson. Here the sufferers seem to have been kindly, but, judging from Lander's account, anything but judiciously nursed by the natives. Captain Pearce, Dr. Morrison, and Dawson became so feeble that Clapperton hourly expected their deaths; and for some days Lander's life was despaired of. Nevertheless all determined to proceed, though Morrison went back to Jenneh, as it turned out, to die, on the afternoon of the first day's journey. At eleven o'clock on the 11th January, 1826, two days after leaving Jenneh, the little village of Egbo was reached, and here poor Dawson breathed his last, his end being hastened, though scarcely caused, as it must soon have resulted from exhaustion, by his drinking a quantity of ether in mistake for something else. He was buried in the evening of the same day, Captain Clapperton reading the English service over his remains; and two days afterwards the three survivors made yet another attempt to proceed. At Engwa, a village three days' journey from Egbo, however, Captain Pearce was taken suddenly worse, became delirious, and in about half-an-hour expired. His funeral was attended by crowds of natives, as well as by messengers from the kings of Badagry and Katunga, and an inscription to his memory was carved on a board by Lander and set up over his grave.

A little after this tragic event, Houtson, who had gone

back with Pearce, returned, bringing news of his death ; and, disheartened and dispirited at the rapid decimation of their numbers, the three survivors resumed their journey northwards, soon, fortunately for them, entering a mountainous district, and after experiencing much hospitality from the native tribes, amongst whom a report had been spread that the white men came as messengers of peace, they arrived at Katunga, the capital of the kingdom of Yariba, bounded on the east by the Niger, towards the end of January, 1826.

At Katunga the travellers were detained seven weeks, the king refusing them permission to depart, though he entertained them with truly regal hospitality, supplying them with ducks, eggs, honey, etc., etc., free of cost. Their luxuries were, however, considerably curtailed by the rapacity of a certain "fat monstrous" negro named Ebo, who was appointed to preside over their table, and intercepted large quantities of food for his own private use.

At last, on the 6th March, having exhausted the amusements of Katunga, Clapperton, Denham, and Pasko managed to obtain their release, and proceeded on their way northwards, whilst Houtson returned to the coast, where he shortly afterwards fell a victim to fever.

Traversing Borghoo, immediately to the north of Yariba, and halting at one village after another, the traveller soon reached the little kingdom of Wow-wow, and took up their residence for a short time in the chief town of the same name, where they were most courteously received by the Mahomedan monarch, and were made much of by some warriors from Dahomey, who had been engaged in war with the Fellatahs. From Wow-wow Clapperton went to Boussa, to have an interview with the king, whom he

found a most amiable and intelligent monarch, and with whom we shall presently become better acquainted. Speaking of his residence in Wow-wow, Lander gives an amusing account of the eager attentions paid him by a certain fat widow lady of Arab extraction named Zuma, or honey, who tried in vain to win his affections; and, finding that impossible, transferred her civilities to his master, Clapperton, following him when he went on a visit to Boussa, and trying to persuade him to marry her, dethrone the king of Wow-wow, and reign in his stead. The captain of course firmly but politely declined to comply with any of these requests, and poor Zuma had to return ignominiously to Wow-wow, beg pardon on her knees of her liege lord for her treacherous schemes, and retire into private life; no more serious results ensuing from her ambitious projects than a short detention of Clapperton at Wow-wow on his return from Boussa—the enraged monarch at first supposing that he had at least connived at the fair Zuma's treason. The whole matter having been satisfactorily explained, the two Englishmen were at last allowed to ride out of the town, and, mentally resolving to be careful in future not to awaken the affections of African ladies, they struck across country for the river Niger, which they reached and crossed the next day at a part where it is full of small islands, and about the width of the Thames at Westminster.

They were now in the so-called Nyffé country, thickly studded with villages, and rich in plantations of yams, millet, plantains, etc. At the time of our hero's visit Nyffé was distracted by civil war, and, having paid all the necessary civilities to the reigning monarch, encamping three days' journey from Tebria, one of the principal

cities, they were glad to press on, with only a short halt by the way, for Coulfo, a considerable market town of some 15,000 resident inhabitants, where a messenger from the king of Boussa brought a beautiful little mare for Clapperton, accompanied by a private intimation that it would be well for him to be cautious about his food, as the female relatives of the usurper of Nyffé intended poisoning him, probably because he had not recognised the rights of the true king! This, of course, made the travellers eager to proceed on their journey; but the serious indisposition of both master and servant compelled them to remain over the feast succeeding the fast of Ramadan, which was celebrated with much drinking, dancing, and calling on the name of the prophet. Immediately after this wild revel an awful storm broke over Coulfo, and a town called Bali, about half-a-mile from it, was set on fire by lightning and completely destroyed; the inhabitants who escaped rushing into Coulfo lamenting wildly the loss of husband, wife or child, home or cattle, as the case might be. They were received with such noble and disinterested humanity that the English visitors felt it possible to forgive the inhabitants of Coulfo for their hostility to themselves.

For seven long weeks Clapperton and Lander were kept prisoners at Coulfo by fever and dysentery, but on the 19th June, feeling rather better, they were able to continue their journey to Kano; but poor Lander suffered such agonies by the way that he was unable to keep any journal of the events of each day, or to note particularly the scenery through which he passed, though he tells us that it was extremely beautiful between Zariva, a large town near the source of the Mayarow river, and Kano.

Arrived at Kano, the travellers were disappointed to find that the people of Bornou and the Fellatahs were at war, so that it would be impossible, as Clapperton had intended, to go to the East by his old route. He therefore decided to leave Lander at Kano to recover his strength, whilst he himself paid a visit to Sackatoo with a view to obtaining the Sultan's permission to visit Bornou. The parting between the master and servant was painful in the extreme, each knowing only too well that he might never see the other again.

We have already spoken of Kano as the great emporium of the Soudan, and need therefore only add that Lander found it anything but a pleasant place of residence, and tells us that its worst feature was a morass intersecting the city from east to west, serving as a kind of general receptacle of refuse, and sometimes even receiving the bodies of dead slaves, which were allowed to decay unheeded—truly a charming spot in which to recover from a dangerous illness! Lander, however, determined to make the best of everything, soon became friends with the Arab and Moorish traders. He gives us, too, an amusing account of his adventures with his servant Pasko, who had all along been rather troublesome from his propensity to marry and run off with a fresh wife at every stopping-place, and now disappeared again and again, carrying off, first, numerous articles of small value, and, finally, a purse containing all Lander's money, this last time leaving the dead body of a sheep covered up on the bed he usually occupied to increase his chances of escape. Having caught and pardoned him at least a dozen times already, Lander was not quite so ready to let him off again, and when next he was found he had

Sufferings on the Road to Sackatoo. 207

him heavily ironed and put in the common gaol, where he was kept three days, obtaining his release on promising not to run away again until Clapperton's return from Sackatoo.

In the month of November Lander had two letters from Clapperton, in the latter of which he spoke of shortly returning to Kano, expressed regret at the Sultan's refusal to grant him permission to go to Bornou, and delight at the thought of a speedy meeting with his faithful servant. That servant was, therefore, not a little surprised at being told, two days later, by the governor of Kano, that he had received a letter from Clapperton urging the immediate departure of Lander for Sackatoo with all the baggage belonging to both. In a second interview the governor urged all possible haste, naming the next day, November 25th, as the best for starting.

Dreading he knew not what, Lander hastily collected his property, accepted five draught oxen from Bello, bought a strong camel for his own riding, and set off accompanied by "honest Pasko." After about four days, however, a return of illness again completely prostrated poor Lander, and, halting at a small town called Royoo, he made up his mind that his last hour was come. Pasko, rogue as he was, had his good points, and did his best to relieve his master's sufferings, promising, in the event of his death, to take his property to Sackatoo and give it into the hands of Clapperton. The worthy fellow's honesty was not, fortunately, put to so severe a test; for on the 2nd December, Lander, feeling a little better, had a kind of couch prepared for himself on his camel's back, and resumed his journey stretched upon it. Again and again the unfortunate hero fainted from pain and exhaustion, but his attendants, whose affection he seems to have won,

waited on him with positively tender care; and in the evening he entered the walled town of Koolefée, where the chief himself hastened to help his visitor from the camel, and carried him in his own arms into a room hastily prepared for his reception. The next morning Lander found himself so much better that he was able to travel on horseback; and all went well with him until the 10th of December, when, sleeping in an open shed in the town of Sausanee, he was robbed of a gun, two pistols, a cutlass, and a good deal of money by the faithless Pasko, who made off with the spoil in the night. On hearing Lander's grievance, the chief of Sausanee sent a dozen men on horseback in pursuit, and on the afternoon of the next day "honest Pasko" was brought back in triumph, having been found practising with his stolen gun from the top of a tree. The chief kindly offered to take off Pasko's head to save Lander further trouble; but the Englishman contented himself with having the culprit kept in irons till they again started on their travels. A few days after this incident, twenty Tuarick merchants, with five hundred camels laden with salt, entered Sausanee, and Lander was a good deal embarrassed by the Arabs' curiosity and requests for money. Refusing to give them anything, they brought against him the terrible accusation of having a tail, and the more earnestly he denied it, the more solemnly did they shake their heads, saying, "You do not speak the truth, white man; we know better than you!"

On the afternoon of the 16th, an escort of fifty men, sent by Bello, arrived to take Lander to Sackatoo, and the same day he received a third letter from Clapperton, in which his master said nothing about expecting to see him. This made him suspect foul play on the part of

Bello, but there being nothing to prove it, he merely made the best of his way to Sackatoo, where he found Clapperton in good health, and as much at a loss as himself to understand the governor's eagerness for Lander to join him. The next day, however, the mystery was explained, for Bello, the Sultan of the Soudan, sent a peremptory summons to both master and servant to attend him, and, on their presenting themselves, treated them with great disrespect, took away their papers, and dismissed them with something very like a threat of vengeance for certain unspecified crimes. This unsatisfactory interview was succeeded by constant application for presents, arms, ammunition, and so forth; and it became evident that Lander had been sent from Kano in order that the whole of his master's property might be seized by the Sultan. Every request for permission either to prosecute their journey to Bornou or to return home was met with refusal, and the two resigned themselves to making the best of a bad job, and whilst waiting for their affairs to take a more favourable turn, spent their days in shooting, their evenings in talking of home, and so forth.

This state of things lasted for about two months, and then came a change. The Sheikh of Bornou entered Houssa, and, dreading a siege, the whole population of Sackatoo fled to the fortified town of Magaria, returning, however, in a fortnight, as no enemies presented themselves after all.

But, alas, the fatigue of the hurried journey, or some other cause, now brought on a return of Clapperton's illness. He broke down on the 12th March, and after a month of great suffering, during which he was most tenderly nursed by Lander, he died in that faithful servant's arms, uttering his name with his last breath.

Lander's distress at his master's death was so great that, after burying him, he became himself too ill to make any effort to carry out his dying instructions, and obtain an immediate interview with the Sultan; but, thanks to the care of old Pasko, who could sometimes shine in adversity though never in prosperity, he quickly rallied, and, after much opposition, obtained permission from the discourteous Bello to leave his capital and join a caravan for Kano, whence he hoped to make his way home, either by way of Fezzan or the route by which he had come. His sufferings were not, however, over, for he had not proceeded far through the desert before, fainting from fatigue and want of water, he was obliged to dismount and rest beneath a tree, sending Pasko on to try and procure something to drink. Thousands of Fellatahs and Tuaricks passed on their way to the north, but replied to all the sufferer's entreaties for help with the words, "He is a Kafir (unbeliever); let him die," till at last a good Samaritan, in the shape of a young negro, stopped and said, "Christian, Christian, why don't you go on?" To which Lander answered with a ghastly smile, "I am faint and sick from want of water; no one will relieve me, and how can I go on?"

On hearing this the young man gave the almost dying traveller a calabash full of the precious liquid, which Lander shared with his horse, and, remounting, presently came up with Pasko, quietly sitting beneath a tree enjoying a good drink of water and a hearty meal from his master's own provision-basket! Lander confesses that he was sorely tempted to shoot the old rascal, who, to his enquiries of what he meant by such behaviour, replied composedly, "I was tired!"

On the 25th of May Lander arrived at Kano, and on

the 29th of the same month he started for Badagry, returning by much the same route as he had come with Clapperton; encountering, of course, numerous difficulties on the way, but no really serious personal dangers, though he witnessed many an action of oppression and cruelty which made his British blood boil. At one village, for instance, he saw a mother sell her only daughter for a necklace, though the poor young girl clung to her knees, exclaiming, "O mother! do not sell me; what will become of me? What will become of yourself in your old age if you suffer me to desert you? Who will fetch you corn and milk? Who will pity you when you die?" and much more in the same strain, to all of which the hard-hearted old woman turned a deaf ear.

On his arrival at Wow-wow, Lander found that the lovely Zuma was kept in close imprisonment lest she should again lay a plot for dethroning her liege lord, but she sent her maidens to serenade him, and, just as he was leaving the town, he received a present of two jars of honey from her, with a message that, when he got home, he should try and induce some other white man to come out and marry her, promising that whoever did so should reign with her over the kingdom of Wow-wow—a proposal which sorely wounded the vanity of poor Lander, who had flattered himself that his own personal attractions had won him the widow's preference. Another amusing incident at Wow-wow was his being compelled to clean some pistols for his Majesty, which he was frankly informed had belonged to the white men who were murdered at Boussa.

At Katunga our traveller saw the operation of tattooing performed on two little girls, whose hands and feet were bound to begin with, and their heads being firmly held by

their own fathers, a man made first five incisions on their foreheads, and then eight gashes on their cheeks, quite regardless of their shrieks and struggles. In the event of any crime being committed by a tattooed Yaribeian, the national mark is crossed by other incisions, and when it is no longer recognisable, the criminal is turned adrift to wander an exile from home, till death puts an end to his sufferings. Another cruel custom noticed by Lander at Yariba was the leaving of the sick to die unnursed and alone after being dragged about half-a-mile from the town, death often ensuing more from starvation and exposure than from the actual disease, which, in many instances, might have been cured.

Of all the horrors witnessed on this return journey, however, the summary execution of two quite young girls at Badagry, for talking too much in the king's harem, most deeply affected Lander. Awoke one night by screams beneath his window, he looked out by the light of the moon and saw the poor creatures struggling in the hands of the executioners, who fulfilled their office by cutting their victims' throats, explaining, when the horrified Englishman remonstrated, that it really was a very mild punishment for such an offence as theirs, death *without torture* being granted to none but the king's favourite female slaves!

During the latter part of his stay at the court of Adooley, the hero who had come scathless through so many perils nearly fell a victim to the treachery of some Portuguese settlers, who persuaded his host that his "white visitor" meditated the overthrow of his government. Lander was arrested, and, in the presence of all the priests and elders of the people, compelled to drink a cup of poison. This he did with trembling hand, expecting

death to be the immediate result; but to his own surprise and that of the spectators no evil effects ensued, and he was allowed to go free. He had had enough, however, of unpopularity in Badagry, and determined to leave it on the first opportunity. Once he very nearly embarked in a Portuguese vessel, but the wild and lawless appearance of the crew led him to prefer the dangers he knew to unknown perils on the ocean; and he remained as patiently as he could at Badagry, making an effort every now and then to convey the news of his situation to some English settlement on the coast. At last, when persuasions and bribes had alike failed to induce any one to take a message for him, and all hope of release seemed gone, came the news of the arrival of the British brig "Mana," commanded by Captain Laing, who gladly conveyed Lander to Cape Coast, where he embarked for Portsmouth, arriving in England, after a voyage of six weeks, on the 30th April, 1826.





CHAPTER X.

THE LANDERS, AND THEIR DISCOVERY OF THE MOUTH OF THE NIGER.

Journey Across Country to Kiama—The Widow Zuma again—Park's Supposed Journals—Building of a Canoe—"Whitechapel Sharps"—Commencement of Voyage down the River—Threatening Attitude of Natives—Struggle off Kirrie—Rescue—King Obie of Eboe—Off again—King Boy—Arrival at Brass Town—Embarkation in the Brig "Thomas" for Fernando Po.

IN previous chapters we have seen that the Niger had been traced by Park from Sego in Bambarra to Boussa in Houssa, and that its source in Mount Loma, one of the Kong range, on the north-west of Soolima, had been pointed out to Major Laing, though not actually visited by him. It was reserved to Richard Lander, whose faithful services to Clapperton have already been recorded, and his brother, John Lander, to complete the work begun by their two great predecessors, and go down the great river of many titles to its mouth or mouths in the Bight of Benin.

In 1829 the British Government determined to send out an expedition to follow the Niger from Boussa to the sea, and gladly accepted Richard Lander's offer to take the command. In the instructions given to him he was requested to start from Badagry, make his way overland

to Funda, and go down the Niger from thence to its source, wherever that might be.

Embarking at Portsmouth on the 9th January, 1830, the brothers arrived at Cape Coast Castle on the 22nd February, where they engaged the services of the already famous Pasko and his temporary wife, together with two natives of Bornou named Ibrahim and Mina, who understood the Houssa language and could speak a little English.

Three weeks' residence at Cape Coast Castle sufficed to complete the equipment of the little band of adventurers, and on the 22nd of March they were landed at Badagry from the British brig "Clinker." Early the next morning the brothers paid a visit to Richard Lander's old friend, or rather enemy, King Adooley, who scarcely deigned to take any notice of them, and, when at last induced to speak, made every possible objection to their proceeding on their journey into the interior. They were in some measure prepared for this by Richard's previous experiences, but for all that, they found it difficult to submit patiently to a delay, during which they were robbed, first on one pretext and then on another, of the greater part of the presents intended for the chiefs of the district through which they had to pass. The knowledge that three hundred human victims were shortly to be sacrificed, to appease the anger of the gods who had recently allowed Adooley to be defeated in battle, added yet another motive to their eagerness to get away; and on the 31st March they at last prevailed on their host—who had got all he could out of them—to lend them a canoe and allow them to start up the river as Clapperton had done on his last expedition.

On or about the 7th April the village of Jenneh was

reached, and here a compulsory stay of a fortnight was made, as the recent death of the chief made it impossible to obtain the necessary carriers, etc. The funeral ceremonies witnessed on this occasion were especially revolting, including, as they did, the murder of two of the departed hero's favourite wives, who showed great reluctance to follow their husband to the grave, which they were in duty bound to do. The choice was offered them of drinking a cup of poison or having their heads broken by the club of the fetish priest; and one of them, an old woman, elected for the former alternative, but was so long before she could bring herself to swallow the fatal draught, and so successfully interested some of the chief men of the place in her favour, that the populace, fearing the wrath of their fetish if the law were not complied with, rose *en masse* and put her to death themselves, amidst the yells of her women, whose affections she seems to have gained. Her grave had long been prepared, and her funeral was celebrated with much pomp. How the other wife met her fate we are not told, but we are led to believe that she drank the poison and died after some ten minutes of agony.

On the 13th April the travellers were ready to start for Katunga, and on the 14th they were joined, to their great delight, by a messenger they had sent to Badagry, who brought with him a horse and saddle belonging to the brothers. Their means of travelling thus pleasantly supplemented, they were able rapidly to make their way northwards, and, passing through Egga, Engna, Jaguta, and other villages of Yariba, they entered the kingdom of Borghoo early in May, and arrived at Katunga, its capital, on the 13th of the same month, having met several coffles of slave merchants on their way to the coast, and more

than once a group of female mourners carrying little effigies of their dead children on their heads, to which they offered a portion of whatever food they took!

Mansolah, king of Katunga, sent out a powerful escort to meet his visitors, and, on their entrance into his capital, gave them a very imposing welcome. Here they met the great Ebo, whose attentions to Clapperton and his party have already been recorded, and with whom the Landers now became very good friends, consulting him as to the best way of setting about their journey to the Niger, and also how to obtain possession of Park's papers, supposed to be in the hands of the Sultan of Yaoorie. Ebo advised them to say nothing about the Niger, but merely to try for permission to go to Yaoorie. This, to their surprise, was readily obtained; Mansolah showing no inclination to detain his guests, but promising almost immediately to send messages to the neighbouring chiefs announcing their approach. On the return of these messengers the Englishmen were allowed to depart; and after experiencing a good deal of difficulty with their carriers, they crossed the little river Moussa, dividing Yariba from Borghoo, and on the 28th May entered the important town of Kiama, accompanied by an armed escort sent out to meet them by its chief, Yarro.

A week spent at Kiama, enlivened by quaint religious ceremonies, half Pagan half Mahommedan; horse-racing; visits to and from the king and his wives, etc., etc., was succeeded by a tedious journey, now beneath a burning sun, now through torrents of tropical rain, over mountains and across swamps, to the village of Coobly, surrounded by straggling Fellatah hamlets, and just within the province of Boussa. Here John Lander became seriously

ill of the same fever which had proved fatal to Clapperton, but his brother's hardly-won experience stood him in good stead; and on the 15th June the journey was resumed, this time in a south-easterly direction, through a thick forest, and then over hills and deep valleys, to the ruins of a large Fellatah town set down in a beautiful plain, with splendid clumps of tropical trees breaking its green monotony. On the 16th a halt was made at Zalee, a little town picturesquely situated in a "valley formed by a gap in a triple range of lofty hills;" and on the 19th the now far-famed Boussa, a collection of huts on the western bank of the Niger, was entered, it is believed, for the first time by a European since the death of Park. The king and his midikie, or principal wife, received the travellers with great cordiality; and the next day, to their great surprise, they were visited by Richard Lander's old friend, the widow Zuma, who had grown so enormously fat that she could hardly squeeze herself in at the door of the hut. Many and terrible had been her woes since she had sent her pathetic message of farewell from her prison in Wow-wow. She had fought as an Amazon in the late war; one of her sons had been convicted of theft, and compelled to fly his native town; she herself had been mulcted of her goods, her slaves, by the cruel chief of Wow-wow; she was now an exile from home, and so forth.

Avoiding any very intimate relations with the "lovely" victim of so much oppression, lest they should lead to complications with the ruler of her present sojourning place, the brothers devoted their time to obtaining all possible information respecting the course of the Niger, winning golden opinions from those in authority by the judicious presentation of bright buttons and other trifles,

and, to their great delight, obtaining possession of a most gorgeous robe of crimson damask embroidered with gold, supposed to be part of the spoil from Park's canoe. At one time they even thought they had found his much-sought journal, as the king brought them a book carefully done up in cotton-cloth, which he said had belonged to the white man. A thick royal quarto was eagerly drawn out from its wrappings and reverently opened as containing the record of the great hero's last weeks of toil and suffering; to prove, alas! to be but a collection of tables of logarithms and loose papers, including a tailor's bill, one or two invitations, and suchlike insignificant documents.

Disguising their real object in coming to the country, the Landers gave out that they were anxious to go to Bornou by way of Yaorie, and asked for permission to cross the province of Boussa for that purpose. Their request was readily granted, and on the 23rd June they took leave of the king, from whom they had received more courtesy and kindness than from any other negro potentate, and wended their way northwards, hoping shortly to get a canoe and be able to ascend the river itself. They were, however, compelled to have a vessel constructed under their own superintendence, which caused much wearisome delay. At the village of Kagogie, two days' journey north of Boussa, the canoe was launched, and the horses, etc., were conveyed to the eastern bank, to make the journey to Yauri by land. Two days' voyage up the river, between banks covered with hamlets and villages, nestling now at the foot of lofty hills, now in clumps of magnificent tropical trees, and along a channel varying in width from a few yards to a couple of miles, brought the little bark to a formidable rocky barrier in the river close to a village

called Sooloo. Here the whole volume of water, "finding only one narrow passage, rushed through it with great impetuosity, overturning and carrying away everything in its course," and the canoe was lifted into smoother water by main force by the boatmen, who stationed themselves on the rocks on either side of the narrow causeway. It was the last difficulty to be overcome in the *ascent* of the Niger, its further course being unimpeded by a single rock or sand-bank; but where obstacles ceased, the zest of discovery was gone, and the adventurers shortly landed at a little village, to make their way in a north-north-easterly direction, over a sterile country presenting a continuous ascent, to the town of Yaoorie, where they hoped to make final arrangements for their voyage down the river to the sea.

Many weeks ensued, however, before a canoe could be obtained, the Sultan of the province of Yaoorie being anxious to detain the travellers as long as possible with a view to possessing himself of all their valuables. In vain did the brothers entreat his Majesty to give them the papers belonging to Park which he was supposed to have preserved, and let them go; in vain did Pasko cajole and bribe the most influential people about his person; the "wealthy" visitors must remain until they had given up every button, every piece of cloth, etc., with which they were provided.

First the Sultan sent them some ostrich feathers, which were in some mysterious way to speed them on their voyage, with a message to the effect that they should have some more when the bird from which they were taken had assumed his new plumage—it would be cruel to strip him entirely; then a canoe could not be had without reference to the king of Boussa; a visit must certainly be paid to



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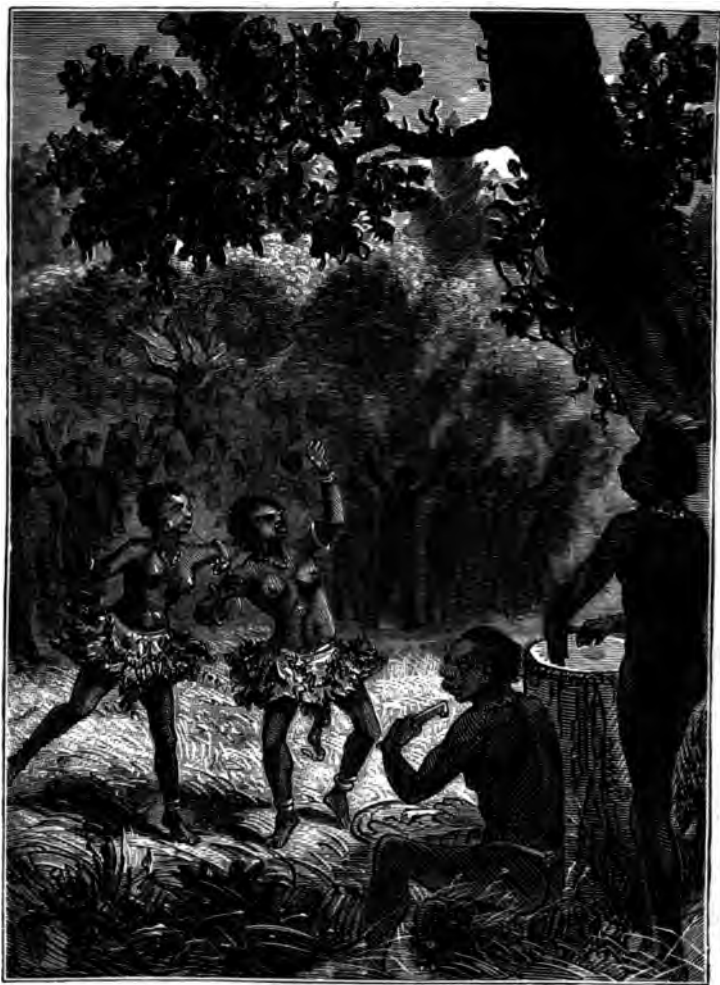
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DANCE IN HONOUR OF THE MOON.

NORTH AFRICA, P. 221.

the king of Wow-wow, or he would be offended and hinder the voyage down the river; and, worst of all, laments John Lander in almost comical despair, the "Whitechapel sharps," warranted not to cut in the eye, which were to serve as a kind of small coin and ready money, had most of them no eyes at all—moreover, so many had been imported by previous travellers that their value was greatly depreciated. In such a situation science would have been powerless, and nothing but the dogged British perseverance of our heroes won the day. Never swerving from their purpose, never ceasing to repeat, "give us a canoe," and never themselves losing patience, they at last wearied out that of their tormentors, and were allowed to return to Boussa, where they were received as cordially as before by the king, who really set to work to try and procure the long wished-for vessel.

An eclipse of the moon, considered of ominous import, very nearly caused another long delay; but the brothers duly admired the wild dances in honour of the Queen of Heaven—who, the priest grandly said, had been dragged from her course by the sun—did their best to reassure the frightened monarch and his subjects; and on the 20th September, nearly three months after their arrival at Yaoorie, they were able to embark with guides and a remnant of their goods in two leaky canoes, which, very much to their own surprise, conveyed them safely down the Niger to Teah, an island belonging to the Nouffle district, where they received a most unpleasing and embarrassing message from the king of Wow-wow, bidding them to a religious festival in his capital. His Majesty, the emissary added, would certainly give his white friends a good canoe, but only on condition of their presence at

his fête. John Lander therefore left his comrades on the island and went to pay his respects to his old friend of Wow-wow; but he gained nothing by his compliance, and, after two days' absence, returned to re-embark with his party in their unsafe craft, and carefully pilot them between the rocks and small islands which here broke up the river to the small town of Lever, where they were detained for four days, as the man who had lent the canoes to the king of Boussa for their use demanded the return of his property. This difficulty was got over by the interference of the native priest, who threatened to send the unfortunate owner's messengers back to him with ropes round their necks if the canoes were touched, and, after four days' detention, our heroes were again afloat, reaching the important town of Bajiebo in Yariba in the course of a few hours—a place, they tell us, unequalled in "dirt, bustle, and nastiness of all kinds by any they had before visited." One night in this charming spot proved more than enough for the travellers, and before daybreak the next morning their canoes were launched, and they saw the Niger spreading itself before them in "two noble branches of nearly equal width" divided by an island. Choosing the eastern branch, they sped along between banks "embellished with mighty trees and shrubs, with little birds singing merrily in the branches, and magnificent festoons of evergreen plants drooping to the water's edge forming immense natural grottoes."

The next halting-place was Leechee, an important Nouffle town, and beyond it the island of Madje was passed, succeeded by a remarkable rock, some three hundred feet high, called Mount Kesa, forming a small island and presenting a most majestic appearance. The

natives believe that this rock is inhabited by a benevolent but invisible genius, who supplies the wants of the poor, soothes the mourners, and feeds the travellers who resort to his sanctuary. The Landers, in spite of this tradition, made no attempt to scale the precipice, by which alone the invisible one could be approached, but pressed on for Belee, a large island a little above the important town of Rabba, where they were told by the chief that it would be advisable for them to put up on the island of Zagozhi, opposite Rabba, rather than in the town itself, and that the "King of the Dark Water," the chief man of Zagozhi, would probably come to Belee and escort them to his domain.

Courtesy compelled our heroes to wait for the arrival of their future host; and, finding the heat and dirt of Belee intolerable, they embarked in their canoe as early as five the next morning, and lay-to beneath the shade of a far-spreading tree till about ten, when the sound of singing and of the regular beat of many paddles announced the approach of the Water Monarch. First one and then another well-manned canoe drew up in sight of the watchers, and then, amidst songs and music, appeared that of the "king" himself, which was of extraordinary length, and displayed a most unusual amount of pomp, being bright with gold and scarlet awning, and filled with well-dressed attendants! The Water King landed, and the Landers were compelled to follow his example, though they had hoped to escape another visit to Belee. A brief interview in a miserable hut ensued; presents and compliments were exchanged, and Suliken Rouah, as his sable Majesty was called, returned to his vessel, his fine commanding figure rising above that of his

motley crew of followers, and set off to the best advantage by a full blue Arab cloak, figured satin and crimson silk robe, red cap, loose trousers, and coloured leather sandals.

Impressed by the dignity and evident importance of the "King of the Dark Water," the English travellers did their best to make their own vessel present a more respectable appearance, converting their sheets into an awning, and hoisting the Union Jack on a slender staff above it, whilst they adorned their own persons with all the finery they still retained, and made their eight attendants don new white Mahommedan robes. The "august King of the Dark Waters" politely waited till these preparations were complete, and then, the Union Jack leading the way, the procession started down the river. The twenty canoes forming his Majesty's retinue were soon supplemented by others, and, as Lander expresses it, "never did the British flag lead so extraordinary a squadron!" At 2 p.m. the island of Zagozhi was reached, and, landing amidst crowds of shouting natives, the visitors were escorted to the best house in the place, which, though "miserably bad," was soon rendered tolerably comfortable by the addition of bamboo doors and mats provided by Suliken Rouah himself.

All this was extremely flattering and promising, but, alas! it was only the prelude of another long and wearisome delay. The "King of the Dark Water" turned out no less of a rogue than his royal contemporaries of other petty African monarchies; he made no real efforts to speed the travellers on their way, but, taking their canoes from them, refused to supply them with another, and tried to extort presents from them at every turn.

The chief of Rabba was equally provoking; at first full of complimentary congratulation on the arrival of the

white men, eager to serve them, and so forth, but only—*for a consideration.* When everything else was exhausted, except a small box of presents absolutely indispensable to further progress down the river, the Landers were compelled most reluctantly to part with the tobe supposed to have belonged to Mr. Park, and which they had hoped to take home as a precious relic. Fortunately, however, the sacrifice worked wonders. The chief of Rabba, the fortunate recipient of the “princely gift,” as he called it, changed his tone and loaded his guests with presents, some of them really valuable; whilst the “King of the Dark Water” first restored the confiscated canoes and then exchanged them for one large one, which, though “very leaky, and not near large enough,” served the purpose of our indomitable heroes, who embarked in it on the 16th October, fired two muskets as a parting salute, relieved their minds by three long ringing British cheers, answered by the shouts of hundreds of natives, and, pushing off, were once more scudding merrily “down the river to the sea.”

Just below Rabba the Niger made a bend to the eastward, and several large and small towns were observed on its banks. The width for the next thirty miles varied considerably, being sometimes as much as five and sometimes only two miles in extent; but it was everywhere easily navigable, and our heroes met with no serious dangers by the way, though they were once completely surrounded by hippopotami, who nearly upset the canoe by their plunging and rolling, and on another occasion were overtaken by a violent storm. But whether parched by the sun or drenched by the rain, whether suffering from fever, from hunger, or from thirst, the little crew never

paused except when compelled to obtain fresh provisions; and on the 19th October they had the satisfaction of entering the important town of Egga, where they were delayed a few days owing to the unwillingness of their canoe-men to go further.

Continued threats and promises got over this fresh difficulty, and they were off again on the 22nd of October, and late on the same day had passed the boundary of the Nouffe country, and entered a district inhabited by unknown tribes supposed to be of a blood-thirsty and savage disposition. As the canoe approached Kacunda, the first village in this land of evil repute, the natives raised the war-cry, armed themselves with swords, dirks, bows and arrows, and, but for the timely interference of a woman who understood the Houssa language and acted as interpreter, the voyage down the Niger would probably have ended then and there. Convinced of the harmlessness of the intruders, the people of Kacunda allowed them to land and entertained them to the best of their ability, but at the same time warned them that their neighbours on the south side were not likely to let them pass by unharmed. Under these circumstances, the brothers determined to travel during the night, and, cautiously avoiding villages and towns, they came on the 25th October to the river Tchadda, which flows into the Niger from the north-east, a few miles above Bocqua. After a narrow escape from being swallowed up in a whirlpool on the western side of a huge rock between the mouth of the Tchadda and Bocqua, and worn out with hunger and exertion, the little band of travellers ventured to land, and the brothers were quietly resting under some trees whilst their people were looking about them, when

one of the latter hastened up, shouting, "War is coming! oh, war is coming!"

The Landers were on their feet in an instant, and saw a "large party of men almost naked, running in a very irregular manner, and with uncouth gestures, towards their little encampment." They were armed with arrows, knives, cutlasses, barbs, long spears, etc.; and as the travelling party were a good deal scattered, and no interpreter was at hand, there seemed some danger of the two heroes being murdered before succour could arrive. Fortunately, however, our old acquaintance Pasko came up in time, followed almost immediately by the other stragglers, and, hastily forming their followers into something like martial array, John and Richard hastened forward to meet the leader of the natives, throwing down their weapons and making gestures of conciliation when close to him. His bow bent, the poisoned arrow trembled on its string, the savage warrior bent his knee to take aim, when, lo! a sudden change came over his purpose, his eyes softened, his head drooped, he grasped the hands held out to him and burst into tears. The danger was passed; friendship was declared, and, looking round to congratulate their followers on their escape, the brothers were not a little amused to see them running off as fast as they could, old Pasko alone standing his ground with his musket pointed at the chief's breast!

The armed villagers now gathered round their leader, and when the excitement of his explanation had worked itself off in much shouting, laughing, shrieking, shaking of spears, firing of muskets, etc., and the white men had presented each warrior with some needles in token of amity, the chief, with his new friends on either side, seated him-

self on the turf, and made a speech to the following effect :—Hearing, he said, of the arrival of strangers, he had concluded that their purpose was evil, and had therefore determined to anticipate it by slaying them ; but when he saw their white faces, he and his men were too frightened to draw their arrows, and when the owners of those white faces threw down their weapons and held out their hands, his heart fainted within him, and he believed his visitors were “children of Heaven dropped from the skies ;”—winding up this long harangue with the words, “And now, white men, all I want is your forgiveness !” This was, of course, readily granted ; and, with a silent thanksgiving to God for their wonderful preservation, the two brothers explained the real object of their journey, and asked many questions respecting the further course of the river, the character of the people on the banks of the Tshadda, etc. The replies received were rather vague and contradictory, and, after a day and a night spent at Bocqua, the voyage down the river was resumed ; a scene very similar to that related above taking place at the next village passed, where a number of negro Amazons, or female warriors, prepared to pour a volley of arrows, etc., into the canoe, but dropped their arms when the Landers made gestures expressive of their peaceable intentions.

These dangers were, however, light compared to those encountered a little below the important market-town of Kirree (N. lat. 6°), where the brothers, who were at the time in separate canoes, fell into the hands of a party of armed savages, fiercer and more powerful than any they had yet met with. Elated at the success which had thus far attended their progress, and knowing that they were now not many miles from the sea, the heroes hailed with

delight the appearance of a number of large canoes coming up the river filled with men in European clothing, and with what appeared to be the Union Jack flying at their sterns. But the apparent Europeans were sturdy savages probably wearing the spoil of former victims, whilst the flags were but skilfully-contrived imitations; and when the little vessels containing the Landers and their party were hemmed in on every side, they were boarded, their contents flung into their assailants' canoes, and their owners stripped of all they possessed. At one time John narrowly escaped drowning, for his canoe was capsized, and he found himself in the water with hundreds of black ruffians glaring down upon him; but he struck off for a large boat apart from the others, containing two females and some little ones, thinking that from them he should meet with some compassion, and, "just as he was about to climb on board, a fellow of gigantic stature, with a most hideous countenance, suddenly bent down, laid hold of him by the arm, snatched him with a violent jerk out of the water, and let him fall like a log into the canoe without speaking a word." As he lay there naked and helpless, Richard's canoe suddenly approached, and, springing to his feet, he was about to fling himself into it when a huge arm dragged him back to his former position. A little later, however, Richard managed to fling a coat over John's bare shoulders, and throughout the terrible scene each seems to have thought more of the danger of the other than of his own.

At the end of some hours' fighting, during which several native canoes were upset and their inmates drowned, the boats containing the brothers were moored close to each other at an island a little distance from the shore, and, leaving a guard to prevent all attempt at escape, the

leaders of the attack went on shore to attend a grand palaver to be held on the affray, and prove, if they could, that the stolen property was their lawful prize, and that the Landers were their lawful prisoners.

Thanks to the intervention of some natives from New Calabar, and of some Mahommedans from villages further up the river, the cause was decided against them, and, to the intense surprise and delight of our heroes, who had thought that all was over with them, they were summoned on shore to identify their property. Many valuable articles, including nearly the whole of Richard's journal, were, unfortunately, gone beyond control, perhaps to the bottom of the river; but two boxes and a bag were recovered, and with their contents the indomitable adventurers hoped even yet to make their way to the sea. They were just a little cast down when they found they were still prisoners, and were to be forwarded as such with an escort to King Obie of the Eboe country, some ten miles further south. But, after all, they reflected, what did it matter how they went so that they still continued their voyage? Who could tell what happy chance might operate in their favour when Eboe was reached? They therefore hailed with joy the arrival of six war canoes at seven a.m. on the 6th November, and started down the river in the best of spirits.

At Eboe the reception was even more favourable than they had ventured to hope; but King Obie was very unwilling to let them leave his dominions, and at one time contemplated selling the whole party as slaves. Fortunately, however, King Boy, son of the king of Brass Town, almost on the sea-coast, and close to the river Nun, one of the principal mouths of the Niger, arrived in the

very nick of time, and interfered in favour of the white men, calling them his friends, because they were already acquainted with his brother "Gun;" he paid the ransom demanded by King Obie on the faith of receiving it again from the master of the brig "Thomas," then lying in First Brass or Nun river, and carried them off in triumph to his own country, asking no greater reward for his trouble than the value of fifteen slaves and a cask of rum.

Leaving Eboe on the 12th November, the ransomed captives and their rescuer arrived at a point of the Niger nearly opposite to Brass Town on the 15th of the same month, where they were courteously received by King Forday, Boy's father, and by him escorted to his capital, which Richard describes as a wretched, filthy, contemptible place, full of half-starved women and children, and famished dogs, goats, and other animals. Here, after one or two rather hot discussions with Kings Forday and Boy, John Lander was detained, whilst Richard was allowed to go to the brig "Thomas," then at anchor in the river Nun, with a view to obtaining the whole or part of the ransom paid by King Boy from its master.

Entering the Nun opposite to a large branch of the Niger flowing towards Benin, accompanied by King Boy in his own canoe, at seven o'clock on the morning of the 18th November Richard Lander was soon alongside of the British brig, and, eagerly ascending its ladder, found himself, to his disappointment and dismay, amongst a dead and dying crew, with a captain apparently in the very last stage of illness. Telling the latter who he was and his object in coming on board, poor Lander was met with a torrent of abuse and an absolute refusal to pay a "flint" towards the ransom. Disgusted and disheartened,

the unfortunate hero returned to King Boy and begged him to try some other vessel at Bonny, but his Majesty replied, "No, no; dis captain no pay, Bonny captain no pay; I won't take you any further." A second attempt to touch the heart of the captain of the "Thomas," however, resulted in a promise to take the Landers and their men to Fernando Po if they could be got on board the "Thomas," with a reiterated assurance that not a "flint" should be paid for them.

King Boy therefore left Richard on board and returned to John at Brass Town, determined to keep him as a hostage until some satisfactory arrangements could be made. His fury at his disappointment at first knew no bounds, but John, with marvellous tact, at last managed to soothe his irritation, and to persuade him to take him and his men to the "Thomas," assuring him that, sooner or later, the ransom should be forthcoming. Poor Boy still clung to a hope of getting his money if he could only have speech with the captain of the "Thomas," and he allowed John to go on board first with a view to paving the way, following himself with the eight men of the Landers' party. The joy of the meeting between the brothers will be imagined; but it was considerably damped by their regret at being compelled to break faith with the poor king who had rescued them from slavery. Before Boy's party arrived on board, the guns were loaded, and the few sailors who could still stand ordered to take their arms; but no actual conflict ensued, for the king, seeing how matters stood, sulkily withdrew, carrying with him the few valuables the brothers were able to scrape together, and muttering feeble threats of vengeance.

Soon after he had left the "Thomas" weighed anchor, and on the 1st December the brothers were landed at Fernando Po, from which they embarked for Rio de Janeiro, arriving there on the 16th March, and sailing again for England on the 20th of the same month. On the 9th June they landed at Portsmouth after an absence of some eighteen months, having, during that time, solved a problem which had puzzled geographers for ages, by tracing the Niger from Boussa to its principal mouth in the Gulf of Guinea between the Bights of Benin and Biafra.

We may add that the first annual premium of fifty guineas, placed by King George IV. at the disposal of the Royal Geographical Society, founded in 1830, was awarded to Richard Lander for his successful conduct of this important expedition.





CHAPTER XI.

LANDER'S LAST TRIP AND MELANCHOLY DEATH, AND THE NIGER EXPEDITION OF 1841.

Formation of Company for Colonisation of Niger Districts—Arrival of New Expedition at the Mouth of the Nun—Terrible Sufferings in Ascending the River—Murder of Lander—Captain Trotter's and Commander Allen's Gallant Efforts—Mr. Carr's Settlement—Failure of all Schemes—Fearful Mortality—Return Home of Survivors.

THE grand discovery of the Landers was hailed with all the enthusiasm it deserved, and the brothers had not been in England two years before Richard was asked to take the command of a new expedition, this time to be fitted out with all the appliances known to science for promoting geographical enquiry, and counteracting the evil effects of the unhealthy climate of the West Coast of Africa. The highway into the heart of the long-closed country had at last been opened, and merchants and philanthropists were alike eager to avail themselves of it; the former with a view to the establishment of commercial relations with the natives, the latter in the hope of suppressing the slave trade. A company was quickly formed at Liverpool, the main object of which was the foundation of a permanent settlement at the junction of the Tchadda and Niger, where the various products of the surrounding districts could be collected; and two steam

vessels, one large and the other small, were built expressly for the navigation of the Niger. The larger, named the "Quorra," one of the numerous titles of the great water-way to be explored, was manned by a crew of twenty-six men; and the smaller, called the "Alburkah," a Houssa word signifying blessing, by one of fourteen. To these a fine sailing vessel, named the "Columbine," was added, which was to carry out the goods of the expedition, and wait at the mouth of the Niger for any cargoes sent down from the interior. Associated with Mr. Lander as leaders, or at least as chief members of the expedition, were Mr. Laird, a merchant, Mr. Oldfield, a surgeon, Captain Harries, Dr. Briggs, and Lieutenant Allen.

Appointing a rendezvous at La Praya, one of the Cape Verd Isles, the three vessels started from Liverpool, within a few days of each other, at the end of July, 1832; and, after a short halt at the meeting-place, they made for the West Coast of Africa, touching at York, Free Town, and Cape Coast Castle, to make up the complement of their labourers and provisions. Captain Harries, who had already had considerable experience with the natives, chose his men from among the Kroomen, inhabiting a strip of country extending from Simon River along the coast to Cape Palmas, and from thence to Cape Lahoo, and said to be the most intelligent race of Northern Africa, quite unfit for slaves, and therefore never sought after by dealers, but making first-rate servants when kindly treated. Mr. Lander, on the other hand, was fortunate enough once more to secure the services as guide of his and our old friend Pasko, and one or two other negroes who had already acted in the same capacity.

All went well until the mouth of the Nun was reached,

though Mr. Laird and Mr. Oldfield, to whom we owe our account of the expedition, speak in terms of great indignation of the horrors of the slave trade witnessed by them at every town or village visited. With the anchoring of the vessels, however, the troubles and difficulties of their owners began. Captain Harries, commander of the "Quorra," who had been ill for some days, died just before the bar of the river was crossed; and the loss of his valuable services did much to compromise the success of the undertaking. Mr. Laird did his best to supply his place; but on visiting the "Alburkah" to tell Mr. Lander of the sad event, he found that a man had just died from an illness exactly similar to that which had carried off the gallant captain. This was a terribly sad beginning; and the crews of both vessels were mustered at once and asked if they still wished to proceed, or would any of them like to take service on the homeward-bound brig "Susan," whose master had offered high wages to any able-bodied seamen who would join him. With the pluck of true Britons, however, all but two refused to leave their leaders; and the natives engaged as guides, woodcutters, etc., were equally staunch in their resolution. It was resolved, therefore, to leave the "Columbine" at the mouth of the river, and push on as rapidly as possible in the hope of reaching a healthier district.

Our old acquaintances, Kings Boy and Obie, received their visitors courteously and with many professions of good-will; but from the first the natives seem to have meditated treachery; and as the two steamers advanced up the river, the impediments to their progress became more and more frequent. Beyond Eboe, King Obie's capital, a terrible mortality began on both vessels. Mr. Laird was

more than once at death's door, and between the 16th and 21st November eight men were carried off. Still undaunted, however, the survivors pressed on as far as the beginning of the so-called Attah country, extending northwards to the Benuwe or Tchadda River, erroneously called the Shary by Mr. Laird; and whilst the "Quorra" remained at anchor outside the capital, Lander attempted to take the "Alburkah" up to Boussa, and Laird to go up the Tchadda and trace its course to its source. Both were unsuccessful; Lander finding the river too shallow for the passage of his steamer, and Laird getting no further than Fundah, but a few miles from the junction of the Tchadda and Niger, where he was long detained by illness and the caprice of the king. He returned at last to Attah, weary and disheartened, to find that several of his comrades had died, and that poor old Pasko and some other natives had been poisoned by order of the king.

It was now decided that the "Quorra," under command of Mr. Laird, should return to Fernando Po; and that Mr. Lander should fetch Mr. Oldfield from the "Columbine," and with him make yet one more effort to ascend the Tchadda. This programme was carried out; Mr. Laird arriving safely, though much exhausted and emaciated, at Fernando Po on the 28th August, 1833, where he took ship for Liverpool, regaining the shores of his native land on the 1st January, 1834, thoroughly cured of his wish to explore the interior of Africa. Meanwhile, Messrs. Lander and Oldfield, having waited until the autumnal rains had swollen the river, proceeded up the Tchadda in the "Alburkah," and advanced as far as Dagbo, some little distance beyond Fundah, the highest point reached by Mr. Laird. Here they were obliged to turn back, and, re-

entering the Niger, they ascended that river without meeting with any formidable obstacles as far as Rabba, where they remained for about a month, starting for the sea on October 2nd, with a full determination to return with fresh men and provisions, and, if possible, trace the river to its very source.

On the 2nd November the weather-beaten "Alburkah" cast anchor off Fernando Po, and, ten days later, Oldfield, though suffering from the effects of severe fever, again started for the Niger, it being arranged that Lander should go to Cape Coast to collect cowries, etc., and join him in about six weeks.

That meeting, however, was never to take place. Oldfield, as agreed, entered the river, and, whilst waiting off Iddah for the arrival of his old comrade, he received the following letter, which we copy in full as being the last words penned by one of the greatest of our Heroes of North African Discovery.

"RIVER NUN, Jan. 22nd, 1834.

"DEAR SIR,

"Having an opportuning of writing to you by King Boy, who will give it to King Obie to forward to you, I avail myself of it. I was coming up to you with a cargo of cowries and dry goods worth four hundred and fifty pounds, when I was attacked from all quarters by the natives of Hyammah off the fourth island from Sunday Island (eighty-four miles from the Nun). The shots were very numerous both from the island and shore. Mrs. Brown and child were taken prisoners, whom I was bringing up to her husband, as well as Robert the boy. I have advanced King Boy money to go and purchase them; and

the vessel will call here immediately, as I am going to Fernando Po to get the people's wounds attended to.

"We had three men shot dead—Thompson, second mate of the cutter, one Krooman, and one Cape Coast man. I am wounded, but I hope not dangerously, the ball having entered close to the arm and struck the thigh-bone; it is not extracted yet. Thomas Oxford is wounded in the groin; two Kroomen wounded dangerously, and one slightly. I am sorry to say I lost all my papers and everything belonging to me, the boat and one canoe; having escaped in one of the canoes barely with a coat to our backs, they chasing us in their war canoes, and all our cartridges being wet, so that we could not keep them off. They attacked us at three p.m. on the 20th January, and left us at eight at night. We pulled all night, and reached the cutter on the 21st. We are now under weigh for Fernando Po.

"I remain,

"Your most affectionate friend,

(Signed)

"R. L. LANDER.

"To Surgeon Oldfield,

"Alburkah Steamer, River Niger."

Rejoiced to hear that Lander's wound was not dangerous, Oldfield waited for him until the 9th April, and then, having received no further tidings, he pursued his way up the river alone; the monotony of the voyage being broken by an occasional skirmish with the natives, and the death of one and another of the crew of the "Alburkah." The young surgeon advanced as far as Addacoodah, between Addah and the junction of the Tchadda and Niger; and then, as his own health was beginning to give way, and

no news came from Lander, he put his vessel about and steamed slowly towards the sea. On the 28th June he anchored off Barracoön House in the river Nun, and there received a letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholls informing him of Lander's death at Fernando Po from the wounds inflicted by the natives of Hyammah.

There was now nothing left for the few survivors of the ill-fated expedition to do but to return home as best they could. Having first visited the grave of their famous leader at Fernando Po, they left the two vessels on which they had seen and suffered so much to rot in the harbours, and embarked in various homeward-bound steamers for their respective destinations. No less than thirty of their comrades were left to sleep their last sleep far away from their native land—a terrible price to have paid for the exploration of some eighty miles of the Tchadda, the only new district visited.

The reports brought home by the survivors of Laird and Oldfield's expeditions of the horrors of the slave trade, and of the fertility of the districts watered by the Niger, led, in 1840, to the fitting out, by the British Government, of three new vessels—the "Wilberforce," the "Soudan," and the "Albert." These were to take up the work left unfinished by their predecessors, and to carry European civilisation and European capital into the very heart of Africa—destroying the traffic in human beings by rendering it unprofitable, and substituting for it legitimate commerce. Captain Trotter, of the Royal Navy, was appointed to the chief command of this new expedition, and was assisted by Commander William Allen, who had been with Lander on his last trip, and had already explored eighty miles of the Tchadda, and Commander Bird Allen.

Each of these gentlemen, with a certain Mr. William Cook accompanying them, was empowered by Her Majesty's Government to make treaties with the native chiefs on the coast of Africa, and principally on the banks of the Niger, for the suppression of the external slave trade and the establishment of lawful commerce. Several men of science, anxious to study the flora, fauna, etc., of the countries to be visited, and a certain Mr. Alfred Carr, a West Indian gentleman of colour, who proposed founding a model farm on the Niger, also accompanied the expedition.

On the 12th May, 1841, the three vessels finally sailed from Devonport, and, after touching at Madeira, St. Vincent, and other islands, they cast anchor on the 26th June off Sierra Leone, with a view to engaging negroes to assist in navigation, and to save the whites from unnecessary exposure to the rains and sun. With some little difficulty, owing to the number of deaths which had occurred amongst the natives on Lander's last trip, the necessary complement of men was made up; and Captain William Allen, from whose journal our account is taken, expresses himself greatly amused at the names by which his new hands had themselves entered in his books—Jack Frying-pan, King George, Jack Sprat, Bottle of Beer, and other quaint or pompous titles being gravely assumed by the blacks. As usual, the sturdy Kroomen were the most active in coming forward; but the services were also secured of several liberated Africans to act as interpreters and to help on the future model farm.

On the 2nd July the vessels again weighed anchor, and on the 5th arrived off Mouravia, the chief settlement of the celebrated American colony of Liberia, then inhabited entirely by free and liberated coloured men under the

presidency of Mr. Buchanan, the only white resident. Having visited the well-built schools and churches, which bear witness to the success of the experiment to raise the tone of the natives, the officers again mustered their forces, making their next halt at Cape Palmas, where, in wandering about amongst the woods surrounding it, they came upon a little school in the wilderness kept by a devoted American missionary, whom they surprised singing a well-known hymn with his dusky pupils in a sequestered palm grove. It turned out that he had his wife with him, and that both she and himself were already suffering from the decline, which has brought so many English settlers on the coast of Africa to their graves.

Reluctantly bidding farewell to the doomed couple, our heroes slowly made their way to Cape Coast Castle, and, not to linger with them too long before the actual exploration of the Niger began, we pass over their accounts of the various places visited, and with which we shall presently become better acquainted, to join them at the mouth of the Nun, where we find the "Wilberforce," "Albert," and "Soudan" together on the 13th August, all preparations completed, and ready to begin the arduous undertaking which was to be fatal to so many of those engaged in it. The "Albert" and "Soudan" were the first to cross the bar, but they were quickly followed by the "Wilberforce;" and on the same day several of the officers of the last-named vessel landed on the western bank opposite Acassa, and made their first acquaintance with some of the hybrid natives of this part of the coast—athletic, well-built fellows, wearing nothing but blue and white waist-cloths, and speaking a little Spanish, probably picked up from the crews of the slaving vessels frequenting

the mouth of the river. Here and there the explorers were shocked to see the dead bodies of women lying on the beach, and their horror was certainly not lessened on learning that they were probably only a few of many sacrificed to the native gods with a view to propitiating them and inducing them to turn the visit of the "whites" to the advantage of the blacks.

Far different was the service performed on each vessel on the evening of the 19th August, when, having obtained permission from our old friend King Boy to pass through his territory, the leaders of the expedition mustered their men and solemnly commended themselves, souls and bodies, to the care of their Heavenly Father, beseeching Him to turn the hearts of the chiefs of the country so that they might meet the humane wishes of the explorers, and to bring the little band of Christians safely back to their homes.

Stopping now at one village, now at another, and meeting everywhere with courtesy and respect, our heroes cast anchor a little below Eboe, or, as they call it, Aboh, on the 26th August, and were soon honoured by a visit from the dreaded King Obie, who had detained the Landers so long on their journey down the river. The object of the Englishmen's visit was carefully explained by Captain Trotter, and his Majesty expressed himself much gratified and ready to grant everything in his power. He asserted that the slaves he sold himself came from countries far away; that he did not make war to take slaves; but that he took all the enemies he could as slaves when other chiefs quarrelled with him. He recommended cowries, cloth, muskets, powder, handkerchiefs, coral beads, etc., as the best articles of trade to be brought into his dominions,

and said that he would gladly exchange raw cotton, indigo, ivory, gum, and other native produce for them—in short, he proved himself thoroughly competent to understand the nature of the treaty proposed for his acceptance; and when Mr. Schön, the missionary, proceeded with further explanations, he broke in with the decisive if not very civil remark: “I have made you a promise to drop this slave trade, and I do not wish to hear anything more about it.”

Something more than a mere verbal promise was, however, necessary, and a solemn meeting was therefore agreed on, to be held on board the “Albert” on the 28th August, when a treaty between her Majesty and King Obie, already drawn up on the basis of a draft furnished by Lord John Russell, was to be duly signed and witnessed. His sable Majesty arrived in due time, attended by his eldest son, his chief Ju-ju man or priest, etc., etc., and all seemed likely to go well. The treaty and all that it involved was most carefully and minutely explained, and, though rather demurring to the clause putting an end to the custom of human sacrifice, on the ground that he should not know what to do with his criminals, Obie expressed himself satisfied. The commissioners signed first on the part of her Majesty, and King Obie Osaï, to give him his full title, proudly wrote his own name beneath that of his august “sister’s” representatives. Captain Trotter, his face beaming with satisfaction at the successful commencement of his labours, then turned to the Rev. Mr. Müller, chaplain to the expedition, and requested him to ask God’s blessing upon the work. King Obie, who had been told the nature of the ceremony about to be performed, knelt down reverently amongst the white men—setting an

example of tolerance which they might well have resolved to follow—and, in the most solemn silence, the clergyman began his petitions. Presently, however, Obie became agitated, and, as the last “Amen” was pronounced, he started up, gave a terrible cry of horror, and called for his Ju-ju man to bring him his protecting “Arrisi” or idol, for it had suddenly been borne in upon his mind that an incantation had been performed to his prejudice, and he was eager to avert the consequences by offering up a sacrifice.

The priest, hearing the agonised shout of his master, rushed forward with the idol, which the king placed between his feet, and he was about to offer to it the usual libation of palm wine, when Captain Trotter, as it seems to us, rather injudiciously interfered, declaring that he could not have a “heathen ceremony performed before his men.” Fortunately, Captain Bird Allen, with admirable tact, now came forward and told Obie that Mr. Müller had only been asking the Great God of all gods to bless blacks and whites alike; it was good and not evil which the prayer would bring upon his people, and much more to the same purpose. With a look of intense and almost comical relief, poor bewildered Obie accepted the explanation, poured the wine intended for his beloved idol down his own throat, followed it up with some more provided by his host, and prepared for what he considered the chief part of the whole affair—the reception of the presents which were to ratify the treaty. Fortunately they were all that could be desired—some gorgeous clothes and a musical snuff-box exciting enthusiastic admiration, and a galvanic battery much surprise and perhaps also a little terror, the head men dropping the

wires in a great hurry after receiving a shock, though the king himself held them for a whole minute without showing a sign of fear.

The grand object of the halt at Aboh being thus happily achieved, a salute was fired from the three vessels, in the midst of which his sable Majesty took his leave, anchors were weighed, and the expedition pressed on immediately, arriving off Iddah on the 2nd September, after a halt at one or two intermediate villages. The first care of the leaders of the party was now to open negotiations with the Attah or king of Iddah, and, with this end in view, Dr. M'William, Mr. Schön, and one or two others, went on shore, and made their way up to the town, situated at the summit of a steep acclivity. The visitors were passed on from one authority to another, and finally received by Edma, a tall, fine-looking negro, son of the late ruler, and "captain of the port." He informed them that they could not see the king without first paying their respects to his sister Amadà Bue, and, after waiting another hour, they were conducted to her house and shown into a verandah. Here they were laughing and talking together about their reception, when a "spare black figure" suddenly crawled out on hands and knees from a "narrow and obscure recess," and, rising before them, announced herself to be the all-powerful lady they had come to visit. She was followed by her niece, the King of Attah's daughter, a pretty girl of seventeen, who wore nothing but a blue cotton waist-cloth, and a vast number of brass bracelets which weighed down her arms, so that she was obliged to rest them on the shoulders of her attendants.

Amadà Bue, after some little conversation with her guests, sent a message to her brother to ask him to receive them ;

but the reply was so long delayed that the officers at last declared that they really could not wait, but must go back to their ships. Their hostess begged them not to do that, and had a feast of stewed meat, ducks, and foo-foo or pounded yam set before them. This rather altered their view of the situation, and by the time they had done ample justice to the repast they were summoned to his Majesty's palace. Even then, however, he did not receive them for some time, and when they were at last admitted to his august presence, and had explained their errand, he replied, gravely, "that he was glad to see them, and if they and their comrades meant to be true friends to him they must not be in a hurry, but eat and drink with him for several days." Still he agreed to give formal audience to the whole body of commissioners the next day; and, after much such a scene as had taken place when Obie signed the treaty, he agreed to all its clauses, and also to the granting of a tract of country further up the Niger to Mr. Carr, for the founding of his model farm and settlement.

Whilst the commissioners were thus apparently carrying all before them, the "Wilberforce" and "Soudan" had been taken over to the opposite bank to lay in a fresh stock of fuel, and their crews experienced considerable difficulty in carrying out their orders, owing to the hostility of the natives, who turned out in large numbers, armed with all manner of quaint offensive weapons. This unexpected demonstration was defeated by the spirited conduct of Mr. Strange, first lieutenant of the "Wilberforce," who walked up to the savages unarmed with extended hands. The principal men, recognising this as a token of amity, readily shook hands with him, and by means of an interpreter he explained the object of his visit. Permission

to get wood was granted, and, whilst the sailors were at work, Strange learned that the natives here were tributary to King Obah of Benin, a powerful monarch who could raise ten thousand fighting men, and offered human sacrifices—not only in large numbers at great festivals, but at morning and evening every day! Horror-struck at these awful accounts, and feeling afresh the terrible obstacles in the way of any real civilisation of the Africans, the whites were glad enough to re-embark in their vessels; but in crossing the Niger again the “Wilberforce” struck on a sand-bank, and great delay was caused before she could be got off. To add to the anxieties of the moment, first one and then another of the officers and crews fell ill of fever; and when at last, on the 10th August, the three vessels were again under weigh, more than one gallant young fellow had been buried on the banks of the fatal Niger.

The survivors, cast down but not yet in despair, did their best to make up for their losses by extra exertions; but before another day was over the fever had made fearful progress in the “Soudan,” and the “Wilberforce” was obliged to take her in tow. On struggled the brave little band, however, and on the 10th September we find them at Adda-Kuddu, below the junction of the Niger and Tchadda, purchasing a tract of land of the native chiefs for seven hundred thousand cowries—about £45 in our money—and landing Mr. Carr and his assistants, with unabated confidence in the result of the experiment to be tried. To protect the little handful of settlers, the small brig “Amelia” was left at anchor off Mount Stirling, flanking the site of the model farm, and full powers were given its commander during the approaching absence of his chief.

But, alas! in the following days the number of the sick on all the vessels increased so rapidly, and death made such fearful havoc amongst the explorers, that Captain Trotter was obliged most reluctantly to send the "Soudan" down to the sea with the invalids. He intended himself to press on up the Tchadda in the "Wilberforce," but even that idea had to be abandoned, and the latter vessel soon followed the "Soudan" in a condition scarcely less deplorable. The "Albert," however, still remained, and was taken by Captain Trotter up the Niger to Egga, where it remained at anchor from September 28th to October 5th, after which it was brought down to Fernando Po, where the few survivors of the expedition, fitted out at so great a cost, met on the 25th October, 1841. Mr. Carr, who had bravely remained at his post at the model farm, is supposed to have been murdered by the natives, but although a small party of whites, under Lieutenant Webb, went up the Niger in the "Wilberforce" in the summer of the succeeding year, no certain tidings of his fate were ever obtained. The "Amelia" was found still at anchor at its old post opposite Mount Stirling; the model farm, all but the gable end, and twelve mud huts, had been erected, but they were almost entirely deserted. Lieutenant Webb left the few natives who still clung to their adopted home to the care of a friendly chief, and slowly made his way back to Fernando Po with the news of his ill-success, to find, on his arrival there, that Captain William Allen's intention to head a new expedition up the Niger had been frustrated by orders from the Admiralty to return home. In accordance with these, he and his comrades embarked in the "Kite" on the 7th July, 1842, and put into Plymouth on the 2nd September of the same year.



CHAPTER XII.

RICHARDSON, BARTH, OBERWEG, AND VOGEL.

Richardson's Preliminary Trips in the Desert, and Intercourse with Arabs—Start of Richardson, Barth, and Oberweg—Journey to Air, and Unfriendly Reception there—Separation of the Explorers at Chirak—Barth's Solitary Wanderings—News of Richardson's Death—Terrible Slave-hunt—Return to Kouka—Journey to Begharmi, and Detention there—Escape—Death of Oberweg at Kouka—Barth's Trip to the Niger, and Return Home—Vogel's Attempt to Traverse Africa—His Murder in Wady.

OUR next trip will be—not with the members of a costly expedition, provided with every supposed requisite of success, but with a solitary private traveller, James Richardson by name, to whom the idea of his celebrated journey across the desert was suggested by accident. The reading of a stray pamphlet, left on the table of the public library of Algiers, gave him, as he himself tells us, the germ of the idea which ultimately led to the design of visiting and exploring the Oasis of Ghadames, set down in the very heart of the desolations of the Great Sahara Desert.

Leaving Algiers in January, 1845, Richardson proceeded to Tunis, and from thence to Tripoli, endeavouring by the way to find some kindred spirit to join him in his venture. "He would never reach Ghadames, or, if he did, he would

never return—he would fall by the hand of banditti—or he would die of thirst and heat;” such were some of the prophecies by which his earnest representations were met, and, at last convinced that further argument would be useless, he determined to go alone. He therefore addressed himself to Colonel Warrington, the English consul at Tripoli, offering, if that gentleman would further his design, to do his best to aid in the suppression of the slave trade, and received the characteristic reply, “I don’t believe our Government cares one straw about the suppression of the slave trade; but, Richardson, I believe in you, so let’s be off to my garden.” Away then rode the pair to the “British garden,” a perfect horticultural paradise, containing the choicest fruit-trees of North Africa, in the midst of which stood the consul’s villa.

After a long talk with his host, it was agreed that an interview should be sought with the Pasha or Bashaw of Tripoli without delay, and that no pains should be spared to win his support of our hero’s scheme.

On the 21st May his Highness, Mehemet Ali, granted a first audience in the celebrated old castle of the Karamanly Bashaws, which had witnessed so many terrible deeds of blood. Richardson, introduced by Colonel Warrington, followed his guide’s lead by going into assumed raptures over the appearance and discipline of a regiment of the Bashaw’s troops, then being reviewed opposite the windows; and having thus, as he hoped, made a favourable impression, he proffered his request for permission to go to Ghadames. The Bashaw, who is described as a plainly-dressed, unpretending looking man of about fifty, consented at once and without hesitation, but before any reply was possible he proceeded to sum up a long array of reasons

against the trip, every word being endorsed with a scowl by his second in command—a savage-looking fellow who sat at his elbow. As a start could not be made without formal passports signed by both dignitaries, the verbal consent given by one was of no value whatever.

A little disheartened, our hero took his leave after some further useless parley, and six weeks ensued before he was able to advance a step towards the realisation of his project. At the end of that time, however, a second interview was granted, in which it leaked out that the Bashaw was uneasy at a report that Richardson had been appointed consul at Ghadames, and feared that his presence there in that capacity would interfere with his own extortions from the inhabitants of that country. Richardson denied the report, and did his best to soothe the jealous potentate; but only on the 30th July, after a compulsory residence of two months in Tripoli, did he at last receive the long-desired passport for himself, his servant Said—a runaway slave whom he had taken under his protection—and his camel-driver Mahommed. Such are some of the preliminary difficulties the would-be traveller in North Africa has to encounter!

It was intended, as is usual in similar cases, that Richardson should be escorted out of the town by the consular corps, with H. B. Majesty's representative at their head; but on the 2nd August, as he was making his final preparations, Mahommed dashed in upon him, exclaiming that a caravan had just started; they should be murdered if they attempted to travel alone; they must overtake it. Nothing loth, our hero hastily gathered his property together, and an hour later was on his way to Ghadames, scarcely able to believe that he had really left

Tripoli. The caravan, or ghafalah, was caught up outside the little village of Janzour as the shadows of night were falling, and only the next morning, August 3rd, the actual journey across the desert began; the caravan presenting an interminable line of camels, which slowly wended its way through narrow sandy lanes between hedges of prickly pear or cacti.

On the 6th the Yefran, part of the Tripoline chain of the Atlas, was reached, and its arduous ascent commenced. The poor camels, already worn out with the three days' tramp, showed great timidity and caution as they laboured up the mountain sides, and many of them threw off their burdens, refusing to advance. Separating himself from them, therefore, Richardson rode on to the so-called Kesar or Castle of the Yefran—a miserable, mud-built place, garrisoned by Turkish soldiers, who gaped and stared at the new arrival in undisguised astonishment, he being the first European who had ever visited their station.

The next morning, after a splendid night's rest beneath an olive tree, our hero had an interview with the Rais or Commandant, who gave him some very sound advice, saying to him, amongst other things, "Now, these people you are travelling with are barbarians; you must humour their whims and respect their religion"—words which were often remembered with gratitude.

On the afternoon of the 7th, Richardson started on an excursion with Said and Mahommed for the native place of the latter in the district of Rujban, arriving there at midnight and remaining several days, during which he was horrified at witnessing the cruel extortions practised on the unhappy inhabitants by the Turkish tax-gatherers.

who, when they could get no more money, seized food, household goods—anything they could lay hands on. One poor old woman had a few unripe figs snatched from her, whilst one man lost his camel—his only means of support, another his bullock, and so forth; those who offered any resistance being taken by the throat, dragged through the streets, and beaten with sticks. Disgusted at the sight of so much misery, Richardson did all in his power to relieve it, doctoring any simple complaints not beyond his skill, and winning golden opinions from the simple Arabs, who left off calling him the “Christian dog,” as they had done at first, and came to him for comfort in all their troubles. Ten days passed pleasantly away in this secluded retreat, and then, with a feeling of sickening regret, Richardson started to rejoin the caravan, the poor people running out after him shouting, “Bes-slamah, bes-slamah” (good-bye, good-bye).

About noon on the 20th he came up with his party in a pleasant plateau of the mountains, and was eagerly welcomed by the merchants, who had now completed their purchases of barley, skins, etc., and were ready for the most arduous part of the journey. The next four days were occupied in crossing the Gibel Sahara (Saharan Mountains), broken here and there with deep and rugged ravines, and untenanted by living creatures of any kind, beyond which came an apparently endless plain, where the real sufferings of Richardson began. On leaving the mountains he had but three skins of water left—one for himself, and one for each of his servants, Mahommed and Said having, as it subsequently transpired, constantly helped themselves. Even the most careful husbanding of the precious fluid could not prevent much terrible exhaus-

tion from thirst, and, in addition to this evil, our hero's eyes were terribly inflamed with ophthalmia, so much so, that he never dared remove the bandage he wore in the day-time. He tells us that about noon every day he passed through a crisis, when "a sort of point of halting between life or death in his poor frame was reached, and the European nature successfully struggled with the African sun," after which crisis he invariably felt better. By degrees, too, he became very good friends with many of his travelling companions, who at first fought shy of him on account of the impossibility of pronouncing the name of Richardson. When he explained, however, that he had another and shorter name, James, or in Arabic, Yâkob, the greatest delight was manifested; and on his arrival at Ghât, months afterwards, the Tuaricks there greeted him by the name of Yâkob as if they had known him all his life—so trivial are the incidents which influence the unsophisticated dwellers in the desert, either for or against those who venture amongst them.

A short halt at the little Oasis of Seenawan—a mere handful of date trees watered by a little bubbling spring, at which the skins were eagerly refilled—was succeeded by another weary tramp through the desert; and at dawn of day on the 25th the long-wished-for Ghadames was sighted, looking, with its enclosing date woods, like "a thick streak of black on the pale circle of the horizon." Numbers of people hurried out to meet the caravan, and amongst them a merchant Richardson had met in Tripoli, who now, much to his relief, gave him an eager welcome. A man who could speak a little Italian—and was afterwards appointed his interpreter by the Governor—also came up and accosted him, so that the feeling of desolation

by which he had expected to be oppressed soon wore off. It turned out that his imaginary appointment as consul of Ghadames had been known by every one in that town for two months, and, as he entered an ancient gate looking some thousands of years old, and wound through the narrow intricate lanes between mud walls forming the suburbs, crowds poured out to stare at the Christian, and to greet him with hand-clapping and long-sustained shouts. Riding straight through the city, Richardson made his way at once to the Governor's house, situated without the gates on the other side, and found his Excellency, who seemed to be very ill with ophthalmia, the common complaint of the desert, sitting outside smoking. He welcomed his visitor kindly, and advised him to retire to rest in a house which he would find prepared for him, shortly afterwards sending him a capital dinner of mutton, fowls, and rice.

The house assigned to Richardson was clean and commodious, and close to that of the Governor. After refreshing himself with food and a rest, he paid his first visit to the so-called "Mysterious Spring," to which the city owes its origin, and on his way thither made his first acquaintance with the Tuarick Arabs, some of whom seemed as much astonished at his appearance as he was at theirs, exclaiming, "God! God! how could the Infidel come here?" In subsequent interviews with some of these traders, who often filled his house to overflowing, he learned a good deal of their ways in the desert, and had many a characteristic conversation with them, such as the following.

Richardson. "How large is Ghât? As large as Ghadames?"

Tuaricks. "Bigger than Tripoli."

Richardson. "Have you plenty of meat in Ghât?"

Tuaricks. "Plenty of everything."

Richardson. "I am afraid of you—you killed one of my countrymen near Timbaktu" (Laing).

Tuaricks. "No, no; not the Tuaricks of our country."

Richardson. "Will you take me safe to Ghât?"

Tuaricks. "Upon our lives." (Drawing their swords across their foreheads.)

Richardson. "Have you a written language?"

Tuaricks. "Yes."

And so on till it became the turn of the Tuaricks to question, when they began:

"What's your name?"

Richardson. "Here, I will write it."

Tuaricks. "Have you any medicine for the eye?"

Richardson. "Yes."

A Tuarick. "My son is always coughing; what shall I do for him?"

Richardson. "Bring him here in the morning and I will give him something."

The Tuarick. "You won't poison him?"

Richardson. "No, no."

A long pause now ensued, during which the parties eyed each other curiously, and then a Tuarick re-opened the conversation with the comprehensive question:

"What do you think of *religion*? Do you pray?"

Richardson (evasively). "Well, there is one God."

The Tuarick. "And Mahommed?"

Richardson. "He is the prophet of the *Arabs*."

Tuaricks. "Who is your prophet?"

Richardson. "Jesus; He is the Prophet of all the Christians, as Moses is of the Jews."

The Tuaricks (impatiently). "But Mahommed?"

Richardson (calmly). "We Christians have but one Prophet, who is Jesus."

At this juncture, fortunately for our hero, who knew the danger of religious discussions with the bigoted Mahomedans of whatever race, an interruption occurred, and the next question was:

"Have you any powder?" To which he replied, "No; I am an English marabout, and carry no arms, and have nothing to give away but medicines."

This character of a marabout or priest, and dispenser of physic, was ably maintained by Richardson throughout his residence in Ghadames, which extended over several months, and to it, and the fancy the Arabs conceived for his short name of "Yâkob," his safety may be mainly attributed. He became extremely intimate with the Turkish Kaisar (governor), and from constant intercourse with him obtained a thorough insight into the working of the Turkish system of ruling the desert dependencies—of which he had also had a foretaste in the mountains. He speaks in terms of the bitterest censure of the hardships to which the wretched inhabitants were subjected, and in glowing words of admiration of the fortitude shown under suffering by all the races with whom he came in contact, whether Tuarick or Tibboo, Arab or negro, slaves or free.

He remained in Ghadames for the whole of the feast of the Ramadan, and lost more than one patient who had been on a fair way to recovery in consequence of the rigid abstinence practised by strong and weak alike at that period of the Arab religious year. In a word, he arrived in the great desert oasis with a strong prejudice against

its people; to leave it vividly impressed in their favour, and to look back upon his peaceful sojourn amongst them with regret. Towards the close of his visit he lost some popularity amongst the influential merchants by the publication in Tripoli of a private letter to his consul there on the subject of the suppression of the slave trade; but his name of Yâkob, written by himself on a slip of paper, had been freely circulated amongst the desert tribes, and their chiefs had promised that if he "wandered their way . . . they would not kill him, but give him plenty of camel's milk," so that he was in no real danger of losing his life, though he might anticipate a little less cordial welcome than he would otherwise have received.

After hesitating for some time whether to attempt to traverse the Soudan, to return to Tripoli by the old route, or to join a caravan for Ghât, Richardson finally decided on the last course, and on the 23rd November completed his preparations for departure with a party of merchants bound for the Saharan Oasis, second only in importance to Ghadames.

In the midst of the confusion of getting off, however, an alarm was raised that the Shânbah Arabs, then at desperate feud with the Tuaricks, were advancing upon the town, and the Rais immediately forbade the start. The advanced party of camels and drivers was recalled; a scout was sent out to reconnoitre, and twelve hours of intense and agonising suspense ensued. A delay *now* might mean the final abandonment of the journey to Ghât, not to speak of the probable murder by the bloodthirsty Shânbahs of a white man found under the protection of their hated enemies. At length, at noon on the 25th, "a single camel was descried on the dull red glare of the

Saharan horizon." It was ridden by the returning spy, and we cannot refrain from giving the graphic description of the scene which followed his entrance into the expectant city in our hero's own words.

"A number of people ran to him (the scout). 'Where are the Shânbah? Where? Shânbah?' The messenger says nothing—he is dumb. A crowd gets round him—he's still dumb. He enters the Rais's hall of conference and squats down in the presence of his Excellency. He speaks now and calls for coffee. The Rais gets furiously agitated at the moment of breaking silence. The scout very calmly sips off his coffee, and strokes down his beard, and then deigns to satisfy governor, kady (archbishop), officers, and the men, women, and children who are now pressing upon him with dreadful agitation. 'Oh, Bey, . . . I went to the sand; I got there when the sun was gone down. The camel lay down, and so did I lay down on the sand. We watched all night. I fear no one but God! . . . Two hours before the *fidger* (break of day), I looked up and saw pass by me, at a distance of from here to the spring, nine *bughar* (wild bullocks). They came and went, and went and came, snuffing up the sand and bellowing; . . . but the wild oxen are not the Shânbah.'"

At the mention of the oxen the people dispersed as suddenly as they had collected; the caravan was again in motion, and, before he could even get his dinner, Richardson was hurried off by the Rais. Once more he was in the free open desert, but again and again he looked back upon the isolated city of merchants and priests, the meeting-place of Mahommedanism and Paganism, the starting-point for journeys to the North and South, the

East and West, wondering if he should live to tell of its mysteries in his native land, and little dreaming of the arduous journeys in Africa yet before him.

Three weeks of not unpleasant travelling in a southeasterly direction, across desert wastes and through the so-called Region of the Genii—a land of mystery supposed to be tenanted by disembodied spirits, and shut in by ranges of gloomy, weird-looking mountains—brought our hero to Ghât, a Tuarick town resembling Ghadames, though on a considerably smaller scale, with mud walls and terraced houses. Here Richardson was courteously received by the governor and some of the principal merchants; but he had not long been in their city before he was taken ill—a calamity he attributes to the great and unexpected cold of this part of the Sahara, and to the sudden change of diet. He soon rallied, however, and, as in Ghadames, won golden opinions from all classes by his treatment of simple maladies, especially of that scourge of the desert, ophthalmia, from which residents and visitors suffered alike. He lingered until the end of January, 1840, at Ghât, clinging to a hope of getting into the Soudan, but was finally compelled to abandon the idea owing to the disturbed state of the country. He therefore joined a slave caravan for Murzuk, starting with it on the 2nd February, and arriving at his destination on the 22nd of the same month. The sufferings he witnessed on the way amongst the negroes, torn from their tropic homes, did not lessen his abhorrence of the slave trade, and he left Murzuk on his homeward journey, *via* Sockna and Tripoli, more than ever determined to aid in its suppression by every means in his power.

We pass over Richardson's account of his trip through the

now well-known Fezzan, to join him again at Tripoli in January, 1849, where we find him about to start on a yet more important journey of discovery, this time sent out by the British Government—accompanied, with their permission, by Dr. Barth, the great German traveller whose exploits were to rival his own, and by Dr. Oberweg, a young German geologist—and provided with arms, scientific instruments, a boat, and all other possible requisites for the exploration of the Sahara and the Soudan. The general instructions given to Richardson were that he should verify and supplement the discoveries of Denham, Oudney, and Clapperton; ascertain whether the Tchadda or Benuwe flowed without interruption from Lake Tchad to the Niger, and whether it was or was not connected with the Shary. He was also, in all intercourse with native chiefs, to keep constantly in view the abolition of the slave trade. How far this extensive programme was carried out, our narrative will show.

Barth and Oberweg, having arrived at the rendezvous (Tripoli) some little time before Richardson, made a preliminary excursion of considerable importance in its environs, visiting the little oasis of Sidi Ghar on the sea coast, remarkable for its profusion of lilies; the mountains of Yefran already mentioned; the picturesque valley of Welad Ali; the celebrated Roman sepulchre known as the Enshed e Safet, with the ruins of the neighbouring castle of hewn stones; the remains of the Roman fort called Hanshir Hamed, etc., etc., returning to Tripoli with a very favourable impression of the wealth and resources of the province from which it takes its name, to find that Richardson had arrived. All was now ready for the outset except the boat, which it seemed next to



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impossible to pack on a camel, as it had been by mistake divided into two instead of four parts. This was subsequently remedied by cutting each of the pieces in two, when the four quarters were easily fitted on to the sides of certain much-enduring "ships of the desert."

Pending this solution of the problem, Barth and Oberweg, who seem to have been gifted with absolutely indomitable energy, seasoned themselves for their long journey by encamping in tents at "Ain Zara," a few hours' ride from Tripoli, where they remained until Friday the 29th February, when, hearing that Richardson and his retinue of servants were *en route*, they started to join him, coming up with his advanced party on the 30th, and meeting with himself on the 31st.

The great journey was now fairly begun, and a most imposing appearance did the cavalcade present—with its long line of camels loaded with baggage of every variety, its motley-hued drivers, its gaily-dressed private servants, and its three white-skinned leaders, conspicuous for their shining arms and calm and collected bearing. Turning due south, the guides led the way to Murzuk, through the village-dotted, undulating plains, with here and there a Roman milestone, telling of the now long-forgotten ancient rulers, till the oasis of Mizda was reached, with its shallow wells, from which the water was drawn up by oxen. Here the caravan routes from Murzuk and Ghadames meet, and a short halt was made by our party, employed by the two restless Germans in an excursion to the ruins of an ancient castle in the neighbouring Wâdy Sofegin, with a gateway of Roman workmanship set in walls of Arab masonry, and the yet more interesting remains of what had once been a place of Christian worship, perched on a detached neck of

rock, with side aisles, columns, and capitals still in a remarkable state of preservation.

The 11th April found the whole caravan again in motion, and, as it pursued its way across the plains and wâdys to the far-famed stony waste known as the "Hammada," Barth examined every relic of masonry within reach of its route, assigning to each its probable date, and making sketches of the most remarkable features. To give but a summary of his real and supposed discoveries would be to fill a volume; we can but refer our readers to the account in his own *Travels*, contenting ourselves with stating that the successful passage of the Hammada was made on the 21st and 22nd of April, and that the whole party arrived at Murzuk in good health and spirits on the 6th May.

Halting on the eastern side of the town, near a camp of pilgrims who were returning from Egypt to Morocco and Tawât, our heroes were soon brought in by Mr. Galiuffi, an old acquaintance of Richardson's, and, during the wearisome delay of a month which ensued before final arrangements could be made with the Tuarick chiefs who were to escort the party to Ghât, that gentleman and the other foreign residents of the place vied with each other in showing hospitality to their guests.

On the 13th June a rather premature start was made for Ghât; but the caravan had not advanced far before a difficulty arose through jealousy between the Tuarick guides and Mokhammed Boro, a man who had undertaken to mediate between the travellers and the chiefs of the countries to which they were bound. After a hot dispute, leaving the parties to the quarrel much where they were before it began, the chiefs of Ghât went on in advance,

leaving our heroes to make the best terms they could for themselves with their camel-drivers, who became very insolent and rebellious. In this dilemma they had the assistance of a certain chieftain named Hateeta, who remembered Captain Lyon, and was thoroughly well acquainted with the ways of Europeans. This most useful personage attached himself to the party, and under his guidance they made their way to Ghât, arriving there on the 18th July, after no very serious mishaps except the going astray of Barth on a lonely expedition he chose to make to a remarkable mountain near the caravan route. On this excursion the doctor lost his way, and was only rescued when at the point of death from thirst and exhaustion by a Tarki Arab named Musa, who set him before him on his camel and took him to the encampment of his party, who had given him up for lost.

On the 26th of July, having, as they thought, paved the way for their friendly reception amongst the Imoshaghi, Azkar, and other desert tribes, whose unknown homes they were now to visit, our heroes left Ghât with a very small escort. Turning due south, they made their way, without serious interruption, first to the Wâdy Egeri, and then, bending to the south-west, to the frontiers of the dreaded district of Air or Asben, by way of the Falesselez, Arokam, and other wâdys, inhabited by the Imoshaghi and Azkars, who harrassed them a good deal by begging, but otherwise suffered them to pass without molestation.

With the entrance, on the 22nd August, of the first valley of Air, however, the real dangers of the expedition began. Instead of the favourable reception expected, the travellers met with suspicion and distrust; black-mail was levied on them at every turn, and hourly rumours reached

them of an armed attack to be made on their encampment.

A little uneasy, but not seriously alarmed, Richardson encamped on an open space in the Valley of Taghajit, and sent two men named Emeli and Mokhammed with a conciliatory message to the chief of Fade-ang, said to be a person of great authority in the neighbouring districts, and able, if he would, to protect the Europeans from free-booting parties. Mokhammed, however, proved to be a great rascal, and did all he could to increase the difficulties of his masters, returning to them with the false information that the chief was absent, and bringing in his stead a man who had no power whatever, and was treated with absolute contempt by the natives prowling about the camp. Towards evening, as our heroes, feeling the mockery of being under the care of such a protector, were reclining on the ground with their weapons at hand, the campaign against them was opened by a demand for money for using a pond, and, this claim having been settled, came a report that fifty or sixty natives mounted on camels were bearing down upon them.

The whole caravan was at once in a state of the greatest excitement, every one shouting for arms, except some few of the more sensible guides, etc., who dreaded open hostilities with the people on their own ground. In the thick of the tumult arrived a great merchant from Murzuk, who, instead of explaining to the leaders of the party, as he should have done, that this treatment of them would be continued until they had made arrangements about passage-money with the chiefs, pooh-poohed there being any danger at all. Fortunately the Europeans were too wise to believe him, and the caravan remained drawn up

in line of battle, with the four pieces of the boat set up as a defence on the most exposed side.

At ten o'clock the assault commenced, but only a very small troop of enemies appeared, and, in spite of much firing and shouting, which lasted throughout the night, no execution was done on either side. Altogether, it seemed so much ado about nothing; but the state of siege continued throughout the whole of next day, the leaders of the expedition sending a message that they would molest the caravan no further if the Christians were given up to them. This request being treated with the contempt it deserved, the assailants retired to rally all their forces; but meanwhile the camp broke up, and Richardson led his little band towards Tintellust, the residence of the chief, Amnur, under whose protection he had every reason to count upon safety. Again and again a halt had to be made to repel attacks from skirmishers; but no serious damage was sustained until the party were within about eight miles of Selufiet, a village under Amnur's jurisdiction, when they were suddenly led into an ambush of Merabetin Arabs by the Azkar guide on whom they had relied.

The servants, even those who had been most faithful, made off at once, two of them entreating Richardson to write a certificate that they were innocent of his blood. They were followed by the chiefs of the caravan, and the trio, who had together gone through so many dangers unscathed, were left alone to meet their fate. An awful time of suspense ensued; troop after troop of enemies came up to join the members of the original ambush, but the breaking of the storm was still delayed. Then—as Richardson, rallying his courage, was beginning a speech

to his comrades with the words, "Let us talk a little. We must die; what is the use of sitting so mute?"—came a messenger from the hostile force to say that their lives should be spared on condition of the payment of a certain amount of spoil. Gladly was the condition complied with, and yet more gladly were the scattered servants and camels recalled, and the onward movement once more begun; Barth reflecting, in his account of the affair, that all the trouble might have been spared if he and his companions had been less ignorant of the customs of the country.

The remainder of the journey to Tintellust was accomplished without much difficulty, and on the 3rd September our heroes, exhausted and impoverished, but thankful to be still alive, found themselves encamped in a lovely valley close to the residence of the great Amnur, who received them the day after their arrival in a simple friendly manner, observing, rather quaintly, that "even if as Christians they had come to his country stained with guilt, the many dangers and difficulties they had gone through would have sufficed to wash them clean, and that they had now nothing to fear but the climate and the thieves." In spite of this apparently cordial speech, however, he offered no hospitality, though, in subsequent dealings with his visitors, he proved himself a trustworthy and straightforward man.

Before proceeding further on their journey to the Soudan, Richardson and Oberweg rested two months at Tintellust, but Barth employed the interval in a trip to the important town of Agades, distant four days' journey to the north-west of Tintellust, and governed by a mighty sultan, exercising power of life and death over the most haughty

chiefs. Here the indefatigable German explorer made himself thoroughly at home, so much so that he once nearly lost his life by watching too closely a national dance too sacred for the eyes of an unconverted Christian. He was pursued to his own door by a party of young men with drawn swords, and his own people, thinking the affair a capital joke, kept him outside for some minutes before they would open the door. Fortunately no blood was shed on either side, but Barth was obliged to keep himself close for the next few days, and, with his usual industry, he devoted himself to studying the routes to and from Agades, and learning a little of the dialects spoken by its inhabitants.

On the 30th October he set out on his return to Tintel-lust, where he arrived early in December, and on the 12th of the same month all was ready for the further journey to the Soudan, the old chief, Amnur, himself being of the party, having received a large sum of money for his company. Travelling slowly through the southern district of Air, the border region of the desert was entered on the 27th December, and the first sight of the mountains of Damerghu obtained on the 7th January, 1850. An anxious two days' tramp through the haunts of the freebooters infesting the border districts from Damerghu to the very heart of Kanem, in which Amnur's protection proved most effective, was succeeded by the arrival at the important village of Tagelel, at the entrance of more civilised lands, where travellers could wander singly, and where it had been arranged that our three heroes should part and see what each could do alone, till the supplies of which they had been so unceremoniously mulcted were replaced by fresh stores from home.

On the 10th January, 1851, old Amnur, upon whom our heroes' fortunes had so long been dependent, left for Zinder, and placed Barth under the care of his brother Elaijii, who was about to take a salt caravan to Kano. Barth also secured the services of Gajére, Amnur's chief slave, and hired a mare for himself and a pack-ox for his luggage. A camel named Bu-Sefi, which had accompanied him throughout his entire journey, and had become almost a personal friend, was also of his party. Richardson, alas! was less fortunate; he started almost alone, after taking an affectionate farewell of his comrades, for Lake Tchad, but before he reached Kukawa he was seized with fever and died at the village of Ngurutuwa about the 4th March.

After parting with Richardson, Barth and Oberweg remained together for a few days, and rode side by side through the dense tropical forests, now exchanged for the dreary wastes of the desert, till they came to the village of Chirak in Houssa, where they separated, Oberweg to go direct to Tawasa, and from thence to Kouka by way of Kano, and Barth to make his way to the same final goal by a more circuitous route. Of the adventures of Oberweg we are unable to give any account, as he died of fever at Kouka before having been able to work up his memoranda; but Barth has left us an almost embarrassing mass of material relating to his solitary wanderings, from which we will extract the most interesting details.

All went well with him and his escort until they came to the village of Katsena, where the governor, Mohammed Bello Yerima, detained him for more than a fortnight on one pretext or another, so that the caravan started without him. On the 30th January, however, having at last

mollified his enemy by a series of costly presents, he got away, mounted on a sorry nag instead of the fine mare he had ridden before, and attended by but a remnant of his once imposing retinue. He entered Kano on the 2nd February, just a year from the commencement of his journey. The civilised aspect of this great emporium of Central Africa seems to have taken him altogether by surprise. Dwelling-houses of all sorts and sizes alternated with rows of shops stocked with native and foreign merchandise; Arabs, Foulahs, Mandingoes, members in short of every race in Africa, jostled each other in the streets; whilst here and there the observer could catch glimpses through the crowds of distant pasture-lands alive with camels, oxen, horses, asses, goats, etc., etc. Kano was no petty town such as he had fancied it, but a capital, a city, the very last place for a destitute wanderer such as himself to linger in, and he determined to press on as soon as possible for Kouka, where he hoped to join Richardson and Oberweg.

But this was more easily resolved on than done. He had to sell all he possessed to enable him to pay his way, and for a long time he could get no one to join him in going further, for the road was infested with banditti, and considered unsafe for any but an armed party. Courage and perseverance, however, finally triumphed over all difficulties, and on the 9th March, though only just recovering from a severe attack of fever, he was off again, attended by but a single servant, a faithful fellow from Gatron, who had been with him from the first. A short distance without the town he was fortunate enough to join a certain sheriff named Kouché, an exceedingly pleasant fellow, with whom he safely traversed the cattle-breeding

district of Houssa, meeting now and then a motley caravan of horses, oxen, and asses, laden with natron, and reaching Gummel, the frontier town of the Bornou Empire, on the 13th March. Here Barth's heart was rejoiced by receiving letters and remittances from friends in Tripoli, England, and Germany, and, in the ensuing march through Bornou, he was able to look forward hopefully to a long further career of discovery.

But on the 24th March, soon after leaving the village of Zurrikulo, as he was "leaning carelessly upon his little nag," musing on the glorious vegetation through which he was passing, a terrible revulsion of feeling was brought about by a meeting with a "strange-looking person of very fair complexion, richly dressed and armed," who asked him whether he was the Christian expected from Kano, and, on his replying in the affirmative, informed him that his fellow-traveller, "Yâkob," had died before reaching Kouka, and that all his property had been seized.

This sad intelligence deeply affected poor Barth, though he could not at first believe it; but riding on in advance of his party and questioning those he met, it was only too fully confirmed, and on the 27th March he was standing by the lonely grave of Richardson beneath a spreading fig tree in the village of Nguruturwa. The natives related that the white man had arrived very weak one evening and died the next morning. He had been reverently interred by his servants, and his resting-place was held sacred by the people of the place.

Sadly and reluctantly Barth continued his journey, and arrived at Kouka on the 2nd April. Here, almost before he had entered the town, he was overwhelmed with applications for the settlement of debts said

to have been incurred by Richardson. By the exercise of marvellous tact, he managed to avoid giving any definite replies until he had obtained an interview with the Sheikh, who, to his delight and surprise, received him courteously, and restored to him the property of Mr. Richardson, including his valuable journals. The final settlement of the deceased gentleman's affairs was deferred with every one's consent until Oberweg should arrive; and, whilst waiting for him, Barth made a pleasant but by no means eventful excursion to Ngornu and the borders of Lake Tchad.

On the 7th May Oberweg returned from his trip to the north in a state of great exhaustion, but soon after his arrival he rallied sufficiently to aid in settling the complicated difficulties caused by Richardson's death; and he also accompanied Barth some miles on his journey to Adamawa, for which he started on the 29th.

This last trip led the doctor through a desolate country, bearing traces of terrible ravages, such as ruined villages, down-trodden pasture-lands, etc., the natives of which, though supposed to have embraced Mahommedanism, and with it Arab civilisation, were wild, half-naked savages; their regular features and supple figures, however, bearing witness to better things in the past, and, perhaps, also giving promise of future regeneration.

Adamawa itself, hitherto unvisited by Europeans, though Denham had been very near on his terrible expedition with Boo Khaloum, Barth found to be a Mahommedan kingdom engrafted on a mixed stock of Pagan tribes. The governors of the various villages visited, and the people themselves, received him courteously, and seemed to think less of the iniquity of his Christian religion than the tribes of the desert had done. He speaks in glowing terms of the

beauty of the districts traversed—rugged mountains alternated with thickly wooded plains and richly cultivated pasture-lands. Having crossed the upper course of a large river, of the *identity of which with the Tchadda he had no doubt*, Barth arrived on the 20th June at Yola, the capital of Adamawa, consisting of a group of conical huts, surrounded by spacious courtyards or by corn-fields. Our hero, however, received so cold a reception from the Governor, and such very broad hints that his absence would be preferred to his company, that he left again abruptly on the following day, and commenced his return journey to Kouka, where he arrived on the 23rd July, after a good deal of suffering from exposure to the rain, to find that a messenger had arrived with £100 worth of merchandise for the further prosecution of the mission.

This welcome supply enabled him to carry out several schemes already formed for the exploration of the northern and southern shores of Lake Tchad; and, after a short rest, he and Oberweg—who had just returned from a most interesting cruise on the lake in the boat which had been brought across the desert in the manner described above—joined a predatory horde of Welad Sliman Arabs about to make a raid on Kanem, on the north-east of the lake, once an important negro empire, but now overrun with robbers, etc. In this trip, which came to rather a premature end owing to the sending out of a formidable armed force by the natives of the country to be penetrated, they witnessed many a tragic incident, and more than once narrowly escaped being left behind by their wild escort; but they added little to our geographical knowledge, and when, on their return to Kouka on the 14th November, they learned that the Sheikh and his Vizier had just started with an armed

force for the south, they hastened to follow them in the hope of this time achieving some definite results.

They came up with the troops on the 28th November, and were eagerly welcomed by the leaders; but what was their dismay at finding that they—members of an expedition bound to aid by every means in their power in the suppression of the traffic in human flesh and blood—had joined a slave-hunt on a gigantic scale, and were bound for the fertile district of Musgu, the rural population of which, all unconscious of their coming fate, were peacefully cultivating their land and breeding their cattle for the ensuing season! Oberweg, whose health was already beginning to fail him, had soon had enough of horrors, and took the first opportunity of returning to Kouka; but Barth, unable, he tells us, to forego the chance of ascertaining whether the Shary and Benuwe were in communication, remained with the invading army to the last, seeing whole villages laid waste, and strong men, women, and children carried away into slavery; whilst those who resisted too strenuously, or were too decrepit to be of use, were murdered in cold blood or left to bleed to death upon the ground. True, the German traveller kept away as much as he could from the horrible daily struggles, and tried to pursue his geographical studies. He tells us of his conviction that continuous water communication will eventually be discovered between Lake Tchad and the Bight of Biafra; but adds that in the midst of his wanderings he would come upon some dozen natives defending themselves from three times their number of assailants; upon a lonely fugitive who had crept to the woods to die, or, worst of all, upon a mother and her little ones crouching beside the ruins of their home.

Scenes such as these could not but unnerve the most enthusiastic student, and it is little wonder that our hero can dwell upon little else in his account of this awful journey. Glad indeed was he when the recall was at last sounded and the army turned westwards, its chiefs in no amicable mood, for, in spite of the misery inflicted, but few really valuable slaves had been captured. Alas, one more massacre had to be witnessed! Coming suddenly to a deep stream, wending its way through the dense primeval forest, the slave-hunters descried four sturdy natives swimming about in the deepest water, having taken refuge there as the safest place they could find. A savage yell greeted their appearance; the cavalry were ordered to form in line on either bank, and a volley of musketry was poured upon the little band of heroes. All in vain, however, for they dived like water-rats; not a single shot having taken effect. Surely, thought Barth, they will be allowed to escape now! But no; the relentless Vizier sent a party of spearmen into the stream, and, after a protracted struggle, three of the Musgu were stabbed to death. The fourth escaped by diving, but probably only to die a lingering death of his wounds. This glorious victory won, the army resumed its homeward march, and entered Kouka in triumph on the 1st February, 1852.

Very different was Barth's next excursion. Leaving Kouka on the 1st March, he set out on an important journey to Begharmi, on the south-east of Lake Tchad, accompanied only by two Fezzan lads, and, in spite of much suffering from fatigue and thirst, he passed through the provinces of Kotoko and Logon, crossed an important river in the latter district, which he at first took to be the Shary, and reached the banks of the *true* Shary on the 17th March.

Delighted with this success, he anticipated no difficulty in penetrating through Begharmi to its capital, Masena, and, sitting down by the great river of the Kotoko—which, to use his own expression, with that of Logon “forms that large basin which gives to this part of Negroland its characteristic feature”—he tranquilly awaited the arrival of the ferryboat he could already see approaching, which was to convey him to a new country never before trodden by European foot.

But, alas! on seeing the white man, the ferrymen declared they could not take him across without first informing their master, Usu, the chief of the village on the opposite side. A mere form, thought Barth, resigning himself to another short delay, the monotony of which was relieved by a party of pilgrims on their way to Mecca, with whom he was conversing when the boatmen returned to say that on no account were the travellers to be allowed to go over the river. Expostulations proving useless, Barth pretended to resign himself to his fate, and to start on his return to Logon; but when out of sight of pilgrims and boatmen, he made a detour and reached a village a few miles further north. Here he bribed the chief with a shirt to provide him with a guide, and before daybreak the next morning he was stealthily conducted by a half-naked stalwart lad to a ford opposite the important village of Melé, from which a boat was at once sent over—no suspicion of who the traveller was having occurred to the natives. Once on the boat Barth fancied his troubles over, and complacently watched his camel, horses, and bullock swimming alongside of it, picturing to himself many a pleasant trip with them on terra firma in Begharmi. There was nothing to shake his confidence in the reception at Melé,

and he was quietly resting under a tree on the banks of the Shary when seven or eight armed men came up, had a long conference with Barth's servant Zrema, and then informed him that he must return to Melé, as they could not let him go on without an order from the capital.

Resistance being useless, the disappointed traveller returned, and during the next three weeks, though he was allowed to wander from one village to another on either side of Melé, he could neither advance eastwards nor return westwards. On one occasion when he attempted an escape he was even put in irons, but he found some small consolation for all his sufferings in the kindness shown him by a certain old man named Bu-Bahr-Sadik, who had travelled much in Arabia and North-East Africa, and to whom he partly owed his final deliverance from captivity.

On the 27th April, Barth was at last allowed to start for the capital, Masena, then little more than a heap of ruins, it having been recently destroyed in a disastrous civil war, and there he arrived a few days before the Sultan, to whose absence on a slave-hunt he owed the wearisome detention and all the other annoyances to which he had been subjected.

On the 3rd July the German traveller witnessed the triumphal entrance into his capital of the great Sultan of Begharmi, Abd el Kader, and describes the scene as truly imposing in its barbaric magnificence. Preceded by the commander-in-chief and the *élite* of his nobles and army, and attended by a crowd of horsemen, the Sultan himself was hardly visible, but Barth made out that he wore a yellow burnous, was mounted on a grey charger, and was protected from the sun by a red and green umbrella held

up by a slave on either hand, and from the flies by six fan-bearers provided with ostrich feathers on long poles.

The most characteristic features of this singular procession, however, were the stately forms of seven Pagan chieftains, who looked proudly and haughtily down upon their captors; a gang of some four hundred more insignificant prizes of war; forty-five of the Sultan's favourite wives, who rode behind their lord and master, and were each attended by two slaves; and a train of eleven camels packed with luggage.

The 4th and 5th of July were days of terrible suspense, and when the morning of the 6th dawned, and there was still no message from the Sultan, Barth's hopes of escape began to fade. He was presently, however, thrown into a perfect tumult of delight by the arrival of a large packet of letters from Europe, including a despatch from Lord Palmerston, promising further supplies, and inviting the now celebrated hero of African discovery to reach Timbuktu, and so connect the work of his predecessors, Caillié, Denham, Oudney, and Clapperton with that of Park and the Landers.

Already, in imagination, Barth saw himself successfully accomplishing this great design, when his meditations were broken in upon by the tumultuous entrance of a party of courtiers from the palace, who asked a great many questions, made him read them bits of his journal, etc., and finally carried it off to the Sultan. Painfully did he now again realise that he was in too perilous a position to form any plans for the future; but his good-humoured replies to some of the absurd enquiries made, and, still more, the representations of his friend Bu-Bahr-Sadik,

seem at last to have disarmed the suspicions of the authorities; and on the 8th July he was summoned to the Sultan's presence.

Even then he was not allowed to see the great man face to face, but had to address himself to a screen, from behind which came a voice in reply. That voice condescended to express its owner's satisfaction with the arguments brought forward by Barth in favour of his speedy departure from Masena, and also with the presents offered by him; but permission to leave was not yet granted, and soon after the audience came a modest request for the further gift of a cannon! If the white man had not one by him, could he not make one? On his replying in the negative to both queries, the messengers retired considerably disappointed; but after this application the manner of the Sultan changed, and, from looking upon Barth as an intruder with sinister designs, he began to treat him with honour, sending him some really handsome presents, and even offering him a very handsome female slave. The last gift was, of course, declined; but Barth accepted some shirts, tobes, etc., which enabled him to reward those who had befriended him in his adversity; and on the 8th August his patience was at last rewarded by permission to depart.

How eagerly he availed himself of it we need scarcely say; the 10th August saw him once more on horseback, and on the 20th he was in his old quarters at Kouka, already planning another trip to Begharmi, when, profiting by all the painful lessons he had learned, he meant to explore the country more thoroughly, and establish commercial relations with its ruler.

This plan was, unfortunately, never carried out, for poor Oberweg, who had all this time been scouring the shores of

Lake Tchad, and was looking very ill when Barth returned, broke down utterly early in September, and entreated his friend to take him to the village of Madwari, about eight miles from Kouka, where he felt sure he should recover. Although convinced that the poor young fellow was mistaken in his hope, Barth humoured his whim, and, leaving him under the care of a friendly resident, returned to Kouka to finish some letters, intending to go back to the invalid the next day. But the same evening came a summons to his deathbed, and the next morning, September 27th, 1852, Oberweg breathed his last at the early age of thirty. In the afternoon Barth laid him in his grave, and, dejected and full of sad reflections on his lonely situation, the sole survivor of the expedition returned to Kouka. Any long stay in this town, so full of memories of his lost companions, had now become intolerable to him, and abandoning therefore all idea of further trips to the eastern shores of the lake, he determined to set out as soon as possible on his journey to the Niger.

Leaving Kouka, which had been his head-quarters for upwards of twenty months, on the 25th November, 1852, he crossed the western districts of Bornou and the whole of Houssa with a few followers, paid a visit to our old friend Sultan Bello of Sackatoo, and on Monday the 20th June, 1853, reached the shores of the Niger opposite the town of Say, and between those portions of the great river which had already been explored on the north by Mungo Park and Caillié, and on the south by the Landers. Crossing the river in large canoes readily supplied by the natives, Barth took up his residence for a few days in Say, and on the 24th June, leaving the now tolerably well-known regions of Central Negroland behind him, he

entered the unexplored countries on the south-west of the course of the Niger, and, traversing a hilly, well-wooded district intersected by small tributaries of the great river, he came to the once important but now ruined town of Champalawel, the residence of the chief of the Torobe, where he was not very favourably received.

Starting again the next day, June 29th, he entered a hilly, well-cultivated, and thickly inhabited country, rich in monkey-bread or baobab, talha, and tamarind trees, and full of elephant tracks, arriving at Sebba, the capital of the province, on the 6th July. The chief town of Libtako, forming the south-eastern limit of the commerce of Timbuktu, and the rendezvous of natives of all the surrounding tribes, was entered on the 9th. Here Barth heard from some Arab traders of the death of Hamed Weled Habib, the Sheikh of Arawan, who is supposed to have taken a chief share in the murder of Major Laing; and encouraged by this intelligence, which he looked upon as a good omen, he set out on July 21st, in excellent spirits, on the last and most dangerous stage of his journey to Timbuktu.

The first ten days' travelling, though arduous, were accomplished without serious difficulty; but on the 2nd August our hero entered the province of Dalla, ruled by a governor whose superior, the chief of Masena, never permitted, or allowed his subordinates to permit, a Christian to enter his territories. Hitherto Barth, unlike his predecessors, had been able to retain his true character of a Christian geographical explorer; but here he was compelled to assume that of an Arab trader, and to secure the companionship of a true Mahommedan, El Walati by name, who guided him faithfully, though he seems more

than once to have meditated treachery. As the month of August advanced, the rains became very heavy and the roads almost impassable; but, so near the goal of his long wanderings, the German traveller could not endure to pause, and, after brief halts amongst the Fulbe cattle-breeders and the poverty-stricken Songhay negroes, he came, on the 9th August, to the first encampment of the dreaded Tuarick Arabs—a certain proof that he was at last nearing the great desert emporium. Towards the close of the same day the strange, weird-looking Hombori Mountains, with steep rugged crests resembling fortified towers and battlements, were approached; and on the 10th August an important Tuarick encampment on the south of the Niger was entered.

Not without some sinking of the heart did Barth present himself before these Eastern representatives of the terrible warriors of the desert, through whose northern encampments he and his lost comrades had made their way at the peril of their lives; but, although now without letters of recommendation or the protection of a single powerful chief, he was kindly received, a small tent was placed at his disposal, and he proceeded to make himself comfortable. Of course he had to give his hosts a handsome present in return for their hospitality, and to pay heavily for their protection and permission to proceed on his journey; but, after a good deal of bartering, all that he needed was obtained, including a couple of sturdy pack-oxen, and on the 10th August, Barth, having given his separate blessing to every member, male and female, of the population of the encampment, was with Walati again on the road. A march of six miles across a level country brought them to the encampment of a great

chieftain, where heavy toll was exacted before permission to proceed was given.

Nothing daunted, now that he was almost in sight of the creeks and backwaters of the Niger, Barth cheerfully gave presents to the value of some ten thousand shells, and, again pressing on rapidly, traversed the few miles still before him, arriving at the town of Sarayamo, on a backwater of the Niger, and nearly opposite Timbuktu, on the 27th August. Two days later a boat arrived from the long-desired city, and, having succeeded in hiring it for himself and his people for another ten thousand shells, Barth embarked in it on the 1st September, and after a slow zigzag voyage down the creek, he entered and crossed the broad sheet of the Niger itself on the 6th September, and landed at the village of Kabra on the 7th. Here he hired some dozen donkeys for the transport of his luggage, and, still attended by El Walati on his camel, mounted his horse, and riding rapidly over the sandhills behind Kabara, soon came in sight of Timbuktu, which, he tells us, the sky being overcast, he could hardly distinguish with its dark masses of clay houses from the sand and rubbish around. The news of the approach of a distinguished visitor having already reached the city, a body of people were waiting outside its gates to receive him, and, galloping up to them alone, gun in hand, he was welcomed with loud salaams and escorted in triumph to the residence already assigned to him in the house of a certain Sheikh named El Bakay, of whose upright and manly character our traveller had already heard.

In spite, however, of this favourable reception, Barth soon found his position in Timbuktu far from pleasant. Excitement and fatigue brought on a severe attack of



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fever; the fact of his religion leaked out; his host was away, and, in his absence, his younger brother, Sidi Alawate, did all in his power to annoy his guest. After a journey of ten months to see the wonders of Timbuktu, our hero was not allowed to leave his house, and his only means of making examinations was from the terrace on the roof! He reports that the general character of the city corresponds with the description given by Caillié, but throws doubt on the narrative of Adams. Neither illness nor low spirits prevented Barth from taking daily notes, and when Sheikh El Bakay arrived on the 20th September, he had already accumulated a mass of interesting information, subsequently given to the world in the concluding volumes of his *Travels*. With the return of his host, who promised to protect him, the explorer's prospects brightened, and with them his health improved. El Bakay sent him a present of two oxen, two sheep, some butter, etc., and asked him to decide on the route he would take for his homeward journey.

Hoping to start almost immediately now, Barth elected to go by Gogo, the capital of the Soughay Empire, thinking that he could then lay down the course of the Niger between Timbuktu and Say; but before his preparations for the journey were complete, came a message from Sheikh Ahmedu ben Ahmedu, to whose nominal sway the town of Timbuktu belonged, ordering the people to drive the stranger from their gates, and, in the event of his offering any resistance, to put him to death. On this El Bakay, determined to show his own power, induced Barth to go with him to an oasis in the desert, and after a short residence there to return with him to Timbuktu. Evidently unwilling to come to actual blows, the emissaries

of Ahmedu left him for a time unmolested ; but about the 7th November matters began to look serious, for it was noised abroad that the Fulbe were trying to get a friendly chief to betray our hero into their hands, and that the Welad Sliman, the Tuarick tribe who had murdered Major Laing, had bound themselves by oath to put him to death. It seemed impossible that he should escape both these imminent perils, and when, on the 1st December, Barth and the friendly Sheikh being encamped in the desert, a party of armed horsemen surrounded their tent, our hero gave himself up for lost ; but, determined to sell his life as dearly as he could, he hastily supplied his servants with weapons, and, kneeling down, pointed his gun at the foremost rider. His example was followed by his men, and the assailants, after a brief parley, fell back without doing any execution.

The following day Barth was summoned to an interview with a powerful chief recently arrived in Timbuktu, and was fortunate enough to impress him favourably, so much so that he introduced him to several brother Tuaricks ; and for the first time there seemed to be a real likelihood of his escape. A little later a remarkable inundation of the Niger took place, and a mighty chieftain died. These two events called off public attention from Barth, and, combined with the influence of his new and powerful friends, left him a little more freedom, so that he was able to make several attempts to get away, all, alas ! abortive ; but at the beginning of March, 1864, after several months' detention in Timbuktu, permission to leave for the eastern course of the Niger, under the protection of his old and staunch friend Sheikh El Bakay, was finally granted.

We can imagine with what joy our hero collected his

property, settled his affairs in the now too well-known city, and joined the caravan of his host; with what dismay he was compelled to take part in a retrograde movement on Timbuktu in the ensuing month, and with what transports of delight he joined in the real and final start on the 17th May. Eagerly did he again note every peculiarity of the winding banks of the river as the caravan wound its slow way along, and industriously did he ferret out the history of the towns and villages visited—such as Ghergo, said to be seven years older than Timbuktu; Zarho, with its neighbouring dykes for the cultivation of rice, its small plantations of tobacco, etc.; Bamba, with its groves of date palms—till the swamps dividing the cultivated districts from the rocky desert tracts were entered, and great caution was needed to keep the animals from sinking beyond their depth. Then, changing the east-north-easterly direction hitherto maintained for a south-easterly one, the intricate windings of the river were followed for the first time by a European, till, on the 20th June, Gogo, the far-famed capital of the powerful Empire of Songhay, was reached, and Barth could feel that his work was almost done.

Eighteen days were spent in Gogo, varied by a few interesting excursions in the neighbourhood, and then Barth reluctantly parted from Sheikh El Bakay to start on his homeward journey. Crossing to the south-western side of the river, he made his way first to Say, and thence back to Kouka for the last time by way of Gando, Sackatoo, Wurno, and Kano, setting out for Europe *via* the desert and Tripoli on the 4th May, 1855. He arrived in London on the 6th September of the same year, having traversed, in the course of five years, some twelve thousand miles of

Africa, visited several districts never before trodden by a European, and connected the work of his great predecessors, Denham, Oudney, and Clapperton on the one hand, with that of Mungo Park, the Landers, and Caillié on the other.

Whilst Richardson, Barth, and Oberweg were engaged in their various excursions, a young German naturalist named Vogel was sent out to their assistance by the British Government. Well provided with funds, provisions, and instruments, he landed at Tripoli early in 1853, and, after a few excursions in its neighbourhood, made his way by the ordinary caravan route to Bornou, arriving at Kouka on the 13th January, 1854. Making that capital his head-quarters, he scoured the country on every side, and seemed likely to rival even Barth in the thoroughness of his explorations. He had visited every one of the provinces in the immediate vicinity of Lake Tchad, and was on his way to the countries watered by the Nile, hoping to bridge over the gap between the discoveries of the heroes of North-Western and North-Eastern travel, when he was treacherously murdered at Wara, the capital of Waday, on the north-west of Darfur, by order of the Sheikh of that district.





CHAPTER XIII.

BURTON AND SPEKE IN NORTH-EAST AFRICA.

Burton's Trip to Harar through the Gallas Country—Arrival at Harar and Reception there—Return to Berberah by way of the Habr Awal Somali Districts—Speke's Excursions in the Somali Country on the East—Meeting of Burton, Herne, Stroyan, and Speke at Berberah—Treacherous Attack of Natives—Murder of Stroyan and Narrow Escape of his Comrades.

AFTER our protracted wanderings in company with our various "heroes" in the desert and North-West Africa, it is with a feeling akin to relief that we turn once more to the East to follow Lieutenants Burton and Speke in their attempt to explore the Somali country between the Straits of Bab el Mandeb and the fifth degree of north latitude, and to open up a new route to Zanzibar. It was arranged that each should make a preliminary excursion, the former in a westerly, the latter in an easterly direction; that they should then meet at Berberah on the Gulf of Aden, where they were to be joined by Lieutenants Stroyan and Herne, both already experienced in surveying, topography, etc., and in company with them start for the south by the route which should be agreed on as the most practicable. The first part alone of this ambitious programme was carried out; but, in spite of the disastrous end of the expedition,

much was done to extend our knowledge of the various Somali tribes, and to pave the way for future explorers of their country.

Burton—of whose adventures we will give an account before we join his less successful fellow-explorer, Speke—left Aden on board an Arab vessel on the 29th October, 1854, accompanied by a motley group of servants, and, on the 31st of the same month, entered the Zayla Creek on the coast of the Somali country, passing on the right the little island of Masha, belonging to Tajurrah, the “City of the Slave Merchant,” and on the left the sandy islands of Aybat and Saad el Din, the haunts of thousands of sea-gulls. Leaving the Arab vessel for a native canoe, our hero started for the town of Zayla, a collection of white-washed houses and mosques, built on a strip of sulphur-yellow sand, and was met on the beach by the discouraging news that the Amir or ruler of Harar, the capital of Somali and the goal of his journey, had quarrelled with the Governor of Zayla; that all strangers had been expelled the country, and that the small-pox was raging in the neighbouring Gallas district. Fortunately for Burton, he had already met Sharmarkay, the governor of Zayla, at Aden, and although he had, according to the custom of the country, to be introduced as a stranger, he probably owed his favourable reception to old acquaintanceship.

He was conducted at once to the presence of his host, whom he found in a kind of cowhouse, which the governor preferred to any of his many two-storied houses, and after a short and not unpleasant interview, he was conducted to a substantial residence, built of coralline and mud, which was placed at his disposal during his stay in Zayla.

This, considerably to his disgust, extended over twenty-six days, so many were the impediments in the way of his proposed journey to Harar; but he occupied the interval in becoming acquainted with the ways of the people of the place, a mixed Arab and Somali population, nominally embracing the Mahommedan religion, but retaining many peculiar heathen customs; and in excursions in the immediate neighbourhood, including one in company with a Danakil caravan from the north to the tomb of the great Saint Abu Zarbay, one of the forty-four Arabs who converted the Somali to Islamism, and now lies beneath a white-washed dome outside Zayla. His name is also connected with the introduction into Arabia of the famous drug called Kât, the chewing of which has the effect of producing hilarity of spirits and wakefulness.

Another pleasant excursion taken by Burton was to the hissi, or well, some little distance without the city, to which he was escorted by four Arab matchlock men, and where he saw numerous groups of the Eesa Somali, through whose country he would have to pass on his journey to Harar, watering their camels. The fierce lowering looks and clashing of spears with which they greeted the appearance of the white intruder augured ill for his future success; but they offered no actual insult, and Burton, after enjoying the well and a stroll through the luxuriant gardens surrounding it, started, gun in hand, for the jungle-covered plains stretching down to the sea, doing considerable execution amongst the so-called spur fowl, large brown birds with black legs, but not daring to fire with ball at the sand antelopes which crossed his path, lest he should inadvertently slay some wandering Bedouin, the whole place being dotted with huts.

On the way back to Zayla our hero met a party of Eesa girls, who laughed at him for being white, and said he was no true Moslem. His Arab escorts, however, declared him to be a Sheikh of Sheikhs, and one of them made a proposal of marriage on his behalf to the prettiest of the mockers. She replied that her price was a necklace and a couple of tobies, and offered to go to Zayla the next day to see the goods in question; but after this very hasty engagement Burton eluded a second meeting.

At the end of November an Abban, or broker, escort, and interpreter, whose business it was to arrange all difficulties, effect all sales, etc., for the traveller employing him, four camels and four mules, were at last procured for the journey into the interior, and on Monday the 29th Burton left Zayla, escorted for the first half-mile by the governor and his son, and took his way to the wilderness. The party consisted of the Eesa guide or Abban, named Raghe, arrayed in tobe and slippers, with a "long heavy horn-hilted dagger" at his side, a "ponderous wire-bound spear" serving as a staff in one hand, and a round shield of battered hide in the other; two buxom dames rejoicing in the names of Samaweda Yusuf and Aybla Farih, who walked just behind Raghe, never owning to fatigue or flagging in the least, and whose business it was to lead and flog the camels, adjust the burdens, etc.; three Somali male servants, with greasy frizzled wigs, and dazzlingly white tobies bordered with red, who rode on horseback beside the camels, perched on Abyssinian saddles; and Burton himself, who brought up the rear, mounted on a fine white mule, with a bright and many-coloured Arab pad and wrapper-cloth.

Marching in this order, the strangely assorted group

wound their way due south along the coast, over a "hard, stoneless, alluvial plain, here dry, there muddy; across boggy creeks, broad water-courses, and warty flats of black mould, powdered with nitrous salt and bristling with the salsolaceous vegetation familiar to the Arab voyager," till they came to the so-called "Hyena's Well," passing which they pressed for Raghe's home, which they were most anxious to reach before nightfall. The animals declining to go further, however, a halt had to be made at "Gagab," one of the usual stopping-places of travellers. The "End of Time," as one of Burton's private servants was quaintly called, kept watch for the night, and roused up the party with the first glimmer of the morning dawn.

Daybreak found them all again in motion, making their way through what Burton characterises as a "Somali Arcadia," alive with flocks and herds, "whistling shepherds" carrying the young ones in their arms, or, spear in hand, driving long regular lines of camels to pasture, led by a long-necked patriarch wearing a Kor, or wooden bell, round his neck, and followed by frisky colts of every age. At eight a.m. Raghe's kraal, or encampment, called Gudingaras, or the low place where the gas tree grows, was reached. Crowds of woolly-headed Bedouins rushed out to meet and examine the new-comers, and, amidst their shouts, jeers, and exclamations of surprise, the camp was pitched just without the village, the two women already mentioned superintending all the arrangements and doing the greater part of the work.

Before resuming his march the next day Burton witnessed a most characteristic scene in the shape of the migration of a whole tribe of Eesa Somali. Before day-break a warrior, with a mighty voice, shouted from a hill-

top, "Fetch your camels; load your goods; we march!" and by eight a.m. some one hundred and fifty spearmen, assisted by their wives and children, were driving before them hundreds of cows, thousands of camels, and tens of thousands of sheep and goats. The sick were carried on camels, their legs sticking out from beneath the hide coverings, and the household goods were packed upon dromedaries led by young girls, and followed by matrons carrying their babies on their backs. For some little distance Burton and his attendants followed in the rear of this remarkable assemblage, and our hero was amused to hear the rebellious boys who lingered by the way to play or quarrel threatened with the jaws of that ogre the white stranger! But presently, becoming weary of the noise and confusion, he struck off with the "End of Time" to inspect a fiumara, or freshet, running from the western hills north-eastwards to the sea, and fringed with a long line of waving vivid green tamarisks, making a very Eden in the wilderness; then, resting beneath a tree, he watched the tribe defile across a watercourse, and, remounting, reached the next halting-place, called Kuranyali, in about a couple of hours.

The tent, or rather hut, was already pitched amongst the wigwams of a nomad tribe, and Burton had some difficulty in pacifying his attendants, who were indignant at his desertion. A sound rating brought them to their senses for the time; but the next day, when their master hoped to resume his march before daybreak, they conspired with the Abban and the Bedouins of the place to delay him by every means in their power; and it was not until the evening that he managed to get off. No longer skirting the sea shore, the little band now struck south-westwards

across a low maritime plain, marched rapidly and in dead silence for the greater part of the night, and the next day, at about three p.m., exchanged the level ground for an undulating district covered with the remains of an extinct race, including places of worship consisting of unhewn stones piled upon the ground in the shape of a parallelogram with a semicircular opening in the side towards Mecca; tombs constructed of oblong slabs firmly planted in the soil, etc., etc.

On Tuesday the 5th December, after ten days' march through the Eesa Somali districts, the travellers entered the Ghauts, forming the threshold of the Ethiopian Highlands, and inhabited by three distinct races—the Gallas, the old Moslems of Adel, and the modern Somali.

Now began the most arduous part of the journey. A rude, zigzag path was the only road leading up the pass; the camels' loads slipped again and again from their backs; Burton's mule almost dislocated her spine, and her rider was constantly obliged to dismount; the warmth of the lowlands was exchanged for biting cold; the nights were rendered hideous and unsafe by the prowling about of lions and other wild beasts; provisions ran short, and everything seemed to be going wrong. On the 18th December, however, the worst was over, the Halimalah Valley, glistening with mica and quartz pebbles, and dotted with thorny trees, was traversed in the early morning. At eleven o'clock the Greater Abbaso, a fiumara some one hundred yards wide, fringed with lovely verdure and tenanted by numerous antelopes, was reached; and in the afternoon the beautiful Abbaso Valley was entered. This traversed, came the fertile districts peopled by the turbulent Gudabrisi Somali, who trade in

cattle, hides, gum, etc., and, to secure his safety, Burton had now to engage an Abban of their tribe to act as guide.

On the 13th February the Marar prairie, a neutral track where robbers from all sides meet to waylay the luckless traveller, was entered, and again the guardian of the party was changed, an armed caravan this time taking the responsibility of its safety as far as the village of Sagharra, on the seaward side of the Galla Pass, dominating Harar, and marking the boundary of the dominions of the Amir of that mysterious city. Here some little delay occurred owing to Burton's serious illness; but he was so eager to advance that he only waited for the worst crisis to be passed to ride forward, and, in spite of the cheering prophecy of the villagers that he was going to his death, press on with a mere handful of followers up the rugged stony hill leading to the pass. An hour's gallop brought him to the foot of a "tall table mountain called Kondura, and, winding up a narrow goat path, he was presently challenged by half-a-dozen Galla spearmen, whom he cajoled into letting him and two of his escort pass. Then, rounding the mountain's northern flank, he entered the dreaded Amir's country, and looked down upon Harar, as yet a mere speck in the distance.

A couple of days' further ride over plains and mountains brought him to a narrow fenced lane leading up to the city, which rose from the crest of a little hill, and presented anything but an imposing appearance. Three grey minarets alone were visible, but still it was the unknown Harar, the Timbuktu of the East, and, as such, the sight of it sent a thrill of joy through our hero's breast. Eager to enter it, he and his companions spurred on their mules, and about three p.m. of the 4th January

arrived at the gate. Mad Said, the guide and Abban, then advanced, and, accosting the warder, sent the salaams of the trio to the Amir, saying that they came from Aden, and requested the honour of an audience. Terrible was the suspense until the answer came, and glad was the surprise when, half-an-hour later, the warder returned with an invitation to enter, and guided the mules through a narrow up-hill lane—the chief street of the city—to the gate of the palace, entering which our hero found himself in a courtyard, and was conducted to a large tree close to a low building of rough stone, which the clanking of chains led him to believe to be a prison. Here all were ordered to wait.

Another half hour's delay ensued, during which the visitors were eagerly examined by crowds of Gallas, and then the guide beckoned them to enter the palace itself—a mere barn of rough stone and reddish clay. First doffing their shoes in obedience to a sign from their conductor, and only retaining their arms after a rather undignified scuffle, they were ushered into the presence of the chief—an insignificant-looking man of some twenty-four years old, with plain features, a yellowish complexion, and a thin beard—who received them with easy nonchalance, shaking his head gloomily when Burton asked after his health, and enquiring at once on what errand his guest had come. Burton replied by a complimentary speech to the effect that his main object had been to see the light of his Highness's countenance, adding something about political changes in Arabia, and so forth, feeling all the time that he held his life in his hand, and was cutting but a sorry figure. To his relief and surprise, however, the Amir smiled graciously at the compliments paid him, and his

smile was of course reflected in the faces of the cousins and relations who formed his court, standing, as in Abyssinia, in a double line on either side of him. The treasurer received whispered orders to provide for the white man's comfort, and he and his comrades were allowed to retire and conducted to the royal kitchen, where they were regaled with cakes soaked in sour milk and sprinkled with red pepper. Their repast over, they were taken to call on the Wazir, a kind of prime minister, who received them much as his superior had done, and assigned to them a residence in the palace itself—consisting of a clean room, carpeted with hard matting, but without furniture—where they were at once visited by the *élite* of the place, including numerous Somali chieftains, an Arab from Fez, a thoroughbred Persian, a native of Suez, Arabs from Yemen, etc., etc., all of whom were civil enough.

So passed the first day in the dreaded Amir's capital, and in those which succeeded it, in spite of occasional rumours that the white man was to be slain, no actual incivility was offered to Burton; he was allowed to roam about the city freely, to examine its peculiarities, to mix with its people, and, although some little delay ensued when he wished to leave, the whole time spent in Harar amounted to but ten days. He describes the town as an irregularly built collection of rough stone clay-cemented houses, enclosed within a wall pierced with five large gates. It boasted of a so-called cathedral, nothing more in reality than a long tumble-down barn with white minarets built by Turkish architects, and of several plain mosques without minarets. The religion of the people, a mixed race of Bedouins, Somali, Gallas, etc., was Mahomedan, and there were several schools in which the

"sciences" were taught. As of old, Harar was the "half-way house" for slaves from the South, and, at the time of Burton's visit, the infamous traffic in human flesh was vigorously carried on, as well as an extensive trade in ivory, coffee, tobacco, tobos, sashes, etc. Frequent caravans passed between Harar and Berberah, and no efforts were being made to stop the shipping of slaves from the latter town, although the anchoring of a sloop of war in its harbour would, in Burton's opinion, have been all that was required.

After having made himself acquainted with the facts of which the above is a summary, our hero took his leave of the Amir and of his chief officers, and, on the 13th January, 1855, started for Berberah, arriving there on the 30th of the same month, after a ride through the districts inhabited by the fierce Habr Awal Somali, unmarked by any special incident. He then took ship for Aden, and on the 9th February landed in that port to start on a new and, as he then expected, a more important expedition in the ensuing month.

Whilst Burton was absent in Harar, Lieutenant Speke made an unsuccessful attempt to explore the Wâdy Nogal, or white stony country, as the north-eastern corner of Somali land is called. Landing at Kurayat, a small village near Las Kuray, or Goree Bunder, on the 28th October, 1854, he made a few short excursions into the interior, visiting the Warsingali, Dulbahanta, and Habr Gerhajis tribes, but he was unfortunate in his choice of an Abban; the whole country was convulsed by war, and, although he obtained a good deal of interesting information about the flora and fauna of the coast, he learned little of the geography of the inland districts.

On the 15th February, 1855, he returned to Kurayat and embarked for Aden, arriving there soon after Burton, who was anxiously expecting him. Having agreed with his leader as to the programme of the new exploration now to be undertaken, Speke again took ship on the 21st March of the same year, landed at Kurrum, a village in Somali land, on the 24th, joined a caravan for Berberah, and arrived there, after an interesting trip along the coast, on the 3rd April.

Here he was eagerly received by Herne and Stroyan, who had been making preparations for the ensuing expedition; and on the 7th, Lieutenant Burton was landed from the schooner "Mahi." The last-named officer at once assumed the command; Stroyan was appointed chief surveyor; Herne, photographer, geologist, and assistant surveyor; and Speke, as he tells us himself, a kind of Jack-of-all-trades, to look after the men, set the guards, portion out the rations, and so forth. Herne and Stroyan had already engaged servants, bought provisions, etc., and there was nothing to wait for but the arrival of a vessel from Aden with letters and some necessary instruments. In the interval which ensued, Burton, who had been considerably annoyed at the failure of Speke's expedition through the bad conduct of his Abban, and had also had a good deal of trouble with his own guides, conceived the unfortunate idea not only of dispensing with the services of an Abban in the present expedition, but of abolishing the office altogether. Now the right of the Abban to attend the traveller as his legal protector, and to repay himself for that protection by a percentage on all sales effected by him, etc., has existed ever since the Somali became a nation. The Abban is master for the time being of his

client's life and property, and the traveller's success depends entirely on his tact and courage. The news of the innovation proposed by the white man spread through the country, and to the discontent aroused by it the terrible catastrophe which ensued has been attributed by many critics.

After the departure of the "Mahi," the little band of Englishmen were left practically alone, with their retreat cut off, amongst crowds of natives who had been attending the fair at Berberah. They feared no evil, however, and did not even take the precaution of watching at night, but retired to their tents unarmed. Fortunately for them, a small Arab sloop came into the harbour on the 18th April to see what remained of the fair; and with British hospitality the four lieutenants invited the captain and crew to dine with them. This the latter consented to do, delaying their departure until the next day, little dreaming that their hosts would then have become their guests, flying for their lives from infuriated enemies.

Between two and three of the morning of the 19th April, the camp was suddenly surprised by a large body of armed Somali, who, rushing into the tents, murdered Lieutenant Stroyan in cold blood before he could join his comrades, and then fell upon Burton, Speke, and Herne, who had hastily armed themselves and collected in the central tent. For a few minutes the gallant trio managed to hold the foe at bay—Herne and Speke kneeling with their revolvers in their hands, one on each side of Burton, who stood in the centre of the entrance with no weapon but his sabre. Unfortunately the ammunition was soon exhausted, and, rather than wait for the fall of the tent to meet with certain death when entangled in its folds, the three hastily agreed to dash out and run for their lives.

Some twenty men were kneeling and crouching just outside the tent, and beyond the ground was dark with dusky forms shrieking, struggling, and shouting. Breaking through the mob, Burton and Herne, almost by a miracle, escaped with no other hurts than bruises. The former, after wandering about until the dawn, was found and carried on board their vessel by the Arab crew he had feasted the day before, and Herne was rescued in a similar way. Speke, however, was less fortunate. As he was endeavouring to follow Burton and Herne he was felled by a blow on the chest with a war-club, pinioned, and taken to the rear of the attacking party, as he thought, to be slain at once. His captor, however, treated him kindly, gave him some water when he asked for it, and defended him from a number of Somali who threatened him with their spears. He was beginning to indulge in hopes of safety when his guardian went off to get his share of the spoil, leaving him alone and helpless. Then a Somali came up and asked him what business he had in his country, and on receiving the answer that he had come on his way to Zanzibar, etc., the interlocutor grinned and passed on. This facetious warrior was succeeded by a second, who whirled a sword round the white man's head twice without striking him, and passed on. Speke's courage rose; he was evidently not to be killed just yet; but he had not long congratulated himself when a third and very different visitor appeared, who levelled a spear at his heart, and at the same moment paralysed his arm by a blow from a club, following it up by thrusts at his hands, shoulders, and thighs.

This would have seemed enough to have killed most men, but Speke was still conscious, and, when a spear was passed "clean through his right leg," he sprang

up, tore off his bonds with superhuman strength, and sped away across the plain. His assailant did not pursue him far, and, as he was staggering along towards Berberah, he was met by a party sent to seek him, by whom he was carried on board the Arab vessel. "A touching lesson," says Burton, quaintly, "how difficult it is to kill a man in sound health." An armed party was subsequently sent on shore to bring off the body of Stroyan, which was found covered with terrible wounds, and committed to the deep on the 20th April. The survivors felt no inclination to land again on the fatal Somali shores, and returned to Aden in the little Arab vessel to which they owed their preservation.

The subsequent journeys undertaken by Burton and Speke were in South Africa, and an account of them will be found in our companion volume, *Heroes of South African Discovery*.





CHAPTER XIV.

KING THEODORE OF ABYSSINIA—HIS VICTIMS AND THEIR RESCUERS.

The Immediate Successors of Bruce—Bell and Plowden—The Origin, Youth, and Pretensions of Kassai or Theodore—Arrival of Missionaries—Murder of Bell and Plowden—Nomination of Cameron as Consul—Theodore's Letter to the Queen Unanswered—Arrest, Ill-treatment, and Release of Lejean—Torture of Stein and Rosenthal—Imprisonment of Cameron—Bardel's Treachery—Rassam's Mission—Release and Recapture of Victims—Arrival of British Army—The March to Magdala, and Storming of that City—Rescue of the Captives, and Death of Theodore.

AFTER Bruce's celebrated journey to the sources of the Nile, Abawi, then considered the main stream of the Nile, Abyssinia attracted but little attention in Europe until 1810, when Mr. Salt, at the instance of the British Government, made an excursion into Tigrè, the most northerly of the three provinces forming the now celebrated empire. Landing, as his great predecessor had done, at Massowah, Salt made his way over the barren mountains, dividing Tigrè from the sea coast, to Antalo, then the residence of the Rais or Viceroy, acknowledged as an independent sovereign. Having visited Dixan, Genater (where he witnessed the so-called *brinde* feast, at which the guests contended with long knives for pieces of flesh

dripping with blood); Adowa, the capital of Tigrè and the centre of the commerce carried on between the coast and the interior; Axum, the ruined capital of Ancient Ethiopia, and other places of interest, he was recalled, leaving behind him, however, two members of his party—a Mr. Pearce, who left Abyssinia in 1819, and a Mr. Coffin, who took up his permanent residence in Tigrè, won the confidence of the Ras, Dedjatj Sabagadis, and kept open some kind of communication with Europe.

The respect with which Coffin was treated induced the Church Missionary Society to send missionaries to Tigrè under the direction of Dr. Gobat, afterwards Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem. These missionaries were kindly received; but a little later the Ras was turned out and replaced by Dejjatj Oubie of Semen; and the guests of the former, faithful to their host, shared his adversity and left the country.

The coast being now clear, the Roman Catholics, ever eager for converts, sent missionaries of their communion to the new ruler under a certain Padre de Jacobis, who became known under the name of Abuna or Archbishop Yâkob, and shared with the native Abuna the love and veneration of the common people. All seemed likely to go well with the Roman Catholic mission when the Abuna Yâkob was replaced by Abba Salama, a Coptic priest, appointed, as all Abunas of Abyssinia before Yâkob had been, by the Patriarch of Alexandria. The dissensions sown by the two parties—the one advocating the claims and tenets of Yâkob, the others those of Salama—may be imagined; and when, a short time later, a mission for the opening of commercial relations with Abyssinia was sent out from England under Major Harris,

nothing definite could be accomplished on account of the deplorable jealousy between the two sects. Harris was, however, fortunately, soon joined by the celebrated traveller, Charles Theodore Beke, and, though no progress was made in the diplomatic schemes of the English agent, his companion greatly distinguished himself by his exploration of Godshem and the countries to the south. The knowledge thus acquired was subsequently of great value to the English relief expedition; and it is worthy of note that Beke's servant on this occasion was a young Dankali named Hussein, or Samuel Georgis, who became so notorious as Samuel, the Emperor's steward, during the confinement of the British captives.

On the failure and return to Europe of Harris's expedition, something was done to open up direct communication with Amhara, the central province of Abyssinia, by John Bell, an officer of the Indian navy, who married the daughter of an Abyssinian chief and settled in the country. He took service in the army of his adopted sovereign, Ras Ali of Amhara, and in 1842 he was visited by Mr. Walter Plowden, to whom he confided his schemes for the colonisation of the heart of Abyssinia by English settlers, and so forth. Plowden eagerly entered into his dreams, remained with him for five years to help to pave the way for their realisation, and then started for England to lay the matter before Lord Palmerston and get his permission to make a commercial treaty with Ras Ali. It was given but reluctantly, for the reports spread by returned missionaries were not favourable to the hope of any settled government being established in Abyssinia, and without such a government profitable trade was impossible. But, convinced that he was right, and gratified

at being himself appointed the first British Consul of the country which had now become his home, Plowden joyfully landed at Massowah, and there, on the 2nd November, 1849, made a treaty with Ras Ali in the name of his Government.

Seven years of waiting, seven years of hope, had gone to the achievement of this result, but, alas! it was no sooner obtained than its value was rendered *nil* by the sudden rise into power of the remarkable man since known throughout the world as King Theodore of Abyssinia, who was, however, at first but one of the many lesser chieftains always in rebellion against the central authority in the person of the Ras or prime minister, representing the merely titular Emperor.

The son of the brother of a frontier chief, and born after the death of his father, Theodore, or Kassai, as he was then called, spent his early years in great poverty at Gondar, where his mother earned her daily bread by selling *kosso*, a medicine much in use amongst her fellow-countrymen. This fact, insignificant as it appears, must be borne in mind, for to it in the day of his power her royal son could not endure the slightest allusion. When a young man, Kassai entered a monastery, of which there were many in the country even in the time of Bruce; but, after a few years of tranquillity, a rebel chief attacked his retreat. Escaping to Kuara, an Amharan district to the south-west of Lake Tzana, Kassai joined his uncle, then vigorously engaged in fighting the Turks, who here, as in almost every part of explored North Africa, were the curse of the country, carrying its people into slavery, and setting the laws of God and man at defiance. Kassai soon acquired a marvellous influence over his fellow-soldiers, and on the

sudden death of his uncle, Dejjaj Comfu, followed by disputes as to the succession to his power between his three sons, and the appearance in Kuara as arbiter of Birru Goshu, the chief of Godshem, the young warrior collected a party about him, conquered first one and then another minor chieftain, until at last the jealousy of Ras Ali himself was aroused.

Thinking it better to conciliate than openly to attack a man who had so won upon the affections of the people, Ali's first step was to offer his rival his daughter in marriage. The ceremony was performed with great pomp; but the son-in-law turned out to be more difficult to manage than the declared enemy had been. He imprisoned Ras Ali's mother, Warzero Menin, who, after her first husband's death, had married the titular Emperor, Johannes; and, not content with this outrage, compelled her son to acknowledge him Ras of Kuara and Dembea, districts which a glance at the map will show us to be in dangerous proximity to Gondar, the capital of the whole empire of Abyssinia.

Matters having come to this pass, Ras Ali sent an army under Birru Goshu to break the power of Kassai, who was compelled to take refuge in his native mountains of Kuara; but the next year he suddenly swept down upon Goshu's troops, completely routed them, and slew their leader with his own hand. Then, his followers swelled by fresh recruits, he marched against Ras Ali himself, and drove him first to Debra Tabor, on the south-east of Amhara, and then into the Gallas country, where he died in obscurity and poverty.

His father-in-law thus disposed of, Kassai proceeded gradually to humble the power of the minor chieftains,

and finally found the whole of Amhara under his rule. Taking Johannes, the Emperor, prisoner, he sent envoys to Deja Oubie, governor of Tigrè and Samen on the north, demanding the payment of tribute. This was indignantly refused, and Kassai, fearing to lose all he had gained by war with so powerful an opponent as Deja Oubie, reluctantly consented, in February, 1854, that the point in dispute should be referred to a council of the principal men of the Empire, each party binding himself to respect their decision.

Finding, however, that the feeling of the council was against him, Kassai is said to have made a secret proposal to our old friend Padre de Jacobis (Abuna Yâkob)—who, it will be remembered, had been supplanted by the Abuna Salama, but still retained great influence in Abyssinia—promising him that, if he would support his cause and crown him Emperor, he, Kassai, would adopt the Romish faith and make his subjects do the same.

The bait was too tempting for a zealous son of the Church to decline, and this point gained, Kassai, ignoring the council altogether, suddenly marched an army into Oubie's native country of Samen, defeated him in a pitched battle, and took both him and the Abuna Salama, who had espoused his cause, prisoners. Kassai, aware that the support of the Greek Church was really of more value to him than that of the Romish, now ignored his compact with Jacobis, won over the Abuna Salama, and, in February, 1855, was by him crowned and anointed under the name of Theodore, King of the Kings, or Emperor of Ethiopia (Abyssinia).

The desertion of Salama finally broke the power of Oubie, and King Theodore—Kassai no longer—marched

at once upon Gondar, and had it proclaimed in the market-place of that city that the hands and feet of any person giving him the old name should be cut off. Two motives appear to have actuated the victorious warrior in this rather startling renunciation of his past life. He wished his early poverty to be forgotten, and to spread a belief that he was the King Theodore of Ethiopian tradition, a descendant of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, who was to conquer the wise king's former possessions and to restore to them their ancient glory. Even when fighting in the ranks, Kassai had vehemently claimed for his mother descent from the family of the titular kings of Abyssinia; and many authorities believe him to have sincerely believed that he held a mission from Heaven for the regeneration of his native land.

Amhara and Tigre thus conquered, Theodore now resolved to win Shoa also, the third and last division of Abyssinia. The sudden death of the chief of that province aided this ambition. A single battle decided the fate of the inhabitants, who submitted almost without an effort for their own freedom. Thus did Theodore become in deed, as well as in name, the king of the kings of Ethiopia!

All this time our readers have not, we hope, forgotten Consul Plowden and his friend Bell. True to Ras Ali in his adversity as in his prosperity, they made no advances to Theodore until the final defeat of their patron in 1853, when Mr. Bell, then in the camp of the latter, was taken prisoner, or, according to some authorities, made his submission to the conqueror; whilst Mr. Plowden, who was at his post at Massowah, received an invitation to Gondar, where, in June, 1855, he had an interview with the Emperor. Courteously received by Theodore, and cordially welcomed

by Bell, Plowden, in his letters home, expressed himself much pleased with the court at Gondar, and had every hope of at last opening satisfactory diplomatic relations with Abyssinia. The Emperor listened respectfully to the suggestions made to him, acting on some, and declining to accept others on well-founded grounds; and it really seemed likely that the cause for which our two heroes had laboured and waited so many years was at last to be won.

Encouraged by the honour in which the two foreigners were held by ruler and people alike, first one and then another body of missionaries arrived and settled peacefully down to their work of proselytism. In 1856, Dr. Krapf and the Rev. Martin Flad founded a Protestant mission in Central Abyssinia under the control of Bishop Gobat of Jerusalem, already mentioned, and with Theodore's consent introduced handicraftsmen who, whilst following their own business, were to read the Scriptures and distribute Bibles in the Abyssinian dialects to the natives. Then followed the Rev. H. A. Stern, as agent of a society for promoting Christianity amongst the native Jews; and after him his friends and colleagues, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal, until quite a little foreign colony was established in the very heart of the country.

At first all went well; but Theodore, elated by success, now began to endeavour to extend his conquests to the Red Sea and recover the seaboard from the Turks. He became jealous of every sign of amity between the British and Egyptian Governments, imagined slights where none were intended, and began to show signs of his terrible temper even to Bell and Plowden. The conquered provinces rose in rebellion; a certain chief named Negusye proclaimed himself King of Tigre, and was supported by

the French, who had long been trying to gain a footing in Abyssinia.

At this critical juncture, harassed by foes at home and abroad, Theodore lost his wise adviser, Plowden, who was killed by Garod, a cousin of Negusye, and his followers, whilst returning from Gondar to Massowah. Eager to avenge him, the Emperor and Mr. Bell advanced against Garod, and in the fight which ensued the second Englishman was slain. Thinking to win the favour of Queen Victoria by taking signal vengeance for the death of her subjects, Theodore immediately executed no less than fifteen hundred of Garod's followers; and, following up his victory, marched against the main body of Negusye's army, defeated it in January, 1861, took the prince prisoner, had his right hand and left foot struck off, and then left him to die.

The death of Plowden, who seems fully to have won the Emperor's confidence, was the more unfortunate, that he had all but induced Theodore to agree to a commercial treaty with England, and to send an embassy to that country.

On the arrival in England of the news of the murder of the English consul, Captain Charles Duncan Cameron, who had already served in the East, was appointed his successor, and received orders to consider Massowah, the island so often mentioned, his head-quarters. Two years, however, elapsed before his actual arrival there, and during that time Theodore had become embittered by constant reverses and by the encroachments of the Egyptians on the northern frontier of his Empire. He was annoyed, too, at not having been consulted before the nomination of Cameron as consul; and though he smothered his wrath





M. LEJEAN.

so far as to give the envoy an honourable reception at his camp in Godshem, it burst out when he found that his guest had orders to proceed to the disturbed districts on the north. Had the object of this journey, which was merely to ascertain the capabilities of certain lands for cotton-growing, been explained to the jealous monarch, all might yet have been well; but, being left in ignorance, he concluded that the consul was, after all, but a spy in disguise, sent out to treat with his hated enemies the Turks. To complicate matters still further, a letter addressed to our Queen, claiming her protection for the Abyssinian Christians of the frontier provinces of Abyssinia and their oppressed brethren in Alexandria, though duly forwarded by Cameron to Aden in 1862, did not reach England until 1863, when it was "thrust into a pigeon-hole and either ignored or forgotten."

To sift the exact truth from the various contradictory accounts given of the complications which ensued is a task beyond our power; we can only add that, during Cameron's absence on the journey alluded to, Theodore began his arbitrary proceedings with regard to the foreign residents in his dominions by picking a quarrel with M. Lejean, lately accredited French consul in Abyssinia. According to Lejean's own account of his sufferings, he was compelled to follow the Emperor's camp to Godshem, and, after several reverses of the tyrant's army, requested permission to go to Massowah, the head-quarters of the French as well as of the English consulate. The moment chosen for this request appears to have been unfortunate. Theodore was endeavouring to drown the remembrance of his defeat in brandy, and, when Lejean's interpreter ceased speaking, the tipsy monarch shouted to one of his officers:

"I'll keep him here at all hazards; . . . put him in irons, . . . and if he attempts to escape let him be killed!"

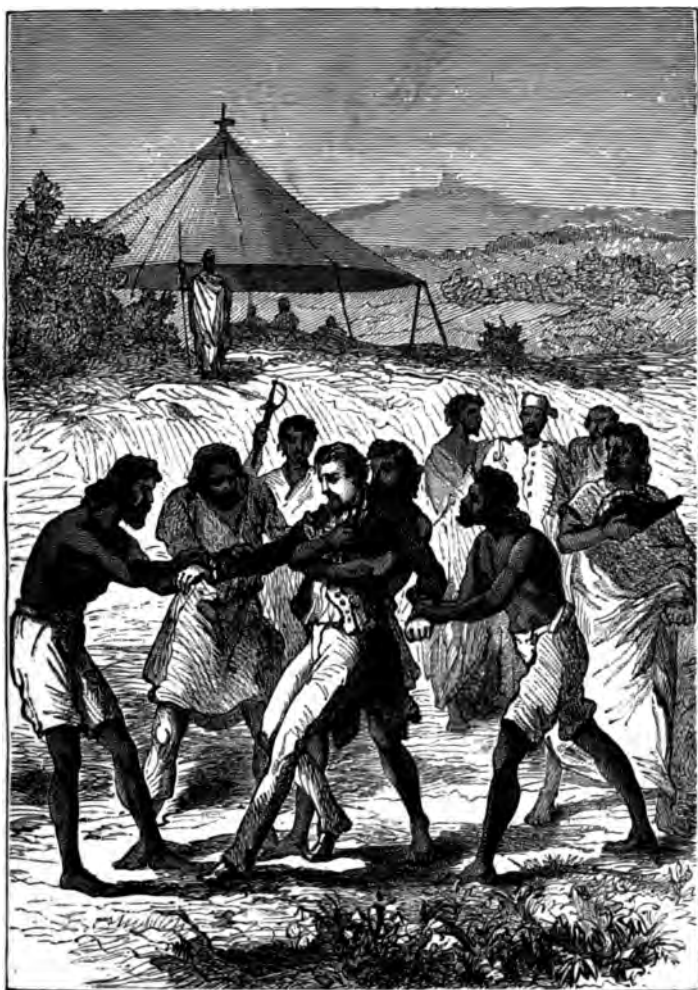
The man addressed hesitated, and turned aside to call a party of soldiers to his assistance. "What!" cried Theodore; "five hundred men to arrest one!"

"Don't you see," replied the officer, trembling, "that he has something very bright under his arm (his gold-laced cap); it may be a terrible engine which can kill us all."

"Idiot, you will presently say he can kill you with his eyelids—let six men seize him."

Thus urged, six warriors rushed upon Lejean, and, before he realised what had passed, he was bound and dragged to the royal tent, where he was forced down on a large stone. Irons were then put upon his hands; he was chained to a black slave, who had to answer with his head for the safety of his captive, and taken to his own tent. Twenty-five hours later, however, he was released as suddenly as he had been imprisoned; and on Cameron's return from the north, in July, 1863, he found Lejean at Gondar—in disgrace, it is true, but in no positive danger. A little later the French consul, and a French physician named Legard, received permission, or rather orders, to leave the country, of which they lost no time in availing themselves; but poor Cameron was compelled to remain in Gondar, his hopes of creditably winning his way through the intrigues against him gone; for though he had at last received an answer from his Government to his letter enclosing Theodore's, the latter was absolutely ignored—the British envoy being merely ordered to return to Massowah.

Theodore's rage, when he found that a friendly document from him, the king of the kings of Ethiopia, the descendant



LEJEAN ARRESTED BY ORDER OF THEODORE.

N. AFRICA, P. 314.



of Solomon, etc., etc., had been passed over altogether without notice, knew no bounds. He had long felt coldly towards Cameron; he had not been satisfied with the reply to a letter to the Emperor Napoleon similar to that to our Queen; he was jealous of the influence of the foreign missionaries with the Abuna and the people; in a word, whatever the chief cause of complaint, he was ready to proceed to extremities with all the foreigners in his dominions.

He began by declaring that Cameron should not leave the country till an answer came from Queen Victoria, and on the morning of October 15th, 1863, a messenger in the service of the English Consul was beaten by order of the Emperor. In the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Stern, the missionary at work amongst the poor Jews, with two servants, happened to approach his Majesty's camp at Woggera near Gondar, and, as customary, stopped to pay their respects. Theodore would not see them until the evening, and then he came upon them suddenly. Mr. Stern's opening speech was badly interpreted by the servants, and the monarch, who, as in Lejean's case, had been drinking too much, ordered them to be beaten.

In his astonishment at this reply to a mere compliment, Stern unconsciously bit his thumb—a gesture considered as a threat of revenge in Abyssinia; and Theodore's attention being called to the fact by an officer in attendance, the missionary himself was seized and brutally beaten. The two servants died in the night, and Stern's life was for a time despaired of. He recovered, however, only, as we shall see, to endure worse agonies; and we must here refer to the intrigues of a Frenchman named Bardel, who had gone to Abyssinia three years previously as secretary to the

English Consul, but had been sent to France with the letter already mentioned to the Emperor Napoleon. On his return from Paris with the unsatisfactory reply, he was charged with a secret mission from the Jesuits to endeavour by all means in his power to destroy the Protestant missionaries in Abyssinia, and replace them by Roman Catholics. As a reward of success he was to receive a vice-consulship. In pursuance of his diabolical schemes, which he long managed to keep secret, M. Bardel now told the Emperor that Stern's private papers contained complimentary reflections on his Majesty's birth and career—a fact known to the traitor only through Stern's own admission in confidence; and not content with thus poisoning the monarch's mind against his already prostrate victim, he also threw out insinuations against the other missionaries, as a consequence of which most of them were seized on the 13th November, 1863, by a body of troops, and dragged, heavily chained, to the Emperor's camp. Then the English Consul, and all the other Europeans in the country, were taken prisoners, and though the artisans and the Scotch missionaries were released the next day, Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Rosenthal, Mr. Stern, and Mrs. Flad—wife of a missionary who, for some reason we have failed to fathom, was high in Theodore's favour—were kept in prison, and almost starved, until the 20th November, when a court was held to which all the Europeans were summoned.

The Emperor sat in judgment, with a German named Zander on one hand and the Frenchman Bardel on the other. The two chief culprits, Stern and Rosenthal, bound by the arm, stood opposite the monarch, and behind them sat the other Europeans and the grandees of the court.

Renewed Torture of Stern and Rosenthal. 317

The chief charges brought against the unhappy missionaries were that Stern, in his book published in Europe, had spoken of the Emperor's mother as a poor kosso-seller, and that Rosenthal had said it would be better for Abyssinia to be ruled by the Turks than by Theodore. Found guilty, as they indeed were, of these two venial offences, the Emperor asked his grandees what punishment should be inflicted, and whilst one urged death, others said that was too severe a penalty. A compromise was therefore made by sparing their lives but keeping them in close confinement. Mrs. Flad, also charged with having spoken disrespectfully of his Majesty, was pardoned for her husband's sake.

Consul Cameron meanwhile remained a prisoner on parole, and it appears probable that he might yet have obtained permission to leave the country had not a young man named Kerans arrived two days later at Gondar, bringing with him despatches for Consul Cameron containing even now no answer to Theodore's letter, but only a reprimand of the envoy and instructions to return to Massowah. The Emperor, not unjustly incensed at the absolute contempt with which the English Government still treated his communication, was more than ever disposed to proceed to extremities against the consul, and, perhaps with a view to intimidating him, he sent for Stern and Rosenthal on the 4th December, about three weeks after their trial, had them stripped naked, and would have had their hands and feet cut off but for the intercession of one of his grandees. A fortnight later, however, he appears again to have relented, and to have allowed Mr. Flad, who was going to Europe, to open communications with Stern with a view to that gentleman buying his

liberty by furnishing Flad with "letters to procure machines and one or two gunpowder-makers," but, alas! whilst the negotiations on the subject were going on, Cameron, doomed as it were ever to speak at the wrong moment, asked permission to go to Massowah in accordance with the orders of his Government—a request replied to by the seizure of the Consul, his attendants, and all the missionaries still at large, who, loaded with fetters, were now confined in the common prison within the royal enclosure. A little time after this, M. Bardel, who had been sent on a secret mission by the Emperor, returned to Gondar, and, offending his Majesty in some way, was added to the number of prisoners, thus sharing the doom he had himself been greatly instrumental in bringing upon them.

On the 14th February, 1864, Consul Cameron managed to send the following pencil-note to Mr. Speedy at Massowah:—

"GONDAR, February 14, 1864.

"Myself, Stern, Rosenthal, Kerans, Bardel, and M'Kilvie are all in chains here. Flad, Steiger, Branders, and Cornelius sent to Gaffet to work for the king. No release till a civil answer to the king's letter arrives. Mrs. Flad, Mrs. Rosenthal and children, all of us well. Write this to Aden and to Mrs. Stern, 16, Lincoln's Inn Fields."

Until the 12th May of the same year all the prisoners remained in chains except Mr. Rosenthal, who had won favour by interpreting a text to Theodore's satisfaction; but on that date, after a violent dispute between the king and the Abuna Salama, in which Stern's name was dragged

in, fresh horrors began. The unfortunate missionary and Rosenthal were again and again subjected to the most horrible tortures to make them own to offences never committed, and to ascribe treacherous words to the Abuna Salama, whom Theodore was eager to ruin. Samuel, Beke's former servant, and Cameron's companion in his journey to Bogos, now high in the Emperor's favour, again and again crept into the prison at night and whispered promises of release and favour if the desired admissions were made, with threats of still more awful agonies in the event of continued obstinacy.

One scene alone we will describe in Stern's own words, leaving our readers to imagine the state to which the unhappy sufferers were reduced after numerous similar inflictions.

"Blinded by buffets," he says in his famous letter to his wife—forwarded the following year from Magdala, but written at intervals and in secret during his confinement with swollen and bleeding fingers—"ere I could finish a sentence (of self-extenuation), several fellows violently seized me by the hand, and began to twist round my arms hard coarse ropes. Rosenthal, simultaneously with myself, experienced similar treatment. His poor wife, thinking our last moments had come, distractedly ran into the arms of Consul Cameron. The latter, who also believed that all were about to be butchered, called out to me, 'Stern, we shall soon be in heaven.' This the Negus (Theodore) interpreted into an exhortation that I should not compromise the prelate; and instantly Mrs. Rosenthal, under a shower of blows, was driven with her babe into our tent, and then into her own, whilst the consul and all the other prisoners, with the exception of Mr. Kerans, who was

suffering from illness, were thrown on the ground and pinioned.

"Generally," continues Stern, "criminals under torture are only tied around the upper parts of the arm, but the white miscreants were deemed unworthy of such leniency. From the shoulder down to the wrists, the cords were rolled fiendishly tight round the unresisting limb; . . . the swollen, throbbing hands were bound together behind the back, and then other ropes were fastened across the chest, and that, too, with a force that caused the miserable sufferers to agonise for breath. . . . Some prayed, others groaned. . . . The crescent moon shining through a white canopy of clouds, the stillness of the guards broken by the howling of savage dogs as they careered in quest of prey through the camp, and the moans and sighs of the tortured, formed a scene that beggars language to describe."

Again and again Samuel, his face half-hidden under a black hood, stooped down and asked Stern to confess; and at each visit, receiving no satisfactory reply, a couple of soldiers were ordered to jump on the prostrate figures, which they did with wild delight; whilst to "contract the dry ropes, the black fiends now and then poured a profusion of cold water down the backs of the miserable sufferers. Stern's cup was full indeed when Cameron shouted in his agony, "Stern, Stern, say what you know!" But he held out still; neither to purchase his own or his comrade's lives could he sully his lips with an untruth, or by false witness bring upon another such anguish as he was himself enduring.

Fearing that his victims might find release in death, Theodore at last ordered the ropes to be removed—an

operation causing excruciating pain, the skin and flesh of the victims being torn off with them.

"Infidelity, scepticism, sneers, and scoffs," continues Stern, "were now merged in one deep pathetic cry of anguish, fear, and despair!" and, at the request of his comrades in affliction, he poured forth a prayer to Almighty God, "in which sorrow, sighing, trust, and confidence were sadly blended."

The prisoners remained at Gondar in a state of terrible mental and bodily anguish, with brief intervals of hope, until November, 1864, when they were marched, chained together in pairs, to the fortress of Magdala, about one hundred and twenty miles south-east of Gondar, situated on a natural eminence nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here, "within a strong thorn fence, guarded by groups of sooty soldiers," the prisoners of less note were confined, whilst the others, including Cameron, Stern, and Rosenthal, were allowed by special favour to have a tent outside the enclosure.

Meanwhile, in June, 1864, the attention of the English Government was at last fully awakened to the culpable neglect of which it had been guilty. A question was asked in Parliament as to the letter from Theodore alluded to in Cameron's note to Mr. Speedy; search was made for it, and it was found, duly endorsed by Lord Russell, in a pigeon-hole at the Foreign Office. A reply was at once entrusted to Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, a native of Mosul, who had served as a diplomatic agent at Mosul; but for some unaccountable reason that gentleman made an excursion to Egypt before proceeding to Abyssinia, and it was not until the 28th January, 1866—*nearly two years after the poor captives had first heard of his mission for*

their release—that he actually arrived at the Emperor's camp, between Agaumider and Godjam, accompanied by Dr. Blanc and Lieutenant Prideaux.

An interview was almost immediately granted by his Majesty; the Queen's letter was presented, and actually gave satisfaction to the jealous monarch to whom it was addressed. Moreover, the release of all the prisoners was promised, and Rassam was asked to go to Korata—a large town on the south-eastern end of Lake Dembea or Tsana—and there await the arrival of the liberated captives. The accounts of the events which followed are contradictory in the extreme; but it is certain that all the prisoners were actually liberated and allowed to join Rassam at Korata, and, having actually started for the coast, were stopped by Theodore's orders, fettered, and taken to Zagye, where, to quote the words of Beke, "the whole of them, together with Mr. Rassam and his companions, remained in chains for five days."

According to some, this sudden and arbitrary proceeding was the result of Mr. Rassam having accepted a large sum of money from Theodore without being able, as expected, to repay it by a gift of equal value; whilst others are of opinion that his Majesty's wrath was roused by the captives attempting to leave the country without wishing him farewell.

Mr. Rassam was now compelled by the king to write a letter to the English Government asking for a large present of guns, musket-shot, etc., for Theodore, but saying nothing about his imprisonment. Fortunately for all concerned, Mr. Flad, a man who seems throughout to have behaved with wonderful tact, was charged to carry this important document, and, on his arrival in England, his account of

the sufferings of the Europeans at last roused the British nation to a sense of the true state of things. One message after another was sent to Theodore, and in April, 1867, Lord Stanley ordered him to deliver up the prisoners in three months or abide the consequences.

The only effect this summons appears to have had was an increase of frenzied fury—not against the prisoners themselves, who, strange to say, were now more leniently treated, but against Theodore's own unhappy subjects. Men and women of the highest rank were tortured and flogged to death before the eyes of the captives, or left to die a lingering death from starvation in the open air loaded with chains and exposed to the taunts of the savage instruments of the madman's will; whilst the common people were massacred by hundreds, until, says Dr. Blanc, writing in June, 1867, "out of three million inhabitants, more than a third were destroyed by war, famine, or murder;" and the country around the camp became one vast Golgotha strewn with skeletons.

Early in August the captives were all sent to the fortress of Magdala, and the king, thinking doubtless that he had as much right as the English to leave letters unanswered, and little dreaming of the terrible doom his own silence would bring upon him, set out for Gondar to chastise a rebel usurper there. Theodore was still engaged in hostilities with his subjects when the news came, first, of the landing on his shores of Lieutenant-Colonel Merewether with a pioneer force, and then, on the 2nd December, 1867, of Sir Robert Napier, commander-in-chief, with an army of some ten thousand men.

The letters addressed by Lieutenant-Colonel Merewether to the Governor of Bombay and to the Indian Office,

London, had convinced the authorities that no time was to be lost if the campaign was to be over before the setting in of the rains. All concerned now vied with each other in making every necessary preparation, and on the 20th December, 1867, when the village of Zoulla, on the southern end of Annesley Bay (formed by an island running parallel with the coast), had been converted into an English store-house, and the beach on either side bristled with piers, etc., for the landing of heavy baggage, a proclamation was delivered to King Theodore, addressed to the governors, chiefs, religious orders, and people of Abyssinia, and setting forth that no hostilities were intended against them; that the object of the landing of an army was but the release of the captives; that those who aided that object should be rewarded, those who hindered it punished, etc.

Having read this conciliatory document with a quiet smile, Theodore had it put away in an iron box that it might not fall into the hands of those to whom it was intended. A little later the following ultimatum from Sir Robert Napier was also given to the king:—

“I am commanded by her Majesty the Queen to demand that the prisoners whom your Majesty has wrongfully detained in captivity shall be immediately released and sent in safety to the British camp. Should your Majesty fail to comply with this demand, I am further commanded to enter your Majesty’s country at the head of an army to enforce it, and nothing will arrest my progress until the object shall have been accomplished.

“My sovereign has no desire to deprive you of any part of your dominions, nor to subvert your authority, although it is obvious that such would in all probability be the result of hostilities.

"Your Majesty might avoid this danger by the immediate surrender of the prisoners.

"But should they not be delivered safely into my hands, should they suffer a continuance of ill-treatment, or should any injury befall them, your Majesty will be held personally responsible, and no hope of future condonation need be entertained."

It is reported that Theodore took this communication also very quietly, observing, "It seems to be the *will of God* that they come. If He who is above does not kill me, none will kill me; if He says 'you must die,' no one can save me." He even likened himself to Simeon longing to see the Saviour, expressing a hope that he might live to see a disciplined European army! That wish was fully gratified, but in spite of his apparent infatuation he had the sense, whilst returning no reply to the ultimatum, to retire to Magdala, and to send the *élite* of his army to meet the invading force.

The history of the brief and glorious campaign which ensued is well known, but the following details, taken from Sir Robert Napier's military despatches, are necessary to complete our story. A forced march through the awful Jedda ravine, three thousand four hundred feet deep, brought the army to the plain of Delanta, whence a view could be obtained of Magdala, and between which and that stronghold flowed the river Bechila. Beyond this river the road to Magdala wound up the steep sides of a "gigantic natural bastion" called Fahla, some twelve hundred feet above all the surrounding heights. Across the stream and up the terrible precipices on the other side the English army struggled, and, on the 10th April, 1868, the advanced guard had reached the plain of Aroje, at the

head of a fearful pass, when the enemy opened his guns and a large force poured down from the heights.

Hastily organising his men, whilst reinforcements from below continuously arrived, Sir Robert Napier at once gave battle. The Naval Brigade hastened up to Affigo, a point seven hundred feet above the Aroje Pass, and poured a shower of rockets into the advancing masses of the Abyssinians, who were at first startled and driven back. Quickly rallying, however, a fearful and protracted struggle ensued, in which they were finally completely routed with a loss of some four hundred men. The invaders, on the other hand, had only eighteen men wounded and two killed—a disparity, the result, according to our commander-in-chief, of the determined attack of the Abyssinians against a better disciplined and more efficiently armed force.

The next morning, January 11th, Lieutenant Prideaux and Mr. Flad arrived in the British camp, with a request from Theodore for peace, and a reply was sent to the effect that honourable treatment should be given to Theodore and his family if he would bring the captives to Sir Robert and submit to the Queen of England. The terms were refused, and the letter containing them returned. There was therefore nothing left to do but advance upon Magdala, and the news that such was the intention of the English led to the submission of many of the chiefs and their followers, who, on laying down their arms, were allowed to go down to the plain below with their wives and children. Meanwhile, however, Theodore, who really seems to have been out of his mind at the time, sent a message to Rassam to the effect that he and his fellow-captives had better go at once to the British camp; but Samuel at the same time advised the British Envoy not

Remarkable Letter from Theodore. 327

to start without seeing the king, as he was supposed to intend massacring the whole party on the road. Rassam therefore asked for an interview, and was received at the junction of the upper and lower roads leading to the British camp by Theodore, who had some twenty picked musketeers around him, and was attended by his European artisans. A really affecting scene ensued: the poor Emperor, deserted by nearly all his friends, expressed his regret for the suffering he had caused, adding with tears that he would kill himself or become a monk if Rassam did not befriend him. He then allowed his visitor, who all the time suspected treachery, to depart, and, more than that, to take with him *all the other captives*. How eagerly they hurried past the Abyssinian pickets, expecting every moment to be shot down or recalled, and with what joy they were welcomed in the British camp, can better be imagined than described.

On the morning of the next day, April 12th, Theodore sent a present of cows and sheep to Sir Robert Napier, with a remarkable letter, in which, taking it for granted that, the prisoners being released, there was now peace between him and the English, he said he was sorry for having quarrelled with "his friend" (Sir Robert Napier), and gave an account of an attempt he had made to commit suicide, which had been miraculously frustrated by the pistol he held in his mouth refusing to go off. Whether Theodore's present was accepted or not seems doubtful, but in any case he *thought* it was; and this fact has been made the text of many a severe judgment on Sir Robert Napier's conduct in storming Magdala after the captives had been released and atonement offered for their sufferings. His cows and sheep, it is urged, were all that were

left to King Theodore, but our commander-in-chief, seeing that mortars were being placed to command the road from Magdala, and feeling that no real submission had been made, continued his arrangements for the attack, from which even the arrival of the artisans, the last Europeans left in Magdala, in the camp on the evening of the 12th did not deter him.

On the afternoon of the 13th April, the advanced cavalry of the attacking party, under Sir Charles Staveley, appeared in sight of the defenders of Magdala, and the king, espying them, left the walls, where he was superintending the placing of mortars, and called upon his men to follow him and die fighting. Only twelve answered to his call, and with them he galloped about, challenging the British troops to single combat. Receiving no answer to this bravado but a shower of bullets, he dashed back to the fortress, and there, rallying his few faithful adherents about him, he awaited the attack. It was not long in coming; the rude defences of Magdala fell rapidly beneath the ably-conducted charge of the British troops, and the little remnant of Theodore's followers dropped one after the other beneath the fatal fire of the Snider rifles. Seeing that all was lost—that the English were already within the gates, and a small party advancing to the spot where he stood, Theodore drew a pistol from his belt, and, with the words, "Sooner than surrender into the hands of the Franks I will shoot myself," put its muzzle to his mouth, fired, and, falling backwards, breathed his last.

So ended the career of a man who had so long exercised despotic sway in Abyssinia! His funeral over, honourably conducted by order of Sir Robert Napier, the fortress of

Magdala—every living soul having first been driven out by the Royal Engineers—was burnt to the ground, and the victorious army and the rescued captives, taking with them, by request of the queen-mother, the young son of the late monarch, made their way back in triumph to the coast, leaving the desolate country a prey to the intrigues of rival claimants to the throne.

From the return of the British expedition in 1868 to the present date (1876), the internal politics of Abyssinia have attracted little notice in Europe; but in the last few months distressing accounts have been given by returned travellers of the increasing encroachments of the Egyptians on the north, and the desperate resistance of King John, now wearing the thorny crown of the "King of the Kings of Ethiopia." The end is not yet come, but it seems likely that Abyssinia, with all the surrounding districts, may before long be favourably affected by the vigorous efforts inaugurated by Sir Samuel Baker for the suppression of the slave trade, and by the enlightened scheme of his Majesty Leopold, King of the Belgians, for the establishment in the very heart of Africa of centres of civilisation and legitimate commerce.





CHAPTER XV.

THREE GREAT GERMAN EXPLORERS.

Schweinfurth's Voyage Down the Nile to Fashoda—Friendship with Aboo Sammat—Struggle with Floating Vegetation—Long Halt at the Mouth of the Gazelle—Start for Ghattas' Seriba—Excursions amongst the Shillook, Dinka, Dyoor, and Bongo Tribes—Trip to Zandey, or the Niam-niam Country—Cannibalism amongst the Natives—Arrival at Munza and Reception by its Chief—The Pygmies, their Appearance, Equipments, Homes, etc.—Reluctant March to the North—Ill-treatment of Faithful Servants—Their Rescue and Schweinfurth's Return Home—Dr. Nachtigal's Trip across Africa from Tripoli to Darfur by way of Lake Tchad and Waday—Dr. Rohlf's Scientific Survey of the Libyan Desert.

WHILST Baker was absent on the last of his three great journeys, a young German naturalist, Dr. G. A. Schweinfurth, was quietly and unostentatiously, but earnestly, studying the ethnological, animal, and vegetable peculiarities of the hitherto unknown districts to the west of the Nile and the Albert N'yanza, remaining, however, until his return to the North, in partial ignorance of the discoveries of his great contemporary. Already, in 1863, our present hero had scientifically explored the delta of the Nile, the shores of the Red Sea, and the lowlands skirting the mountains of Abyssinia, but it had been in a desultory and, as he felt, unsatisfactory manner. On



DR. G. A. SCHWEINFURTH.



his return to Europe, therefore, with his own resources exhausted, he laid before the Royal Academy of Science a scheme for the thorough botanical exploration of the equatorial districts to the west of the Nile. His plan was approved of, and in 1868, having received a grant of money from the Humboldt Institution, he landed at Suez, went by sea to Suakim, and thence by camel to Berber, where he embarked on the Nile, and after a tedious voyage of sixteen days, in consequence of the complete failure of wind rendering the sails of his boat useless, he arrived at Khartoum. Here, to his relief and surprise, he was most courteously received by the Governor-General of the province, Dyafer Pasha, who, in spite of the general prejudice of Turks and Egyptians against European travellers, did all in his power to further Schweinfurth's preparations, superintending his agreement with an ivory trader named Ghattas for the supply of guides, carriers, provisions, etc., and sending instructions to protect him to all the merchants of the countries to be visited by him.

The 5th January, 1869, saw all preliminary arrangements completed, and on the following day Schweinfurth started for the south on board a well-manned boat belonging to Ghattas. After an interesting voyage down the White Nile, in which no peculiarity of either bank escaped him, past the homes of the Baggara Arabs, the Shillook and Dinka negroes, and the site of the former camp of the great robber chief Mahommed Kher, etc., he came to Fashoda, an Egyptian outpost, where all vessels are obliged to stop for payment of the poll-tax, inspection of papers, etc. Here, with the huts of the Dinka tribe extending as far as the eye could reach on the east, and those of the Shillooks on the west, amongst galley slaves from Egypt,

and the rough motley crews of various vessels, Schweinfurth waited nine days, amusing himself now with excursions in the surrounding bush-forests, in one of which he shot an enormous African python or boa constrictor, now in visits to the well-built Shillook villages, where he saw the teeming population at work tilling the ground, rearing cattle, etc., as though no war were raging between their chief and the Egyptian Government.

Late on the evening of the 1st February Fashoda was left behind, and at daybreak the next morning the camp of the Egyptian army sent out to chastise the Shillooks was entered, where Schweinfurth was introduced to the Shillook chief, who had just made his submission to the governor. In him our hero saw the last of the independent rulers of the great negro tribe which for long had maintained a regular government and retained a position far superior to that of any other native race of Central Africa.

On the 5th February a final farewell was taken of the Egyptian encampment, and a few hours' sail brought Schweinfurth to the mouth of the Sobat or Sabat river, alluded to in our account of Baker's exploration of the Nile tributaries. Here he made an agreement of vital importance to his enterprise with a certain Mohammed Aboo Sammat, an enterprising Nubian merchant, who begged the young German to consider himself his guest "until he should have accompanied him to the remotest tribes."

The eagerness with which this generous offer was accepted may be imagined. Aboo Sammat had, with the might of his own sword, vanquished "districts large enough to have formed small states in Europe," and the value of his co-operation could not be over-estimated.



"IN FULL FLIGHT BEFORE THE SHILLOOK CANOES."



The next day the singularly-contrasted couple started down the Nile with an escort of some eighty armed men, and were soon in full flight before hundreds of canoes filled with Shillooks, who are in the habit of waylaying and murdering small parties, though they permit flotillas of several vessels to pass unmolested. By pushing upstream and concealing themselves on the uninhabited right bank of the river, the little band escaped, and were joined early the next morning by six boats full of armed men, escorted by whom they landed on the Shillook side and did some brisk bartering with the very natives who had been ready to murder them a few hours before.

On the 8th February began what Schweinfurth characterises as the "conflict with the world of weeds," the vessels being dragged by two hundred sailors and soldiers over a perfect jungle of papyrus, the floating mass being compact and strong enough to bear whole herds of oxen. Several days were consumed in a hard struggle with the remarkable grass-barrier which still so seriously impedes the navigation of the Nile, but, after more than one retrograde movement, the mouth of the Bahr el Ghazal, or Gazelle tributary, was reached, and on the 22nd February a landing was effected at Port Rek on one of the so-called Meshera, a group of islands tenanted by the Dinkas, the starting-point of journeys to the interior, and notorious as a deadly locality for European expeditions.

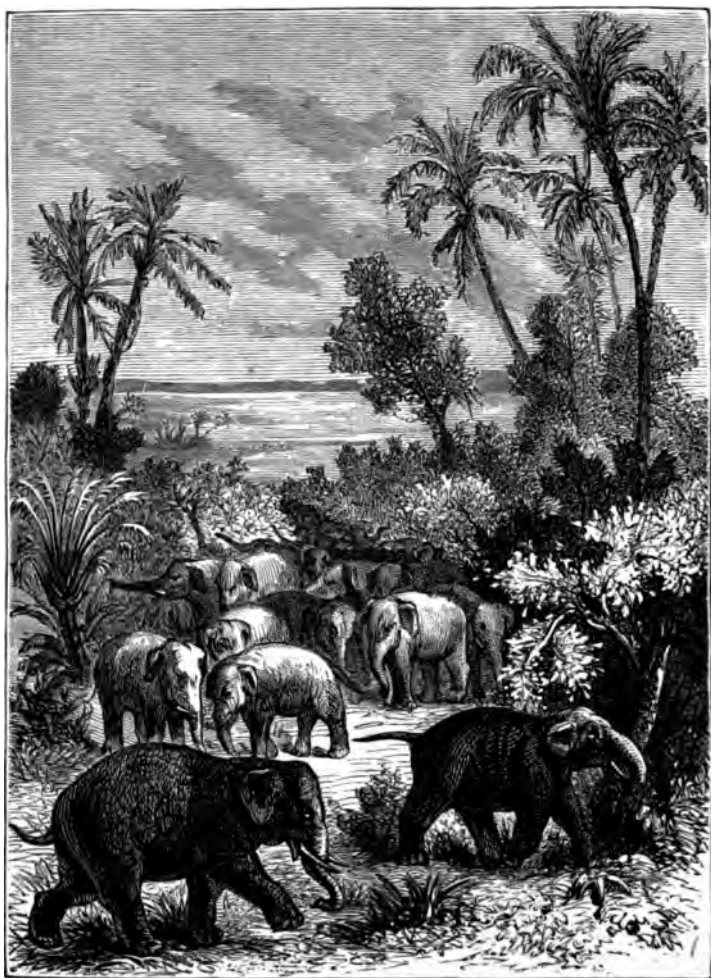
Here Schweinfurth, much against his will, had to wait eighteen days for the arrival of Ghattas, and the servants, porters, etc., necessary for the actual journey into the interior; but on the 25th March all was ready, and, turning their backs on the malarious swamps of the river, the party, now numbering some five hundred, started on

their overland journey to Ghattas' chief seriba or encampment, situated on the border district between three races—the Dinka, the Dyoor, and the Bongo, which was to be our hero's head-quarters for several months. Already, before his arrival at this important spot, he had learned much of the habits of the warlike but pastoral Dinkas, visiting their cattle farms, plantations, etc., and he now began a series of exploring expeditions to the various seribas within reach. Everywhere courteously received, he speaks in the most enthusiastic terms of this part of his wanderings; but we must refer our readers for details to his own exhaustive account of all he saw and did in his famous work, *The Heart of Africa*—passing on ourselves to the 17th November, when, joining the main body of Aboo Sammat's caravan, the regular progress to the unknown country to the south began. An hour's march brought the party to the river Tondy, across which our hero was carried by four sturdy Bongo bearers on a kind of bedstead, to wind along on the other side in a southeasterly direction between the settlements of the Goak clan and the Dinkas.

Seven days' further journey, through an all but uninhabited country, brought the caravan to the chief seriba of Aboo Sammat, where Schweinfurth was received with what he characterises as truly Oriental hospitality.

December and January were spent in a tour through the adjacent Mittoo country, including the Mittoo district, a "wide grassy plain broken by huge stones of fantastic outline, and by thickets or single trees, with here and there a seriba of huts rising from a platform of clay, like paper cones on a flat table." In front of these were great farm-yards with hundreds of cattle under the care of





ELEPHANT DISTRICTS ON THE BORDERS OF NIAM-NIAM.

N. AFRICA, P. 335.

Dinka servants, presenting a picture of peaceful civilisation very unlike our preconceived notions of the scenery of Central Africa, although, alas! here as everywhere else, the existence of the slave trade was an acknowledged fact. Any day might witness a sudden raid from the north or from the east, and half the population of the villages were the property, body and soul, of the owners of the seribas.

By the 29th January, 1870, every preparation was completed for the laborious excursion into Zandey or the Niam-niam country, and, with a private retinue of four Nubian servants, one Bongo and two Niam-niam interpreters, Schweinfurth was again *en route*, still the guest of Abou Sammat, and protected as his friend by hundreds of sturdy blacks. A few days' march brought him to the outskirts of the Niam-niam districts, and, crossing the Ibba, or Upper Tondy, he found himself in the great hunting-grounds of the ivory traders, where the poor elephants are destroyed in herds by the setting on fire of the jungle in which they live. The unhappy creatures, says Schweinfurth, are driven by the flames into masses, young and old huddling together and covering their bodies as best they can with grass till they fall down suffocated.

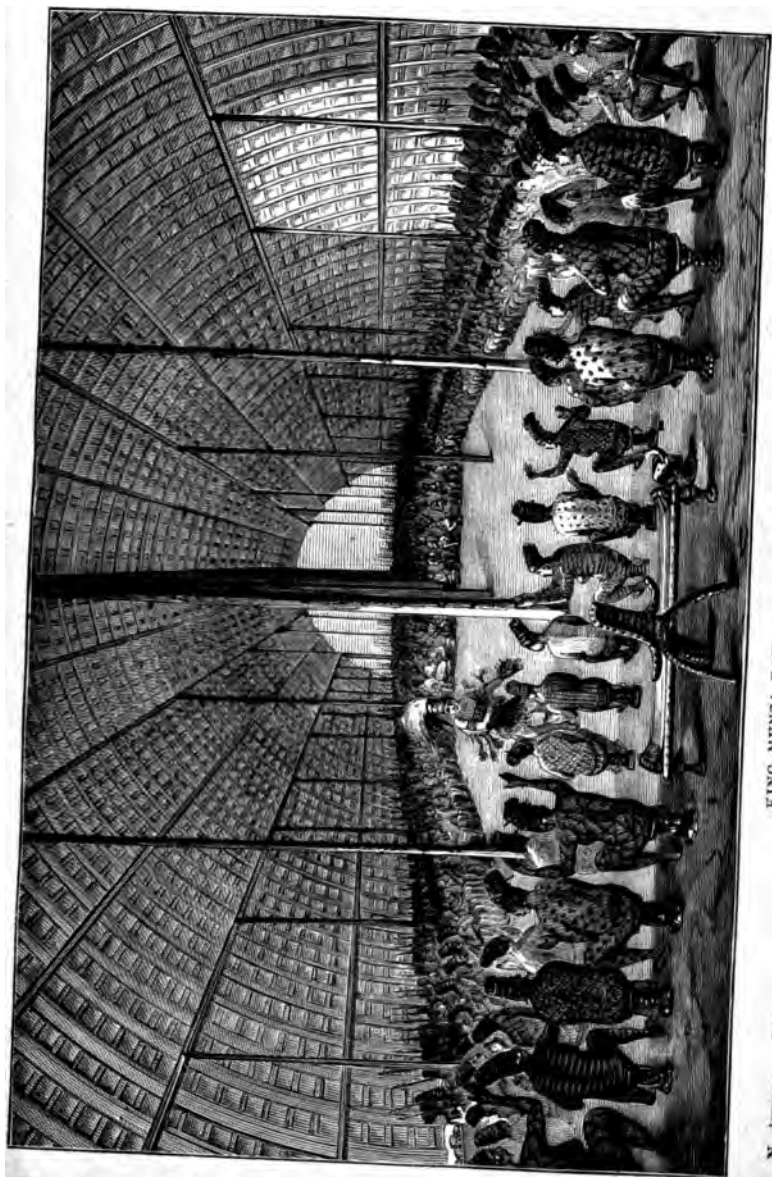
Very slow was the progress of our hero through the towering grasses of the elephant's home; but, emerging suddenly into a clearing, accompanied only by two or three members of his escort, he soon found himself encircled by a group of Niam-niams, with their skins painted in stripes, and wearing those of their victims in the chase carelessly girded about their loins. A short halt in the M'bunga of N'ganye, the chief town of the district now entered, was employed by Schweinfurth in taking the portraits of some of the natives, and enquiring into the

truth of the rumour of the practice of cannibalism amongst them, which was, alas! confirmed.

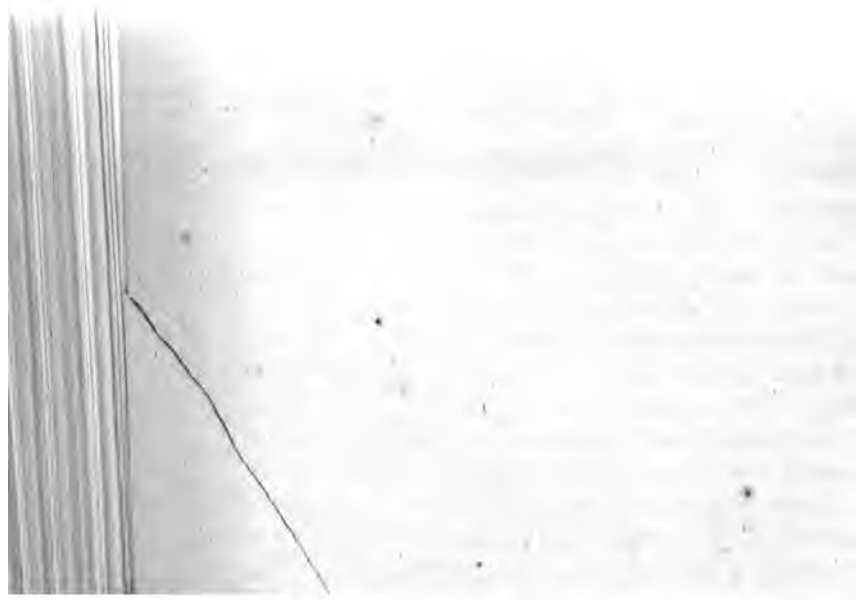
Then followed an almost unbroken march of a month in a southerly direction through the Niam-niam countries, with botanical excursions to the right and left, succeeded by the entrance into the hitherto unknown country of Monbuttoo, and the arrival, on the 20th March, 1870, in the now famous capital of King Munza, some miles to the south of the river Welle, an important stream flowing westwards, and supposed by our hero to be identical with the Shary of Barth, the origin and further course of which, however, has not yet, so far at least as we have been able to ascertain, been finally determined.

The Niam-niam districts, lying between the fourth and sixth parallels of north latitude, had already been visited by an Italian named Piaggia, who had resided for a whole year alone amongst the natives, who derive their name from certain words in the Dinka dialect signifying the great eaters, and having reference to the practice of cannibalism; but it was reserved to Schweinfurth to give a full account of the habits of this nation of hunters, warriors, and agriculturists, and to compare them with those of their neighbours to the south, the subjects of the great King Munza, whose capital, with its spacious halls and clusters of turreted and pinnacled houses, recalled the appearance of Cairo.

Introduced by his host, Mahommed Aboo Sammat, who was well-known and beloved by the Monbuttoes under the name of M'bahly, or the little one, Schweinfurth was received by King Munza on the 22nd March, 1870, in a hall one hundred feet long, forty feet high, and fifty broad, with a vaulted roof supported on three long rows of pillars



KING MUNZA DANCING BEFORE HIS WIVES.



formed from perfectly straight tree stems, the rafters and other minor details consisting of the leaf stalk of the wine palm.

The appearance of the owner of this remarkable residence was but little inferior in its wild and fantastic grandeur to the magnificent vegetation which supplied the materials for his house. Arms and legs, neck and breast were covered with copper rings, chains, etc., and from the top of his head—or rather his hair done up in a chignon, unexcelled in length and size by that of the most fashionable European lady of modern days—rose a great copper crescent and a plumed hat made of reeds closely plaited into a narrow cylinder ornamented with three layers of red parrot's feathers.

The approach of his Majesty was heralded by the clang of horns and kettle-drums, and not until his guest had been almost deafened by the uproar and stifled by the crush of the painted and bedizened warriors of his court, did King Munza deign as much as to look "at the pale-faced man with the long hair and the tight black clothes," holding his hat in his hand with the air of a European courtier; and even then he took only furtive glances, and betrayed no surprise or emotion of any kind.

Schweinfurth's presents were now produced, and Munza, with an air of complete indifference, signified his acceptance of them, asking a few commonplace questions. Then ensued a theatrical performance in honour of the white man, in which a number of professional jesters and singers performed an extraordinary series of antics, succeeded by a concert, in which King Munza played the part of conductor with a baton resembling a baby's rattle, the whole winding up with an oration from his Majesty, of which his visitor understood not one word.

The following day a house was presented to Schweinfurth—one party of natives bringing the substructure and another the roof, which they put together beside his tent with surprising rapidity. In this singular structure, which he tells us resembled a huge hamper with a raised lid, Schweinfurth resided for twenty days, not one too many for all the interesting studies—ethnological, geographical, and botanical—which he carried on. He saw King Munza dance before his wives; he met with more than one unmistakable evidence of the prevalence of cannibalism in his court; he visited the royal armoury filled with bundles of lances and piles of knives and daggers, the storehouses and granaries, with well-made water-tight roofs, full of the products of the country; he witnessed the primitive smelting operations, by means of which really beautiful copper chains, etc., are produced; and the more advanced wood-carving, with instruments so perfect that extremely fine results are obtained, and the weaving of grass ornaments. But the interest of all these sights was surpassed by that of his first introduction to the Pygmies, known as the Akka, proving the existence of that dwarf race mentioned by the classical writers, and alluded to again and again by modern travellers on the Nile, but supposed by sceptical stay-at-homes to exist only in their imagination.

The first Pygmy seen by Schweinfurth was a certain Adimokoo, four feet ten inches high, who wore a miniature Monbuttoo costume, and carried a tiny lance and an equally diminutive bow and arrow. Later, our hero had the delight of meeting a whole corps of dwarf Akka warriors, who had returned to court with Mummery, Munza's brother, from a campaign in the south, and, in constant visits to that general's camp, he learned that the

Akkas' own country was situated to the south-south-east of Monbuttoo, four days' journey from Munza's capital, and that they were a numerous nation of many sub-divisions. One boy Pygmy he persuaded to remain with him, but the poor little fellow died of dysentery in Berber on his master's return journey. Before Schweinfurth had learned more than just enough to whet his curiosity, the Pygmy camp was broken up, and its members departed for their homes. Gladly—how gladly none but an enthusiastic traveller can realise—would the German explorer have followed them; but on the 12th April he was compelled, by the raising of Mahommed Aboo Sammat's camp, to bid farewell to Monbuttoo and return with his host to the North. He had come, according to his own conviction, to within a short journey of the sources of the Benuwe or



AKKA, OR PYGMY, ARMED WITH BOW AND LANCE.

Shary, the Ogabai, and the Congo—the three great rivers of the West; he was scarcely more than four hundred and fifty miles from Livingstone's most northerly limit, and yet he was compelled to give up further exploration for the time, leaving it to others to connect the work of the heroes of the North and of the South.

Very sadly, very reluctantly, and with many a longing backward glance, Schweinfurth now made his way to Khartoum with Aboo Sammat's caravan; the return journey varied by many an encounter between his escorts and the natives of the various districts traversed. Arrived at Ghattas' seriba, he found that all the property he had left there had been accidentally burned during his absence; but he was saved from actual destitution by the generosity of his old friend Dyafer Pasha, who, hearing of his misfortune, sent a magnificent supply of provisions, etc., for his use to Meshera.

On the 21st July our hero was once more in Khartoum, where he was cordially received by Dyafer Pasha, but, in spite of all that officer's kindness to himself, the German explorer was cut to the heart by the cruelty shown to his servants, to many of whom, in three years of constant intercourse, he had become greatly attached. To his surprise and indignation they were all of them, with the exception of three, seized the very day after their return, put in irons, and set to work in the galleys. Their master's earnest protests were for a long time disregarded, for, though he had not been aware of it, they were SLAVES, their very wages the property of their owners! At last permission was obtained to take the poor fellows on to Cairo, and on the 9th August, with a retinue devoted heart and soul to his interests, for they had become identical



NIAM-NIAMS, WITH AKKA OR PYGMY.



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with their own, Schweinfurth started on the voyage up the Nile, arriving at Berber, where he was detained some days by the death of his little Pygmy on the 13th, and at Souakin, by way of the desert, about the 26th September. Here he took ship for Suez, and on the 2nd November, all perils over, he landed at Messina, after an absence of three years and four months from Europe.

We have still to notice two great living German explorers—Drs. Nachtigal and Rohlf's, the full details of whose work, however, have not yet been given to the world. Starting from Tripoli on the 18th February, 1869, Dr. Nachtigal reached Murzuk on the 27th March of the same year, and, after a trip to some unexplored districts on the west, in which he was nearly murdered by the suspicious natives, he crossed the desert by the usual caravan route, and reached Kouka, the well-known capital of Bornou, on the 6th July, 1870. Here he was detained during the whole of the rainy season, and, as Barth, Vogel, and others had done before him, he accompanied several warlike expeditions for the capture of slaves to Borghoo, Begharmi, etc., not actually starting on the most important part of his journey, the trip from Lake Tchad to the Nile districts, until the beginning of March, 1873. Then, undaunted by the fate of all European travellers who had attempted to cross the ill-famed province of Waday, he set off almost penniless to make his way to the East, visited both the present and former capitals of Waday, the subject district of Runga on the south, and entered Darfur on the 17th January, 1874, where he found letters and money awaiting him from Europe.

Allowing himself only four months' rest after all his fatigues and hairbreadth escapes, Nachtigal pressed on for El

Obeid in Kordofan almost before his strength was restored. arriving there just as Ismail Pasha, the Governor-General of the Egyptian Soudan, was starting on his expedition for the annexation to Egypt of Darfur, since successfully brought to a close. Had our hero lingered longer in the doomed province, he would probably have been murdered or detained as a hostage, but, as it was, he was spared to return to Cairo, where, on his arrival on the 22nd November, 1875, he was, as may be imagined, enthusiastically welcomed alike by ruler and people, foreign residents and native Egyptians. The publication of Dr. Nachtigal's book, on which he is now engaged, is eagerly looked for by all interested in African discovery, and will probably, like that of his contemporary and fellow-countryman Schweinfurth on Central Africa, be the most complete account yet given of the districts visited.

The work of Dr. Rohlfs has been rather of a supplementary than an original character. He took part, in 1867, in the English expedition to Abyssinia, and went to Tripoli in the ensuing year with a view to starting thence for Bornou, but, in accordance with the wishes of his Sovereign, he gave place to Dr. Nachtigal, and himself repaired to the Libyan Desert, of which he made an exhaustive survey extending over nearly two years, and of which a full account, too purely scientific to be inserted here, is given in Dr. Petermann's *Mittheilungen* for 1875.



CHAPTER XVI.

SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER AND OTHER MODERN EXPLORERS OF THE NILE SOURCES FROM THE NORTH.

The Egyptian Expedition of 1840-42—Brun, Rollet, Malzac, Poncet, and others—Mddlo. Tinné and her Murder—Sir Samuel and Lady Baker—Their Journey to Abyssinia—Hunting Expeditions and Exhaustive Survey of the Nile Tributaries—Delay at Khartoum—The Boy Saat—Voyage down the White Nile and arrival at Gondokoro—Mutiny—Meeting with Speke and Grant—Mutiny again—Difficulties with Turkish Traders—Start for the East—Mrs. Baker wins over the obstinate Slave-dealer—March to Taragollé—King Moy and Queen Bokké—Terrible Struggle between Turks and Natives—Visit to King Katchiba at Obbo—Start for the South—Arrival at Karuma Falls—Crossing the Nile—Arrival at M'rooli and Interview with Kamrasi—March to the Lake—Mrs. Baker's Dangerous Illness and Miraculous Recovery—Arrival at Vacovia and Discovery of Lake Victoria N'yanza—Voyage up the Lake to Magungo—Return to Suakin by way of Shoa—Expedition of Sir Samuel Baker against the Slave-hunters—Explorations of Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, and Circumnavigation of Lake Victoria N'yanza—Launching of a Boat on the Albert N'yanza—The Results of the Conference at Brussels.

FROM the time of Bruce the exploration of the Nile sources was the chief aim of all travellers in North-East Africa. One expedition succeeded another, the most important being the second of three fitted out by the great Egyptian ruler, Mehemet Ali, under Arnauld and Werne, which, in 1840-2, penetrated below the fourth degree of

north latitude, and reached the site of the present Gondokoro, making a considerable advance on the discoveries of all predecessors. It was succeeded by the explorations of the Catholic missionaries, Knoblecher, Angelo Vinco, Morlang, and others, who founded stations near Gondokoro and the cataracts above that town. Still further to the South went the expeditions of slave and elephant hunters, accompanied by such men as Brun, Rollet, Malzac, Poncet, and Petherick, who visited the Sobat, Bahr el Ghazal, etc., whilst individual explorers, including Andrea, Debono, Dr. Penez, and Lejean, are supposed to have reached the third degree of north latitude.

To the unfortunate Mdlle. Tinné, who met her death in Waday at the hands of her Arab escort when attempting as Vogel had done before her, to penetrate from the West to the Nile districts, we owe much interesting information, though scarcely any geographical discovery, collected in various journeys from Khartoum to the south. To her friend and occasional companion, Heughlin, the only European who visited Magdala before the time of Consul Cameron and his fellow-sufferers, we are indebted for important geographical researches in Upper Egypt. It was reserved, however, to the German missionaries Krapf and Rebmann, and to the South African heroes Burton, Speke, and Grant—whose work is fully noticed in our companion volume, *Heroes of South African Discovery*—to point the way to the solution of the great problem which had for so long baffled men of science, and, taking it for granted that our readers have made acquaintance with them, we pass on to one of the greatest of living African explorers, whose adventures excel in romantic interest those of any of his predecessors, and who has rivalled even the South African heroes—

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SIR SAMUEL BAKER.



Speke, Grant, Livingstone, and Cameron—in patience, perseverance, and endurance.

Until Baker made his exhaustive survey of the Nile tributaries of Abyssinia, the true cause of the inundations of Egypt was undetermined, and before his world-famous journey to the Albert N'yanza, the history of the course of the Nile was incomplete. Bruce, it is true, had discovered the source of the Blue Nile, and Speke and Grant had traced the main stream from the Victoria N'yanza to the Karuma Falls (N. lat. $2^{\circ} 17'$), but there they had lost sight of it, and it was reserved to our hero, to use his own words, "to complete the Nile sources by the discovery of the great reservoir of the equatorial waters, the Albert N'yanza, from which the river issues as the entire White Nile."*

Accompanied by his wife, who, with the courage of a man and the tact of a woman, aided our hero at every stage of his arduous undertaking, Baker started from Cairo on his preliminary trip to Abyssinia—in which he hoped to qualify himself to dispense with an interpreter—on the 15th April, 1861, arrived at Korosko on the 11th May, crossed the desert on camels in seven days, thus cutting off the western bend of the Nile, and arrived at Berber on the 31st May. Here an escort of Turkish soldiers was obtained, and, on the evening of the 15th June, Mr. and Mrs. Baker on donkeys, the Turks on dromedaries, and the baggage on camels, the party started

* Since the above was written, the discovery in Eastern Equatorial Africa, by Stanley, of yet another lake, to which he has given the name of the Alexandra N'yanza (see our *Heroes of South African Discovery*), points to the conclusion that Baker was, after all, as Livingstone long suspected, premature in congratulating himself on completing the Nile sources.

for the junction of the Great Atbara with the Nile (N. lat. 17° 37'). The steep bank of the former was reached on the following day, its bed then dry, presenting a singular appearance, the sand gleaming like a chain of pale gold between the double fringe of doum palms; but, after a march of about a week, as the weary travellers were asleep in their camp, a sudden noise as of distant thunder broke upon their repose, and some Arabs of the desert rushed in shouting, "El Bahr! El Bahr!" (the river, the river). The Abyssinian rains had begun, and the river, swollen by them, was rushing down from its mountain home with the roar and splash of a mighty cataract. The skulls of two hippopotami, killed a day or two before by Baker, were exposed to dry on the bank, but so sudden was the inroad of the waters, that the men who hurried down to save them from being washed away returned dripping wet, having only just succeeded in their object. The morning broke as it were on a new creation; the barren waste of sand, with its stunted, withered bushes and melancholy palms, was exchanged for "an army of waters" hastening to the succour of their wasted and exhausted brother the Nile, and vividly did the spectators of the transformation scene realise the glowing imagery of the Hebrew Scriptures, foretelling how the "desert shall rejoice and blossom as a rose" at the coming of the Lord of the rivers.

A few days after this glorious sight, Baker and his party reluctantly left the banks of the now mighty Atbara, and, leaving the celebrated permanent village of Gozeragup on the right, with its four curious sentinel granite hills marking the frontiers of the Desert of Nubia, struck across the sand in a south-easterly direction for Cassala, the capital of Taka, on the borders of Abyssinia, arriving there

about the middle of July, after a trip of great interest through the territories of the Bishareen, Hodendowa, and other Arabs, now alive with moving hosts migrating northwards for the rainy season.

A short rest at Cassala—a walled town of unburnt brick, with a huge block of granite, some three thousand five hundred feet high, towering above it—was succeeded by a rapid ride on camels, with a small retinue on foot, first to Gourassé, on the Atbara, and then southwards, with a halt first at one and then another Arab encampment, to Tomat, the head-quarters of the Dabaina tribe, situated at the junction of the Settite, or, as it is called in Abyssinia, the Tacazze, with the Atbara. From Tomat to Sofi on the Atbara, the Bakers were escorted by a body of Arabs and Egyptian soldiers, and in the latter town they took up their quarters for the rainy season, but, becoming weary of its dreary monotony, broken only by an occasional hunt, they transferred their camp to the uninhabited regions on the opposite bank of the river on the 15th September, choosing a commanding position on a lofty plateau with the Atbara opposite and a deep perpendicular ravine on the west. Here, truly monarch of all he surveyed, our hero remained in perfect security for several weeks, though the country was convulsed by dissensions between the Basé or Barea tribes on the north-east, and Sheikh Nimmur's people on the south-east of his little settlement. About the middle of December, however, the rains being over and the country fit for travelling, he determined to continue his exploration of the Nile tributaries of Abyssinia, but with his usual wisdom he refrained from rousing the jealousy of the natives by announcing the main object of his journey, and merely giving out that he was bound on

a hunting expedition, he was quickly joined by a formidable party of the celebrated Hamram Arab sword-hunters, who, almost naked and mounted on small and agile horses, pursue the largest game armed only with long swords, which they wield with marvellous dexterity.

Attended by this wild escort, and accompanied by a German named Florian, with whom they had become acquainted at Sofi, Mr. and Mrs. Baker scoured the country to the east and to the south; now tracking an elephant, now pursuing a troop of baboons, a flock of ostriches, or a herd of hyenas; now robbing a lion of his prey or narrowly escaping death from his fangs; now exchanging the land for the river, and provoking an encounter with a rhinoceros or a hippopotamus; but through it all never losing sight of the interests of science, and even in the height of the excitement of the chase noting the course of the rivers, the conformation of the country, and the habits of the natives.

The Settite was thoroughly explored from Tomat to Mahatape in the highlands of West Tigré; the junction of the Royan with the Settite, in a mighty whirlpool shut in by gorges down which the two streams dash in foaming cataracts, was visited and carefully examined; the beautiful country watered by the Angareb and Bahr Salaam was traversed, and the course of the two rivers, on their way to join the Atbara, traced for a considerable distance. Lastly, the great Atbara, already seen under so many aspects, was traced to the scene of its infancy, where its baby stream, before its volume was swelled by the great tributaries enumerated above, issued from the grim mountain solitudes of its birth.

The Atbara exploration thus completed, a flying visit was paid to Gallabat, the Ras el Feel of Bruce, the frontier

market-town of Abyssinia, and then, striking due west, the travellers came to the Rahad, a small tributary of the Blue Nile, ascending which, in a north-westerly direction, as far as the village of Kook (N. lat. 14°), they made a detour to the west to reach the more important Dinder, a little to the south of its junction with the Blue Nile. A few days' march along its rather uninteresting banks was succeeded by a cut across the flat country to Abou Harraz, where the Rahad flows into the Blue Nile. Then, following the course of the latter, our hero and heroine finally came to its junction with the White Nile at Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan, on the 11th June, 1862, after an exploration extending over two years, during which they had proved beyond a doubt that Egypt owes its strange fertility—not to the great equatorial lakes which only serve to feed the Nile with its ordinary volume—but to the seven great Abyssinian tributaries, the Athara, Settite, Salaam, Angareb, Rahad, Dinder, and Blue Nile—when swelled by the rains, which join the life-giving stream at two mouths, one in N. lat. $50^{\circ} 30'$, the other in N. lat. $17^{\circ} 37'$.

Important and interesting as was this journey, however, it sinks into insignificance beside that for which Baker at once began to prepare. Able now to dispense with an interpreter, and to endure the rigours of the climate of North-East Africa, he thought he could start almost immediately for the South, and hoped to meet and relieve Speke and Grant, who were reported to be in great difficulties on their return journey from their exploration of the Victoria N'yanza. But, alas! one delay succeeded another; the jealous suspicions of the slave traders of Khartoum, without whose infamous traffic that town would almost cease to exist, were aroused; they

At last, however, he managed to secure two small vessels for the voyage to Gondokoro of Khartoum, and, evading the demands of the British flag, he started on his journey. On passing the junction of the Nile, he fearlessly sailed down the river, where there were but three people on board. A German carpenter named Jodokoro was reached; a negro had been brought up by the Austrians and was fairly trustworthy; and a man named Saat, whose romantic history

At six years old he had been taken from his father whilst watching his father's gun, and thrust into a sack, flung overboard, and carried to Dongola, where he was by them taken to Cairo to be employed by the Government as a drummer-boy. In military service, however, he was rejected, and, as no other purchaser, he heard from the Austrians

Shillook country on the White Nile, and then, on the death from the effects of the climate of most of the missionaries, back to Khartoum, where he very unjustly shared in the disgrace of a number of little fellows from the White Nile tribes who stole everything they could lay hands on. Poor Saat, though, as Baker expresses it, "the



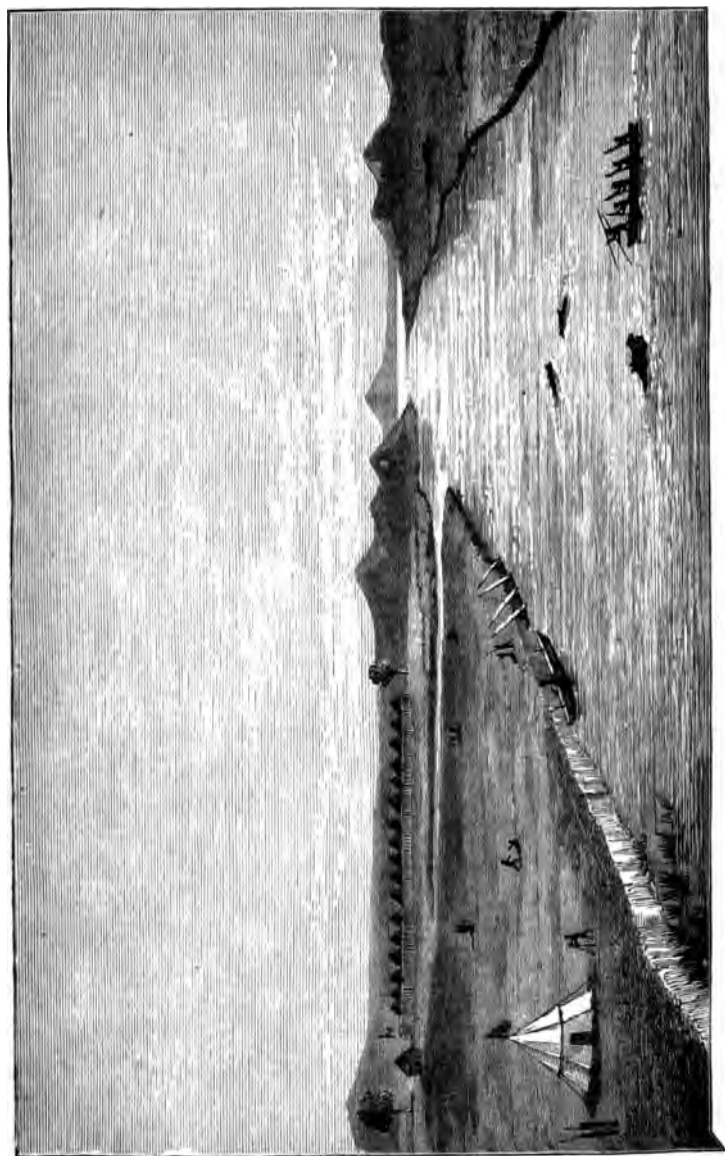
SAAT'S HOME.

one grain of gold amongst the mire," was turned out with them to take care of himself as best he could; and, with the wonderful common sense he had shown on a previous emergency, he ran to the house of the white strangers, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, surprising them one afternoon as they were taking tea in the courtyard of their house by kneeling down in the dust at Mrs. Baker's feet. Taking him for a

beggar, that lady offered him something from the table, but it was declined, and the poor child, in piteous accents, entreated to be allowed to live with the white people and be their boy. He was sent away then, but the next evening he reappeared, and enquiry at the mission confirming his account of himself, Mrs. Baker took him under her protection, and, as we shall see, had every reason to congratulate herself on her new acquisition.

On the 29th December the three boats had left the districts of the Arab tribes behind and were amongst the White Nile negroes, and on the 31st December, after much suffering, poor Johann died. With his own hands Baker assisted at his burial by the river side, and set up a huge cross, made from the trunk of a tamarind tree, above his grave.

Another month's tedious voyage down the winding White Nile, with an occasional halt at the villages on either side peopled by negroes, some of them in a starving condition till relieved by Baker, brought the party to Gondokoro, where the leader and his wife received a very chilling welcome from the traders, and were horrified by a rumour that of two white men who had been a long time prisoners of a Sultan in the South, one had died. These two white men could only be Speke and Grant, and eagerly did Baker endeavour to sift the truth from the native accounts. In vain; each relater had heard the tale from some other, and he was obliged to resign himself to waiting at Gondokoro for the arrival of a party of ivory traders expected from the next station south in a few days, from whom he hoped not only to obtain further information, but to hire porters for his own heavy baggage, which he meant to leave at the station in question during his travels in the interior.



VIEW OF GONDOKORO.

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The next few days were fully occupied in settling disputes amongst the men still in his service, who, never well disposed, were now rendered openly mutinous by the intrigues of the traders. One man, an Arab named Eesur, was so insolent, that Baker, feeling an example to be necessary, ordered him twenty-five lashes; but when Saati, the "vakeel" or head man, advanced to seize him, the other men threw down their guns and dashed in to the rescue with their sticks. Baker—a vision of the future, when he would have to depend on these men in unknown regions, rushing across his mind—felt that now or never the battle must be fought and won, and advanced to punish the ringleader himself. The man, emboldened by the numbers he had to back him, struck furiously at his master, who parried the blow by one from himself which sent him staggering into the midst of his supporters. Seizing him by the throat, Baker called for a rope to bind him, and a general *melée* began, when, fortunately for all parties, Mrs. Baker appeared on the scene—creating so sudden a diversion that, when her husband shouted to the men to "fall in," they mechanically obeyed, and the victory was won. Eesur was half led, half pushed forward to receive judgment; and, as Baker hesitated as to the best policy to pursue, his wife, with wonderful tact, begged for the offender to be forgiven. With the gracious condescension of a sovereign Baker granted her prayer, and so ended mutiny number one—our hero bitterly reflecting that, in his coming journey, he and Mrs. Baker would be lambs in the midst of wolves. Casting off his gloomy forebodings, however, he did his best to discipline his men by daily parades, etc., and, at the end of twelve days, all his old enthusiasm was restored by the arrival—not only

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expedition. But, alas! like the rest of the so-called ivory traders, Mahommed was in reality a slave-hunter, and was all the time plotting against the success of the white man he had promised to serve, dreading lest, through his evidence, the atrocities of the slave-trade should be exposed and put an end to by European intervention. Mahommed and his men, therefore, fraternised with Baker's servants, persuaded them that he was "a Christian dog, whom it was a disgrace for a Mahommedan to serve; that they would be starved in his service, as he would not let them steal cattle; that they would have no slaves," and so forth. Finally the traitors agreed that a day should be fixed for the common start, but that Mahommed should really leave a few days before Baker, and that then the followers of the latter should mutiny and follow the Turkish party.

Expecting difficulties, but ignorant of the plot against him, Baker was looking forward to beginning his journey in a day or two, when one morning, on his return to his tent from an examination of the transport animals, Mrs. Baker surprised him by giving an order for the presence of the headman. The man appeared, and the lady asked him whether the men were willing to march?

"Perfectly ready," he replied.

"Then," said Mrs. Baker, "order them to strike the tent and load the animals; we start this moment."

Master and headman were equally astonished at this sudden order from a lady who was generally content with carrying out her husband's proposals; but the mystery was quickly solved by Saat, at the request of his mistress, stepping forward and relating the whole plan of mutiny, robbery, and, if resistance were offered, murder, which he and Richarn had heard talked over during the night.

Baker at once ordered a travelling bedstead, called an angarep, to be placed outside the tent under a large tree, and laying down five loaded double-barrelled guns, a revolver, and a very sharp sabre, he seated himself beside them, stationing Richarn and Saat, each armed with a double-barrelled gun, behind him. The drum was then beat, and on the mutineers answering to the call, Baker ordered them to form in line, knowing well that though they were armed with guns, the locks were *tied over with a piece of mackintosh waterproof*. The men standing in a row before him, and Mrs. Baker watching to see if any one attempted to uncover his lock, our hero ordered all to lay down their arms. He was refused, and, cocking the locks of the rifle in his hand with an ominous click, he shouted to his vakeel and Richarn to seize their firearms. Taken thus by surprise, the rebels capitulated on condition of receiving each his written discharge; and the terms being accepted, the vakeel wrote the form of dismissal for each man, to which Baker added his signature and the word "mutineer," so that the men, not understanding English, unconsciously took back the evidence of their own guilt to the authorities at Khartoum.

Resting in his tent after this exciting scene, and worn out with anxiety, Baker presently received a message announcing the departure of Mahommed and his party without him, coupled with a warning that if he attempted to follow he would be shot, as no English spies would be tolerated.

Not even yet in absolute despair, the dauntless hero then applied to an influential Circassian named Koorshid Aga, who was going back to Khartoum, promising him that, if he would procure thirty faithful blacks in that town,

and lend Baker ten good elephant-hunters during his absence, he should, on his return with the men, be rewarded with all the ivory a year's hunting could obtain. In vain! Koorshid, with such a bribe in view, did his best, but no native could be induced to serve under the "white spy;" and it was now, when all hope seemed gone, that Baker conceived the wild idea of going on with no escort but Richarn, Saat, and a little Bari boy belonging to Koorshid. His only fear was on Mrs. Baker's account, but that lady, who insisted on accompanying him, would not hear of any extra precautions for her sake, and was ready to start immediately in the hope of outmarching Mahommed's party, and so preventing the prejudicing of the natives against themselves. At the last minute the vakeel, who had been so summarily brought back to allegiance by Mrs. Baker, agreed to go with the little band, and to bring with him a few men belonging to his own tribe, the Dongolowas; but, as Baker knew from the first, he all along meditated treachery, and intended deserting his master on the first favourable opportunity. Still it would be something to have the necessary baggage carried, if only for a few miles, and on the 26th March, 1863, all was at last ready for the start.

Mounted on a good horse named "Filfil" or "Pepper," with Mrs. Baker by his side on a hunter called "Tetel" or "Hartebeest," which had already done good service in Abyssinia, Baker rode forward in a south-easterly direction for the mountain pass of Belignan, followed at a little distance by Richam, Saat, the vakeel, and seventeen men leading or driving the heavily-laden camels and donkeys.

Two hours' forced march brought them to the encamp-

ment of a Turkish trader named Ibrahim, who had started shortly before them, sending Baker a haughty message daring him to follow. Roughly ordered off by the Turkish sentries, the little band rode on, and, after a short night's rest some slight distance from the traders, again pressed on, hoping to get through the pass and reach Ellyria, capital of a province of that name, before Ibrahim's party had finished their trafficking with the natives.

But at the critical moment, when all seemed to depend on despatch, the men turned mutinous. Declaring, however, that he would go forward without them if they liked to remain behind, Baker once more won the day, and a little further on was joined by two natives of Latooka, the district joining Ellyria immediately to the east, who, being thoroughly acquainted with the country, were of incalculable service.

Two days' journey up and down terrible ravines, where the animals had to be constantly loaded and unloaded, brought them within a few miles of Ellyria, and, buoyed up with the hope of reaching that place before Ibrahim's party, Mr. and Mrs. Baker were indulging in a short rest beneath a tree waiting for their attendants when, lo ! from the mountain pass just traversed issued the "red flag and crescent leading the Turk's party." They were beaten !

Slowly the advanced guard filed past the disconcerted couple, casting withering looks of contempt upon them, but vouchsafing no greeting ; and it seemed as if all were indeed lost, and certain death might now be expected, when Ibrahim himself came up, and, gazing straight before him with studied indifference, would have gone on to work the destruction of the "spies" had not Mrs. Baker, seeing that her husband was too proud to take the first

step towards an amicable understanding, called the sullen Turk by name and entreated him to stop.

With a sulky, gloomy countenance he obeyed, and, dismounting, sat down under the tree, when the following conversation took place.

"Ibrahim," began Baker, "why should we be enemies in the midst of this hostile country? We believe in the same God; why should we quarrel in this land of heathens who believe in no God? You have your work to perform; I have mine. You want ivory; I am a simple traveller; why should we clash? If I were offered the whole ivory of the country, I would not accept a single tusk nor interfere with you in any way. Transact your business and don't interfere with me; the country is wide enough for us both. I have a task before me, to reach a great lake—the head of the Nile. Reach it *I will*. No power shall drive me back. If you are hostile, I will imprison you in Khartoum; if you assist me, I will reward you far beyond any reward you have ever received. Should I be killed in this country, you will be suspected; you know the result: the Government would hang you on the bare suspicion. . . . Choose your course frankly like a man—friend or enemy?" Here Mrs. Baker took up the word, and, after some little wavering, Ibrahim yielded to the united arguments of the two, which were, indeed, founded on truth, the Egyptian Government being ready enough to punish those supposed to have injured English travellers, though not always itself too willing to aid or protect explorers.

Clearing his brow from its lowering expression, the Turkish trader, with the air of one granting a favour rather than yielding to bribes and dread of consequences, said gravely—

. . . However," he c
of that large tree, . .
speak with you."

The result of the secon
two parties, and, having
with presents, the unite
the capital of Latooka, th
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success in advancing in spite of all the efforts made to check him, Baker marched on with Ibrahim into the heart of the Latooka country; and his account of the ensuing trip is full of expressions of admiration of the natives of this remote district, whom he characterises as the handsomest people he had yet seen in his African wanderings—tall, with a wonderful muscular development, beautifully proportioned legs and arms, high foreheads, large eyes, rather high cheek bones, and well-shaped, full, but not prominent lips; he is of opinion that they belong to the intelligent and comparatively civilised Galla race, and might have a great future could the inroads of the slave-hunters be put an end to. The costumes of the men—if costumes they can be called—consist merely of artificial *but fixed* helmets of their own hair, interwoven with fine twine made from the bark of a tree, and ornamented with a piece of metal in front and strings of beads artistically arranged in alternate sections of red and blue, so that it is only on close examination that it can be seen that the foundation of the helmet is the thick, crispy, woolly hair actually growing on the head. The women, who are less handsome than the men, take no trouble with their hair, but wear a long tail made of fine twine and rubbed with red ochre and grease hanging down their backs, and a kind of leather apron or flap suspended from their waists in front. As in most African countries, polygamy is the rule in Latooka, women being valued at so many cows each—the more cows the more wives; and our hero, in the course of his wanderings, was again and again supposed to be joking when he declared himself content with only one Mrs. Baker.

Arrived in Taragollé (N. lat. 4° 35', E. long. 32° 55'),

Ibrahim lost no time in introducing the English travellers, whom he now looked upon as his protégés, to the chief, Moy, by whom they were at once accommodated with a hut in a clean courtyard, "cemented with clay, ashes, and cow dung;" but preferring his more commodious tent as a residence, Baker pitched it close by, and used the hut as a storeroom.

A very few days sufficed for Mrs. Baker to make great friends with Moy's favourite wife Bokké—an almost naked beauty, with short hair plastered with red ochre and fat, wearing large earrings and a heavy pendent crystal ornament in her under lip, considered the very perfection of aristocratic style. The four front teeth of the lower jaw are extracted by all the White Nile tribes, and amongst the Latooka women the gap thus formed is generally filled in by an ornament of some kind riveted into the lower lip with the aid of fine twine, though few could aspire to a real crystal such as Bokké's. Baker won great popularity by breaking the tube of an injured thermometer into three pieces and presenting them to three ladies of the court. Slight tattooing was also much in vogue amongst this sturdy race, but the scars on the women's faces were in what we may call *cavo rilievo*—not being raised, as in so many other tribes, above the surface of the skin.

Bokké, who became very confidential, told Mrs. Baker that Mahommed was a bad man, not at all to be trusted; and her opinion received a startling verification a few days later, when Ibrahim and his men went off on a mysterious expedition, which turned out to be a pre-concerted raid with Mahommed's men on the cattle of some inoffensive Latookas of the mountains. The united band of Turkish marauders, led by Ibrahim—Mahommed

having remained quietly behind as if he had nothing to do with the matter—after burning a village and capturing a number of slaves without much resistance, entered a kraal or encampment containing cattle, and began driving off the oxen, expecting an easy triumph. But the natives, who had seen their wives and children bound before their eyes, could not so quietly submit to the loss of their own principal means of subsistence, and, rushing down upon the Turks, they drove them into a narrow pass and hurled huge pieces of rock upon them. In their surprise and terror, the robbers took a wrong turn, and presently found themselves on the edge of a precipice, with their retreat cut off by a band of yelling savages. One after another they were flung from the rock until all Mahommed's men were killed, and amongst them the servants who had deserted from Baker.

When the news of this awful disaster was brought from Latomé to Taragollé, two of the guns given by our hero to his faithless followers were returned to him covered with clotted gore, and, as his other servants gazed upon them, he seized the opportunity to add yet more to the terror his name now inspired, by asking in a solemn voice,

"Are the men (who deserted) all dead?"

"All dead!" was the reply.

"Food for the vultures?"

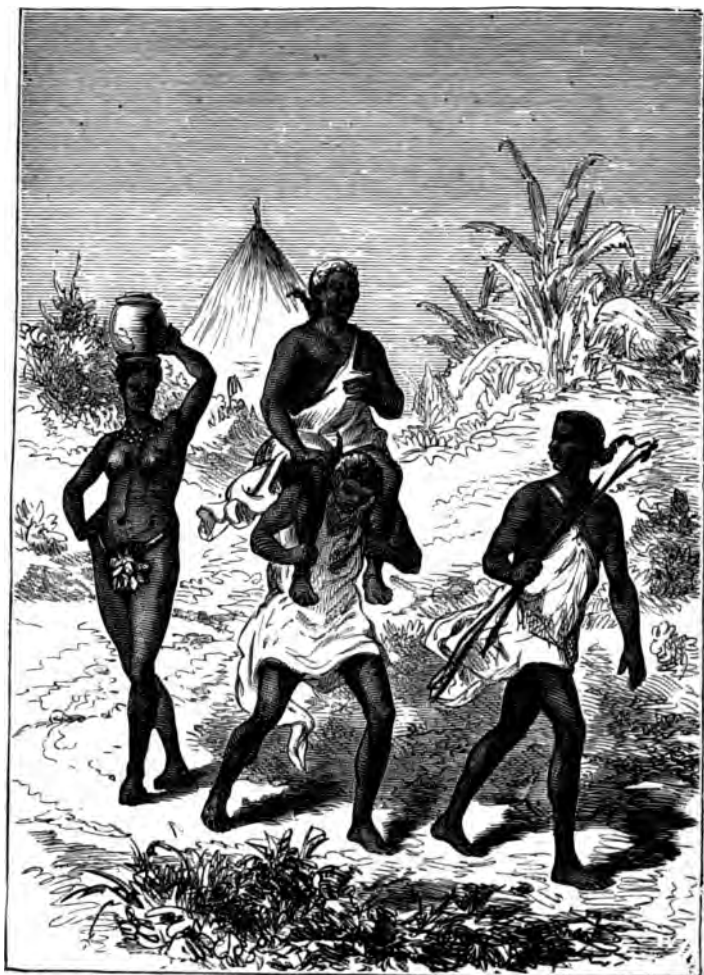
"None of the bodies can be recovered!" faltered the treacherous headman, who had advised or sanctioned the desertion. "The two guns were brought from the spot by some natives who escaped and who saw the men fall. They are all killed."

"Better for them had they remained with me and done their duty. The hand of God is heavy," answered Baker;

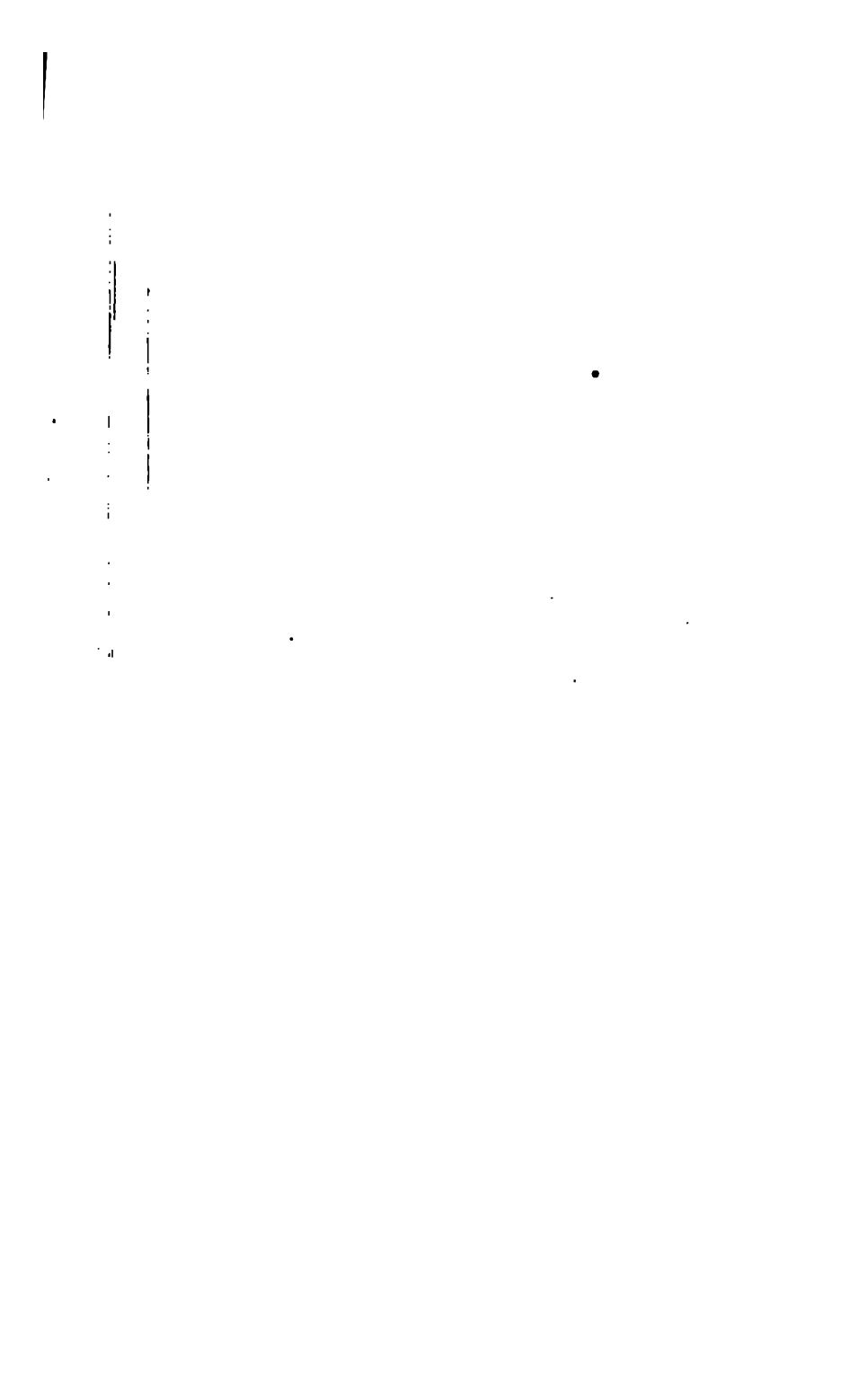
and, as Saat carried off the guns to be cleaned, the men still in the white man's service slunk away, mentally resolving to be careful how they offended a man whose prophecies were thus awfully fulfilled. A great change also passed over the manner of the Turks, all being impressed with the idea that the supposed spy possessed mysterious powers which had better be allowed to remain dormant. The advantage of this was, however, somewhat counterbalanced by the odium in which the Turks were now held by the Latookas—an odium in which Baker shared as belonging to their party. Constant petty quarrels now took place between the natives and visitors, and, finding himself dragged in whether he would or no, Baker at last removed his camp outside the town, and, with the exercise of much tact and patience, he gradually began to make the natives distinguish between his party and the brutal Mahomedans; so much so, that about a month after his arrival at Taragollé, an embassy from Katchiba, chief of Obbo, a country to the south-west of Latooka, brought presents of ivory for Ibrahim and an iron hoe for Baker, "the white man in Latooka who wanted neither slaves nor ivory!"

Ibrahim, on receipt of his share of the offering, decided to pay Katchiba a visit, and Baker, now respected by Turks and natives alike, determined to join him, leaving five men in charge of his camp, etc., under the surveillance of Commoro, brother of Moy.

On the 2nd May, 1863, Mr. and Mrs. Baker were once more *en route*—this time in the very direction they would gladly have taken at first; and after a pleasant march through an undulating park-like country, they entered the country of Obbo, and were met by its king, Katchiba, carried on the shoulders of one of his subjects, preceded by a forerunner,



KING KATCHIBA ON HIS WAY TO MEET MR. AND MRS. BAKER.
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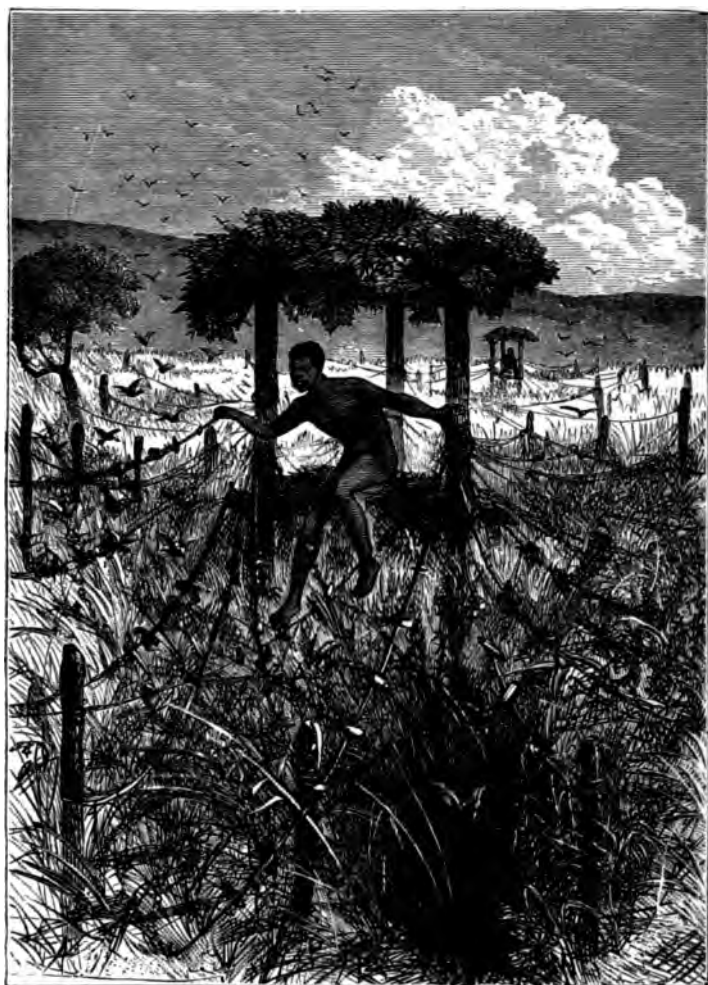
and followed by one of his wives carrying a jar of native beer on her head. The principal village of Obbo was entered in the midst of a tremendous storm of wind and rain; but as soon as it was over, a dance was held in honour of the visitors, the male performers wearing a skin slung across the shoulders and loins, and the females nothing more than a fringe of leather shreds suspended from a waist belt.

The reception of the whites at Obbo was so cordial, and Katchiba, though a would-be sorcerer, who believed in his own power of bringing or withholding rain, etc., was so evidently trustworthy, that Baker ventured to leave his wife under his care for a short time and indulge in a hunting expedition without her. On his return he found that she had been treated with the utmost respect, and, having rewarded her host with presents, etc., the pair returned to Latooka, where they remained but a short time before joining Ibrahim in a second expedition to Obbo—not so pleasant or successful as the first, for they found the country wasted by the ravages of the Turks, and the people dying of small-pox. Add to this, the rainy season set in with unusual violence, and, sorely against his will, our hero had to resign himself to a long residence in Katchiba's country before he could hope to prosecute his journey southwards.

Not until early in January, 1864, after terrible sufferings from fever, which had reduced both Mr. and Mrs. Baker to skeletons, were the devoted couple able to resume their march. Both being too weak to travel on foot, and horses not being suitable for the journey now to be undertaken, Baker bought and trained three oxen, which he named "Beef"—afterwards called "Bones" on account of its loss

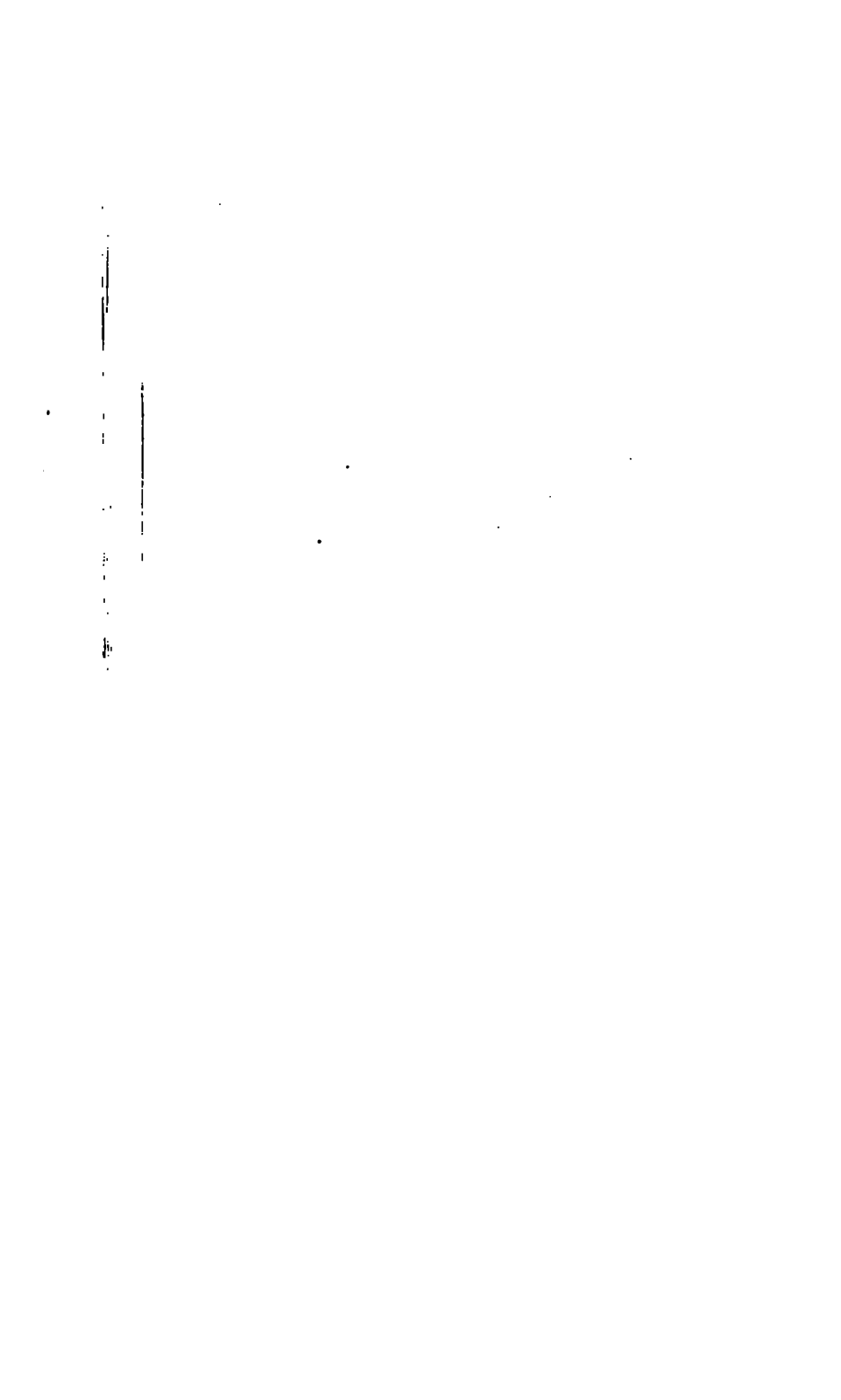
of flesh—"Steaks," and "Suet." Porters were provided by Ibrahim, who was himself to accompany the explorers, with one hundred men, to Kamrasi's country, Unyoro, already visited by Speke and Grant; Baker promising, on his part, to use his influence with Kamrasi to get the Turkish trader permission to hunt in Unyoro and to pay the porters in copper bracelets, and Ibrahim placing his men under Baker's orders, and forbidding pillage and outrage by the road. The tables were thus completely turned; the protector became the protected, and the "guide" was dependent on the English "spy" for the further prosecution of his commerce—all, as we hope our narrative has shown, the result of unwearied patience, perseverance, pluck, and, above all, honesty of purpose on the part of our hero and heroine.

The start was made on the 5th January, 1864, when the crops were ripening and the guardians of the harvest were protecting the corn from the attacks of the birds in the primitive fashion represented in our engraving. The last dose of quinine had been swallowed, future fevers must be met without its aid; but, sustained by hope, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, one on ox-back the other on foot, his intended steed driven before him, pressed on as rapidly as possible. They had not gone far, however, before the "hero's" ox bolted, saddle and all, never to return, and the "heroine's" reared and threw its rider. Ibrahim politely came forward with a second bull for the lady, but Baker had to walk until he was fortunate enough to buy an ox for a double-barrelled gun. Ten days' "jolting"—the only word, as we know from our own experience in the mountains of Central America, to express the motion of an ox—brought the party to the river Asua (N. lat. 3° 12'), an important



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THE GUARDIAN OF THE CROPS.



tributary of the Nile, forming the chief drain of the country. The Asua forded, a continuous ascent in a south-westerly direction, through a lovely park-like country, led up to the beautifully-situated mountain village of Shooa, 3877 feet above the level of the river, where the white visitors were courteously welcomed by the Madi and Bari tribes, though the Turkish traders were looked upon with suspicion.

Eager now to turn due south and enter Unyoro without further delay, Baker was disconcerted at the sudden desertion of all his Obbo porters, who had been frightened by rumours of Kamrasi's power and cruelty, and by Ibrahim's unwillingness to go further. On enquiry it transpired that a party of traders—acting on information obtained from the escort of Speke and Grant—had made a raid on Unyoro, joining themselves to a certain chief named Rionga, Kamrasi's greatest enemy, and a man whom Speke had warned Baker by all means to avoid.

Persuasions and fresh bribes at last induced Ibrahim to risk a journey to Unyoro; but, as scarcely any porters could be obtained, everything not absolutely necessary—even, as Baker rather pathetically tells us, “the sponging bath, which had been clung to when even the tent was left behind”—was dispensed with.

Assuming the head of the little party, Mr. and Mrs. Baker now rode joyfully forward, guiding their course by Speke's map and the stars, outwitting thereby a treacherous guide who meant to lead them into Rionga's country, and reaching the Somerset river or Victoria White Nile on the 22nd January, and the Karuma Falls on the following day.

The heights on the opposite side of the river were already crowded with armed natives, and a canoe at once put off

for the bank on which the adventurers had halted ; but Baker, who was aware that a report had been spread that he was Speke's brother, retired to a plaintain grove hard by, changed his rough travelling clothes for a tweed suit such as his predecessor had worn, and, attended only by Mrs. Baker and a slave woman named Bacheeta to act as interpreter, advanced to meet the deputation immediately on its landing, his own escort concealing themselves amongst the trees of the grove.

After a brief parley, in which the native spokesman said Kamrasi had sworn that no stranger should cross the river on pain of death—for had not his hospitality to the other white man been rewarded by a treacherous attack on his kingdom?—Baker presented each member of the party with a bead necklace, and declared his readiness to take himself and the “beautiful presents he had brought for Kamrasi” to another great king who would only be too glad to receive him. Then, seeing that a change came over the faces alike of headman and attendants, he followed up his advantage by first spreading out a gorgeous Persian carpet, and then a number of brilliant necklaces, etc. This was too much—“Don't go, don't go away, Kamrasi will,” cried all the natives with one voice, making signs that their throats would be cut by their master if they let such treasures go.

“Please yourselves,” said Baker, calmly. “If my party is not ferried across by the time the sun reaches that spot on the heavens” (pointing to the position it would occupy about three p.m.), “I shall return.”

Away went the deputies, and again and again did they return with messages and counter-messages, but it was quite dark before permission was at last brought for the

white man and his wife to cross the river if they did so *alone*. This Baker himself was half-disposed to do, but his escort were so much against it that a compromise was finally made, and Ibrahim, Richarn, and Saat were allowed to accompany him. The presents intended for Kamrasi were shipped, and amongst them a bundle of rifles tied up in a blanket, and five hundred rounds of ball cartridge.

The landing at Atada, the little village on the opposite side, was made in darkness, and, dragging Mrs. Baker up the almost precipitous cliff, our hero was led to the headman's house, where a blazing fire and a good meal awaited the little party. So far so good; but for the next few days first one and then another excuse was given for Kamrasi's non-appearance, and on the 29th January, losing all patience, Baker was about to carry out his threat and go back to his people, when there came a message from Kamrasi inviting the white man to his capital, Mrooli. Before allowing him to start, however, the "courier," attended by a number of men who had served Speke, came to have a good look at that hero's "brother," and, after testifying to his identity and waging rather a hot war of words with him as to the time and means of his further journey, every point was finally yielded, the men waiting at the ford were allowed to join their master, and the march to Mrooli began.

Situated at a bend of the Victoria Nile, the much talked-of capital turned out to be only a miserable village peopled by half-naked, slovenly blacks; but the great Kamrasi, who arrived shortly after Baker, was a tall, well-made, handsome man, wearing a long graceful robe of bark cloth. He granted our hero a personal interview at once, and received him sitting on a copper stool on a leopard-skin

carpet, and surrounded by ten of his chiefs. Though prostrated at the time by a fresh attack of fever, and without any medicines for its treatment, Baker lost not a moment in explaining his wish to discover the great lake alluded to by Speke and Grant, took no heed of his host's assurances that it was six months' journey off, and finally, after a good deal of bribery, succeeded in obtaining permission at least to remain at Mrooli for the present.

The next few days were one long agony to both Mr. and Mrs. Baker; their porters deserted them; Ibrahim—having entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with Kamrasi, sealed by the disgusting ceremony of exchanging blood by licking wounds made in each other's arms—returned to Karuma; one attack of fever, each more severe than the last, succeeded another, and death seemed to stare them in the face.

But on the 21st February the king relented, promised to let his guests start for the lake the next day, and provided them with a guide and escort. Bacheeta, the female slave already mentioned, received her freedom as a bribe to act as interpreter, and all seemed likely to go well; but when all was ready, the guide led the way, not *westwards*, but *eastwards, away from the lake*. Suspecting treachery, Baker remonstrated, and was told, first, that a detour was necessary, and, secondly, that he must leave his wife with Kamrasi! Astounded at the latter "infamous proposal," Baker presented his loaded revolver at his host's breast, and Bacheeta, on behalf of her insulted mistress, poured out such a volley of abuse that the astonished chieftain exclaimed in dismay, "Don't be angry; . . . if you don't like it, there's an end of it!" and so forth. Deigning no reply but the expression of his intention to





proceed immediately, Baker helped his wife on to her ox, and, with a cold farewell, turned his back on Mrooli for ever. Just outside the village a party of Unyoro warriors suddenly dashed out and performed a war dance in honour of their departing visitors, which several times became so wild that Baker feared a real attack was imminent. Never, he tells us, had he seen a set of such unearthly creatures, with antelope horns on their heads, and leopard or monkey skins flying from their shoulders (see illustration). Presently the leader of this wild crew begged to have a gun fired as a curiosity, and, acting on a sign from his master, the boy Saat discharged one so close to the fellow's ear that he bolted in great terror, followed by all his men.

On the afternoon of the first day's march the banks of the Kafoor river were reached, and it became necessary to cross the ford on foot, as it was flanked on either side by a marsh, covered over, however, by thickly-matted vegetation capable of sustaining a heavy body passing *quickly* over it. With Mrs. Baker close behind him, our hero was scudding along, when the former suddenly sunk down on the reeds smitten with a sunstroke. In an agony of apprehension, Baker, assisted by ten of his men, dragged her apparently lifeless body along—carrying her being impossible, as all must then have been dragged beneath the marsh—till the river was reached, and, scrambling to the other side, they laid her down beneath a tree. As she remained rigid and motionless, her husband sent for an angarep (travelling bedstead), and, placing her upon it, had her carried to the next village, where he halted with his sad burden for the night. The morning dawned and still there was no sign of life, and, thinking it best not to linger behind his escort, the greater part of which had gone on, the unhappy hus-

band walked beside the litter the whole of the next day, blind and deaf to all but the silent form upon it. Night again found him watching in a miserable hut; but as the next day broke, he went for a moment to look at the sunrise, and, gazing sorrowfully before him, he was suddenly startled by hearing the words, "Thank God!" from the sufferer's couch. In an instant he was beside her, but though the eyes were open there was no recognition in them, and when the lips parted it was to utter words of madness!

Seven terrible days of brain fever ensued, and, unable to obtain supplies in any one spot, poor Baker was obliged to press on, arriving on the evening of the seventh day, in the midst of a heavy downpour of rain, at a miserable hut on the frontiers of Uganda. Worn out with misery and want of sleep, the unfortunate man fell down in a swoon almost before the angarep was set down; and his men, thinking Mrs. Baker's death was imminent, went out to dig her grave.

The sun of another day had risen when Baker came to himself, and, maddened by the thought that his wife had died whilst he was unconscious, he staggered to her side to find her sleeping peacefully, the crisis passed, and her recovery already begun. The joy of that moment no pen could describe, and we pass over the time of rest indulged in by the pair thus unexpectedly restored to each other, to join them again at the village of Parkani, almost within sight of the great Albert N'yanza.

Scarcely able to sleep, now that he was at last so close to the object of all his dreams and struggles, Baker rose before daybreak the next morning, March 14, 1864, and, spurring his ox after a guide—who had been promised a

double handful of beads on arrival at the water—he crossed a deep valley, scrambled up a steep slope, and lo! at his feet lay, “like a sea of quicksilver, . . . the grand expanse of water; a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west glistening in the noonday sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level.” Tottering down the steep and zigzag path leading to the shore, our hero drank of the water, and named the great basin the ALBERT N'YANZA.

The victory was won; the lake was reached; and calling his men to rejoice with him, Baker celebrated his success by forgiving all past offences and holding a general feast. Then, having examined the flat district called Vacovia (N. lat. $1^{\circ} 15'$, E. long. $30^{\circ} 50'$), sloping down to the lake, and ascertained it to be completely impregnated with salt, the manufacture of which was the chief industry of the natives, he turned his attention to the second part of his task, namely, to ascertain whether Speke and Grant were right in supposing the Nile to flow from the Victoria to the Albert N'yanza, and to examine the nature of the districts bordering on the latter piece of water.

The western shores of the lake, Baker was informed, were included in the great kingdom of Malegga, south of which lay a country named Tori, bounded on the west by the Blue Mountains; whilst the eastern shores were occupied, beginning on the north, with Chopi, Unyoro, Uganda, Utumbi, and Karagwé, the second and third alone having been traversed by our hero on his journey south.

The chief of Vacovia, who showed himself very friendly, offered to send Baker and his party in canoes to Magungo

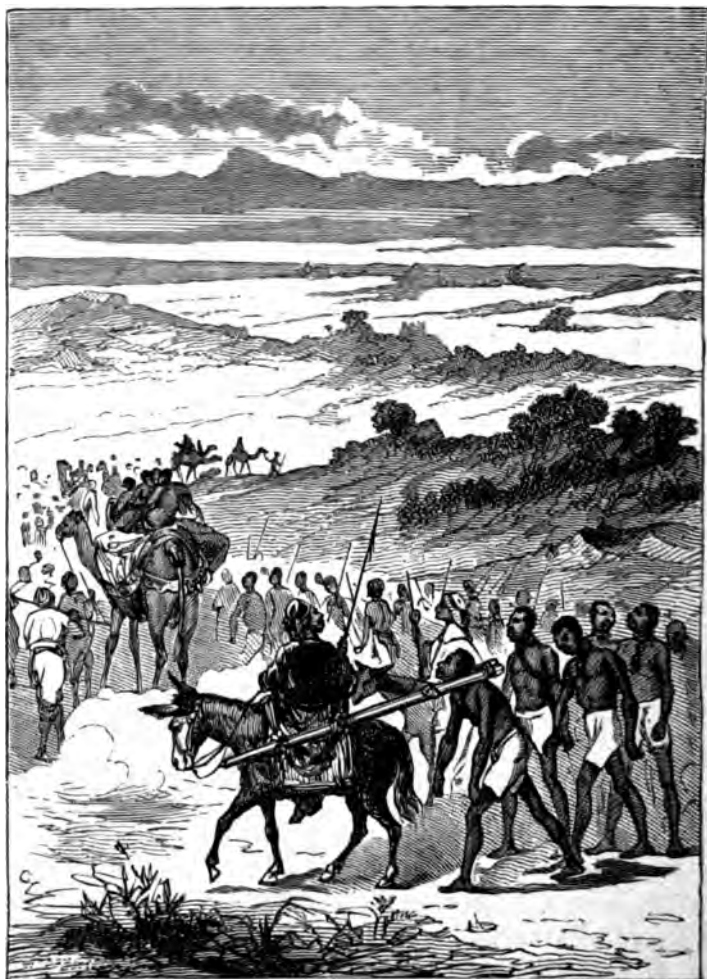
in Chopi, the point at which the Somerset River or Victoria Nile entered the lake.

Convinced that he had now indeed discovered the great reservoir of the Nile, and believing the Victoria Lake to be its eastern source, Baker determined to lose no time in returning to England to announce the results of his journey. The eight days' delay before boats could be got ready seemed to him like years; but the end of March, 1864, found him and Mrs. Baker, still pale and weak from her recent illness, in a large canoe twenty-six feet long, hollowed out of a single tree, paddling up the coast, followed by a number of similar vessels containing their servants and personal luggage—the heavy baggage and the oxen having been sent on to Magungo by land.

A fortnight's cruise along undulating shores, with here a group of mighty mountains, there a cluster of native houses, brought the party to within a short ride of Magungo (N. lat. $2^{\circ} 16'$), near the mouth of the Somerset River, where the lake was rather less than twenty miles wide, and seemed to stretch away in a north-westerly direction. Landing between the reeds, our hero was met by some of the men he had sent on by land, and by a deputy from the chief of Magungo, escorted by whom he and his wife walked up to the village, two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the lake, from which they obtained a splendid view of the Nile valley for some twenty miles northwards.

After a short delay from fever at Magungo, our hero and heroine ascended the Somerset River in canoes, till at about twenty-five miles from its mouth they were stopped by a grand cataract, with a fall of some one hundred and twenty feet, dashing through a gap between wooded cliffs rising to





VICTORS RETURNING FROM BATTLE.

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a height of three hundred feet. This, the "greatest waterfall of the Nile," Baker named the Murchison Falls, after the then President of the Royal Geographical Society, and, after bringing his canoe as close as he dared to the rapids below the cataract, he reluctantly landed, and was proceeding south-eastwards with a view to getting across country as rapidly as possible, when, to his dismay, he heard from the chief of Patooan, an island between the Karuma and Murchison Falls, that it would be impossible to proceed eastwards, as a terrible war was raging between Rionga and Kamrasi.

Landing in an evil hour on Patooan, the English explorers were there detained on one pretext or another for no less than two months; and when their patience and health were alike worn out, and Baker exclaimed that he had but one wish left, to enjoy an "English beefsteak and a bottle of pale ale before he died," relief was won by a manœuvre, and the two were allowed to depart, nominally on their way to join Kamrasi, but really with an intention of getting back to Gondokoro. They were really compelled, however, to pay a visit to their old friend of Unyoro in his camp at Kisoona, some thirty miles south-east of Patooan; but when there they made friends with some Turks of Ibrahim's party, aided Kamrasi to repulse an attack by Debono, Speke's former escort, and witnessed the return of the victors from the battle-field with a large spoil of ivory and, alas! many luckless captives, dragged or driven along in the manner represented in our engraving. Then, finding Kamrasi still unwilling to allow them to leave, Baker suddenly threatened to fraternise with his enemies the M'was, a native race preparing to attack Unyoro, and having thus thoroughly frightened king and chieftains, he

was able to procure guides and porters, hastened across country in a north-easterly direction to the Karuma Falls, pausing now to defeat a plot against his life, now to interfere on behalf of the oppressed natives, or to wait the recovery of his wife from fresh attacks of illness.

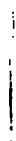
The middle of November found both hero and heroine in safety at Shooa, where they were eagerly welcomed by the natives. A rest of some weeks ensued, and they then resumed their journey, to make their way through many dangers to Gondokoro, where, after quite a touching parting from Ibrahim and his people, they embarked for Khartoum. Arrived there, having more than once narrowly escaped shipwreck, just in time to enforce the punishment of their old enemy Mahommed, they took ship again for Berber, whence they had started four years previously on their first journey to Abyssinia, landed, and crossed the desert to Souakin on the Red Sea, where they embarked for Suez.

The excitement caused by the return of Mr. and Mrs. Baker to England will long be remembered. For the relief of Speke and Grant at Gondokoro, Mr. Baker received the patron's medal of the Royal Geographical Society in 1864, and in 1865 he was knighted for his geographical discoveries.

Not content with the honours thus won, and full of indignation at the terrible scenes he had witnessed in connection with the slave trade, Baker allowed himself but little rest before he accepted the command from the Viceroy of Egypt of an important military expedition for the subjugation of the countries south of Gondokoro, the suppression of the slave trade, and the establishment of military stations and commercial depots in the conquered districts. With these ends in view, Sir Samuel Baker



ON THE NILE.



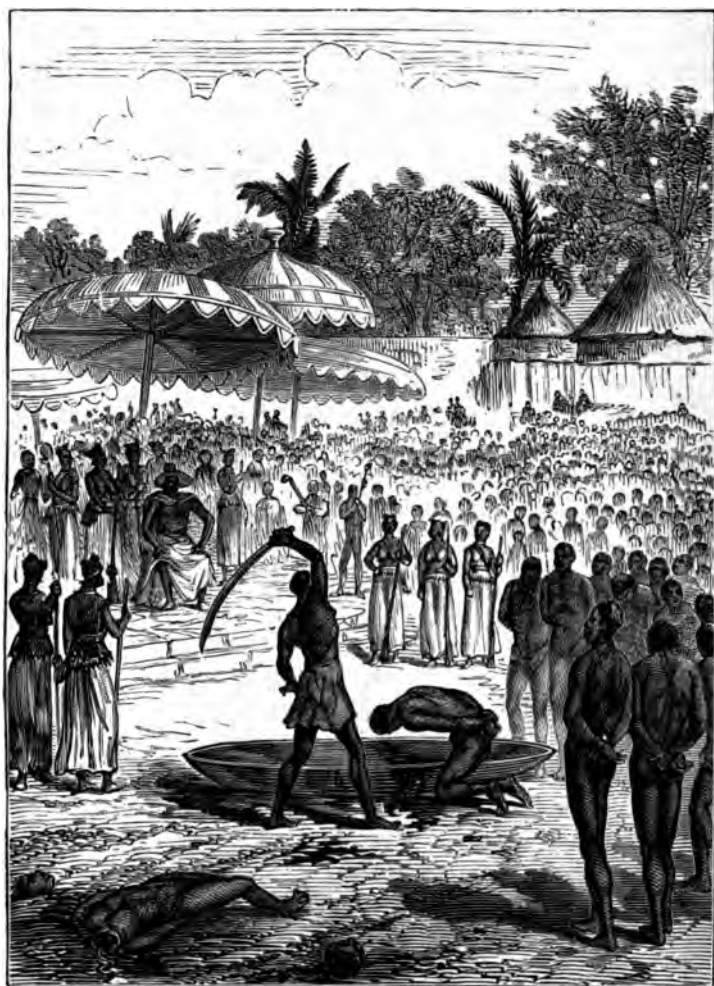
left Egypt in the autumn of 1869, accompanied by his wife and a small party of Englishmen as a kind of staff, spent the rainy season of 1870 at the mouth of the Giraffe, a tributary of the White Nile, having cut a passage for his steamer through the dense floating vegetation, and, after a few preliminary skirmishes with the natives and the rescue of many slaves, began his campaign against the traders and hunters in the ensuing dry season.

One camp after another was surprised; one fierce encounter, with heavy loss on both sides, succeeded another; but everywhere the Egyptian troops, headed by the little band of Englishmen, were successful; and in August, 1873, the commander of this gallant expedition led the remnant of his forces back to their native land, having added little this time to our geographical knowledge, but with the proud consciousness of being the pioneer of a new era of civilisation, for he had cleared whole districts of the hateful slave-hunters, struck a blow at their infamous traffic, established a settled government in the conquered provinces, and opened legitimate commercial relations with M'tesa and Rionga, two of the greatest negro potentates.

On Baker's return in August, 1873, the Viceroy of Egypt appointed Colonel Gordon, still (December, 1876) at work in Africa, as his successor, and, accompanied by several English and Egyptian gentlemen—including Colonel C. Challié Long, who has given an account of his own share in the explorations of the expedition in his interesting work, *Naked Truths of Naked People*—the new "Pasha" arrived at Gondokoro in September, 1874. The succeeding year was employed in verifying his conviction that the Nile was navigable much further south than Baker had

supposed; and instead, therefore, of attempting, as his predecessor had done, to penetrate to the new dominions of the Viceroy by the inland route, Gordon established posts to keep open communication with the stores, etc., he had massed at Lardo and Rageef, stations a little to the south of Gondokoro, and made his way down the river itself in an iron steamer, which had been brought to Dufli, one hundred and sixty-four miles from the Albert Lake, in sections, and there put together. Magungo, discovered by Baker under the circumstances already related, was reached in safety, and, as we write, comes news of the circumnavigation of the lake by Signor Gessi, one of Gordon's agents, who reports that it is of vast size, and that a very rapid river flows into it on the east. A branch of the Nile running to the south-west has been discovered, but it has not yet been traced to its source, and Colonel Long tells of a lake, since named "Ibrahim," discovered in N. lat. $1^{\circ} 30'$, adding, as he supposes, another reservoir to the sources of the Nile.

Equally energetic have been the efforts to complete our knowledge of the districts immediately surrounding Lake Victoria; a portable boat has been conveyed from Zanzibar and launched on its waters by Mr. H. M. Stanley—whose work in Africa is related in our companion volume, *Heroes of South African Discovery*; and if the grand scheme inaugurated at Brussels in September, 1876, by his Majesty King Leopold for the establishment of scientific stations along the coast and in the interior of Africa, for "supplying travellers with the necessaries of life and the means of carrying on their researches," be carried out, we may hope to see the final clearing up of all the mysteries yet unsolved in the heart of Africa.



HUMAN SACRIFICES AT DAHOMEY.

N. AFRICA, P. 379.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE WAR ON THE GOLD COAST, AND THE EFFORTS NOW BEING MADE TO CIVILISE NORTH-WEST AFRICA.

The Causes of the War—Danger of the Whites—Opportune arrival of Colonel Festing—Battle between the English and Ashantees—Captain Glover's Expedition—Arrival of Sir Garnet Wolseley and Interview with Friendly Chiefs—Preliminary Campaign—Flight of King Koffee and his Army across the Prah—The March to Coomassie—Battle of Amoaful—Burning of Coomassie—Return to the Coast—Burton and Winwood Reade in the North-West—The Niger—The Great Sahara.

HAVING traced the progress of discovery in North-East Africa down to the actual present, 1877, we must turn yet once more to the West, already so often visited in company with our earlier "heroes," to find the whole coast, from the mouth of the Senegal to that of the Niger, bristling with French, English, and Dutch colonies; foreign governors and native kings entering into treaties of commerce or offensive and defensive alliances, and, as a result, many and varied complications arising between the rival interests involved. From time to time some traveller—such as Bowditch, sent on a mission to the King of Ashantee in 1818—brought home horrible accounts of the human sacrifices offered up by native potentates, or of the clandestine trade in slaves carried on between the mer-

chants of the interior and the masters of foreign vessels, etc.; but in spite of the efforts of such men as Zachary Macaulay, and of many an obscure hard-working missionary, to awaken the indignation and provoke the interference of foreign powers, Europe took but little interest in the affairs of the West of Africa until 1844, when, in an evil hour for herself, England accepted a protectorate over Fantee, a country on the Gold Coast between Ashantee and the sea, in which Cape Coast Castle, the chief British port of this part of Africa, is situated. Even before the date given above, the English had aided the Fantees against the ever-encroaching Ashantees; Sir Charles Macarthy had led a force inland, which was completely defeated, with the loss of all the white officers but three; and, somewhat later, the Fantees, assisted by English troops, routed the Ashantees in a decisive battle, and obtained the recognition of their independence. All this, however, was merely *voluntary* aid tendered in a friendly way to their native neighbours by English colonists; but the position of protector once assumed, the aspect of affairs completely changed. England was now *bound* to resist all infringements of the rights of the Fantees, and when, in 1863, the ever warlike Ashantees crossed the Prah, the river bounding their dominions, burned villages and killed their inhabitants, Governor Price of Cape Coast Castle was compelled to appeal to the Home Government for two thousand troops, hoping, with their assistance, to put a stop for ever to invasions of Fantee.

His request was disregarded; but he was allowed to march some companies of West Indian troops up to the Prah to encourage the natives. This half measure effected nothing; but few of the little band of soldiers survived





INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND ASHANTEE CHIEFS.

N AFRICA, P. 381

the rainy season, and a chronic state of feud, destructive of all trade and progress, ensued, which lasted until 1873, when the King of Ashantee—Koffee Calcali by name—having first carried off four Europeans to his capital of Coomassie, crossed the Prah with an army twelve thousand strong, and began ravaging the country far and near. The terrified natives appealed to the English for help, but they were told that they must defend themselves in the field—the British could only protect the forts on the coast.

Slowly but surely the Ashantees made their way down to within a few days' march of those forts, and, but for the fortunate arrival from England at this juncture of one hundred and ten marines and some artillery under Lieutenant-Colonel Festing, the whites might all have been massacred in their false security; as it was, the English suffered great loss, and were still in imminent danger, when the Home Government, roused at last, sent out two expeditions to their aid—one under Captain Glover, who made Addah, on the Volta, a principal river of Ashantee, his base of operations; the other under Sir Garnet Wolseley, who landed at Cape Coast Castle on the 2nd October, 1873.

With this date began that famous Ashantee War, which so completely eclipsed all previous contests of the same kind, that all incidents connected with them are forgotten as though they had never been. A grand palaver was held, to begin with, between Sir Garnet and the native chiefs friendly to the English, in which the preliminary steps for the chastisement of King Koffee were agreed upon, and a formal summons was drawn up and sent to his Majesty, requesting him to deliver up all the prisoners in his hands, to recall his troops beyond the Prah, and to

give security for payment of full compensation for the damage inflicted on English subjects, etc.

Needless to add that King Koffee showed no intention of complying with these demands, and, whilst waiting for the arrival of the main body of his troops, Sir Garnet and a small special service corps set to work to organise the native troops, to make roads, to send out spies to learn the enemy's movements, etc., etc. As early as the 13th October, not a fortnight after his arrival, the gallant English commander led a preliminary expedition of picked marines, West Indians, and natives from the port of Elmina, some miles to the west of Cape Coast Castle, first to the village of Akimfoo, spreading dismay and confusion all along his path, and then into the very heart of the terrible "bush" to the Ashantee camp at Abra Campa, where, reinforcements having come up, battle was given to the enemy, some twenty or thirty thousand strong, who were completely routed, and retired in hurried flight to the Prah.

On the return of Sir Garnet to the coast early in November, the work of chastisement was already half done, and when the troops at last arrived, everything was ready for the march to the Prah. Captain Glover, meanwhile, had been equally active, though in a totally different manner, for he had so won upon the affections of the natives that he now found himself at the head of a splendid body of troops, willing to follow him wherever he might lead, and less likely to suffer from the hardships of an inland campaign than the whites of Sir Garnet's force. A glance at the map will show the position of the two armies, and it will be seen at once that Glover had to make his way to Coomassie in a north-westerly direction,

whilst Sir Garnet's route was due north, and consequently shorter.

The two expeditions appear to have started for Coomassie about the same time, but, owing to one cause or another, though certainly neither to want of energy or foresight, Glover's arrived just too late to share in the glory of the taking of the capital; and it is probably to this we owe the fact of there having been scarcely any detailed accounts published of his march, whilst the story of Sir Garnet's has been told from every conceivable point of view. It is with some regret, therefore, that we leave the unsuccessful hero to lead his thirty thousand natives across a hostile country, which everywhere submitted to his authority, and ourselves join the smaller band who followed the more fortunate Sir Garnet Wolseley.

On the 27th December, 1873, Sir Garnet started for the Prah, his staff and the main body of his army having gone on in advance a day or two before, and on the 28th he arrived at Assaiboo, where his forces had halted on the preliminary expedition already alluded to. The village was now deserted, the terror spread by the previous advance not having yet subsided, and the engineers, etc., were able, unmolested, to erect bamboo posts on which to suspend telegraph wires for keeping open communication with the coast, etc. This done, the dense and lofty bush between Assaiboo and Accroful was entered, and, wending their way amongst gigantic cotton trees, some two hundred or two hundred and fifty feet high, or huge bamboo stems with feathery foliage meeting overhead, they came to the village of Dunquah, which had been previously occupied by a handful of troops under Colonel Festing, and now presented a most animated appearance, native carriers bring-

ing in supplies of plaintains, whilst stores of ammunition poured in from every side with a rapidity perfectly marvellous when the nature of the country between it and the coast is remembered. Beyond Dunquah the aspect of the scenery changed, dense forests being varied by swamps; but a pioneer force had prepared a road for the passage of the troops, and stout bamboo bridges had been thrown across the numerous intersecting streams.

Another day's march brought the main body of the army to Mansue, about half-way between Cape Coast and the Prah, which was converted into a central depôt and station for the troops; and beyond Mansue a dense and gloomy forest was entered, which, but for the exertions of large gangs of engineers sent on in advance, would have been impassable, the huge parasitical growths familiar to all travellers in the tropics forming an almost impenetrable network of roots and branches, the interstices filled with rank mud and decaying vegetation.

Emerging from these dread solitudes—after passing the remains of a great camp of Ashantees, where many corpses lay rotting on the ground, victims of disease or the unerring fire of the British on their previous expedition—the army at last filed out into a broad clearing at the Prah known as the Prah Su, fixed upon as the head-quarters of the British army, and already alive with engineers at work, and covered with huts and tents for the staff and troops.

On the 1st January, 1874, Sir Garnet and his staff arrived at Prah Su, and on the 5th an advance was made beyond the river, led by Lord Gifford and followed up by Major Russell, both of whom crossed in canoes, the bridge for the passage of the main body of the army and the heavy artillery being not yet quite completed. A slight

skirmish with a small body of Ashantees resulted in the defeat of the enemy, with the loss of one killed on each side; and the next day the Naval Brigade crossed the bridge, marched three miles up the country, and halted.

On the 12th January, when all was ready for the march to Coomassie, one of the German captives, Mr. Kuhne by name, was sent to the British camp by King Koffee as a kind of peace-offering; but several Europeans being still in the hands of the Ashantees, and no signs of submission and restitution being given, it was decided to push on without further delay.

On the 19th of the same month the passage of the river was effected by the main body of the army; and on the 23rd, whilst halting at the village of Fornana, the men were surprised by the arrival in their camp of the remaining white prisoners all in good health, who brought a letter from King Koffee begging for peace, but making no real promise of paying the indemnity insisted on by the English. Sir Garnet therefore decided to press on for the capital, and, after an awful march through dense jungle and deadly swamps, harassed at almost every step by the fire of an unseen enemy, the British army at last met the Ashantees face to face near the village of Amoaful.

Here, on the 31st January, 1874, a fearful struggle, lasting five hours and a-half, took place, in which the enemy were completely routed, but in which the English lost no less than two hundred and fifty men—an immense number considering the smallness of the force engaged.

To give anything like a general account of this famous battle would be impossible, for it was, in the strictest sense, a battle of details, the whole of the British force never once coming simultaneously into action. The most

exciting moment appears to have been after the village of Amoafu had been taken by a small detachment, and Sir Garnet Wolseley gave the word for the line to advance, "sweeping round from the rear so as to drive the enemy northwards before them." A number of native recruits, who had silently kept their ranks whilst on the defensive, now suddenly raised a shrill war-cry, drew their swords, and dashed forward like cavalry horses, whilst their allies, chiefly men of the Rifle Brigade, fired on the fugitives as quietly and effectively as if aiming merely at a target. Five minutes after Sir Garnet's order, the enemy was in full retreat and the victory won.

The battle over and the dead bodies of their lost comrades reverently buried, the little remnant of the successful army marched on to Coomassie to find it deserted by the living, but full of dread tokens of recent massacres. Picturesque enough in appearance, with its central stone palace, huge trees, alcoved and terraced houses, the capital of King Koffee, at the time of the entry of the English, was one vast charnel-house, full of whitening skulls, stains of blood, and other tokens of past horrors.

Glad indeed, therefore, were all concerned when Sir Garnet Wolseley, having waited in vain for his Majesty to send in his submission, gave orders for the burning of the town and the return march to the coast. Lighted by the flames of the doomed city, the band of heroes, relieved at last from their terrible task, joyfully began their homeward journey, and by the middle of February, their numbers, alas! still further lessened by the ravages of fever, the survivors were once more at Cape Coast Castle ready to embark for England.

So ended the brief but glorious campaign of 1873-4, by

which the honour of England was vindicated at the cost of many a valuable life, and peace was restored to the districts under the British protectorate. Since then, many a rumour of fresh complications has reached us from the West Coast of Africa, but they have, thus far, been of a kind solved by the mere arrival off the coast of a man-of-war.

Of the neighbouring districts of the North-West of Africa we may add, before reluctantly bidding farewell to our readers, that Dahomey and Abbeokuta, and the Cameroon Mountains, all on the east of Ashantee and the Gold Coast, were visited in 1861-2 by our old friend Burton, who, in four interesting volumes, tells us of the female warriors in the service of the king of Dahomey, of the human sacrifices offered up by that monarch, etc., etc.; and turning yet once more to the Niger, so long the goal of travellers in Western Africa, we find fleets of steamers making their way up to Rabba and even to Boussa, which latter town was recently visited by Burton, travelling overland from the sea coast; whilst Winwood Reade, a modern traveller of scarcely less note, penetrated, in 1869, from Sierra Leone to Farabana on the Upper Niger—the researches of both pointing to the possibility of the further navigation of the Niger, and the reaching in boats of the towns of Boto, Gogo, or even of Timbuktu itself. The rapids of Boussa, so often referred to in the earlier portions of our narrative, are the chief obstacle to this most desirable result; but even as we write (January, 1877), efforts are being made to take a small steamer through this hitherto impassable barrier, whilst an expedition has been fitted out to make observations of the levels of the north-western portion of the Great Desert, with a view to the cutting of a canal through

the highlands near the sea and letting the waters of the Atlantic Ocean into a hollow, as yet undiscovered, but *said* to exist somewhere in the north-west of the Great Sahara. Time alone can show whether such dreams as this for the further opening up of the West of Africa to commerce and travel are or are not mere visions. In any case, it must be long years before they are realised, and we mention them but to guide the students who have accompanied us thus far in watching the further progress of discovery as recorded from time to time in the public journals.





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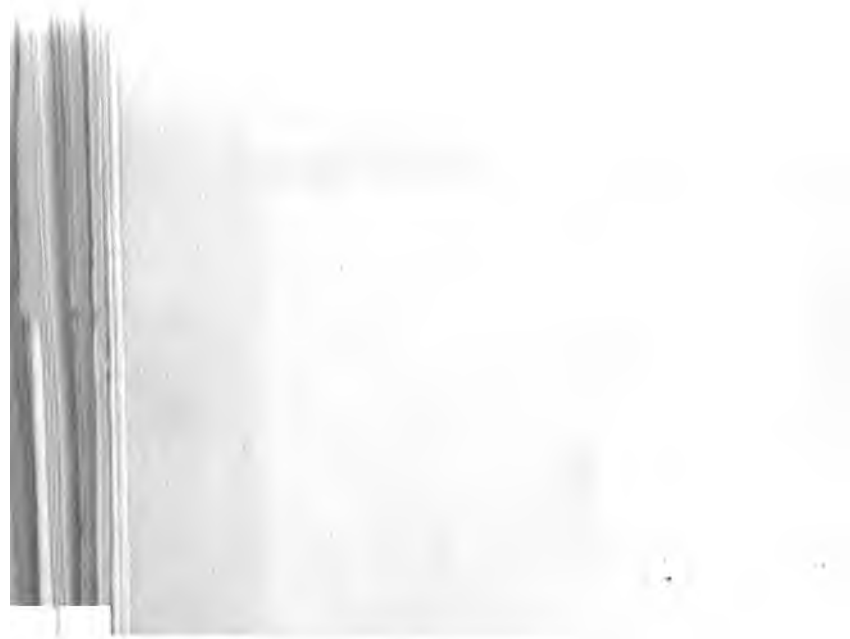
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